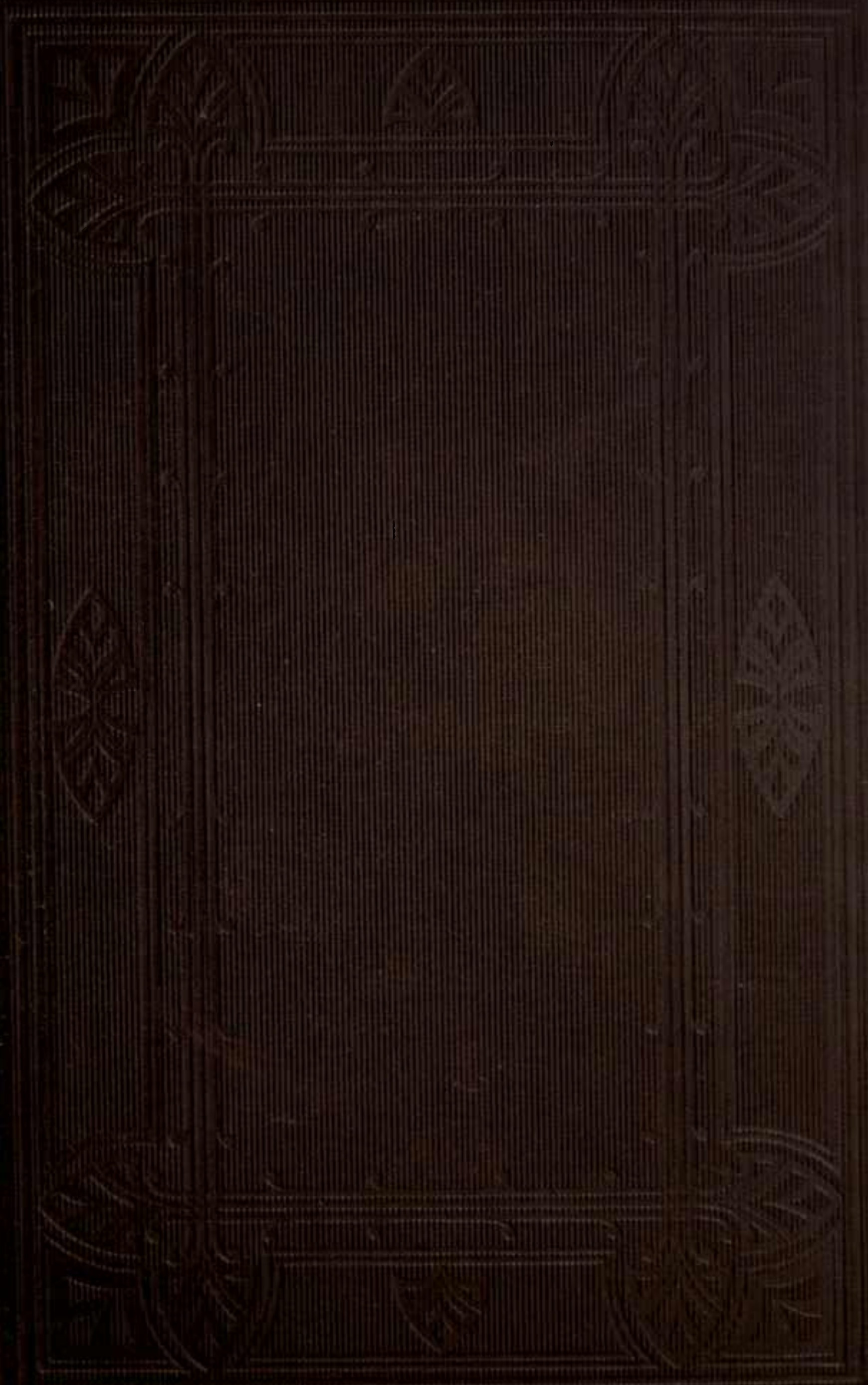

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From the Editor

Sir Wm Ross, R.A. W. O. Geller

JOSHUA WATSON.

MEMOIR

OF

JOSHUA WATSON,

EDITED BY

EDWARD CHURTON,

ARCHDEACON OF CLEVELAND.

"God giveth to a man that is good in His sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy."—*Eccl.* ii. 26.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN giving these little volumes to the world, a few words seem necessary to explain to the friends who have long expected them some of the difficulties which have delayed their appearance.

It was naturally the wish of many who knew Joshua Watson, and remembered how for nearly half a century, and in times of more than ordinary interest, he had been one of the most unwearied public benefactors and wisest counsellors of the Church of England, that some record of his life and services should be preserved to another generation. But in his old age, with his powers of mind fresh and vigorous to the last, his characteristic modesty and meekness had always resisted the friendly entreaties that were made to persuade him to dictate any account of what he had done. He would sometimes meet such entreaties with an answer of gentle irony; at other times he would say, "You are seeking access to a store-chamber of which the key is lost."

There was, therefore, nothing left for those to whom his papers, or such papers as he had preserved, were consigned, but, by such light as was thus afforded, and by diligent enquiries made in all quarters among surviving friends, with more labour than can easily be conceived, to put together such a continuous narrative as could be constructed from unsifted and somewhat unpliable materials. Imperfect as it is, and disappointing as they fear it will be to many who think of him with love and reverence,

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still they trust there will be something recorded which will leave a salutary and affecting impression of a man worthy to be named with the benevolent friend of his youth, the excellent William Stevens, and to be remembered hereafter with a portion of the honour paid to the wise and merciful men of earlier days, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

There was a further difficulty in the reserve which might be required in speaking of persons still living, or but lately removed from the present scene, whose words or acts might be the subject of comment in these papers. After much consideration, however, the Editor has thought it his duty not to suppress any important expression of his revered friend's opinions on questions of public interest, whether they regarded men or measures; nor to withhold in some instances such comments as the occasion might require. Those who have left posthumous Memoirs of themselves or their own times, to be published when they were passed from living remembrance, may sometimes appear to have been more anxious for their own credit with posterity than for historic truth. In speaking of recent times, we speak to those who can contradict anything that is erroneously asserted, and shew that we are not aiming to establish our own views, rather than to submit them to the tests by which the accuracy of all such statements must be tried. The opinions of Joshua Watson, whether they regarded the living or the dead, were never delivered in words that would wound any generous private feeling; and they deserve to be recorded as the dictates of calm experience and enlightened piety: they are therefore exhibited in these pages that they may be weighed and considered. The Editor is fully conscious that of many particulars referred to the history is as yet imperfectly known; and that things which are still in the progress of development may hereafter not appear as they did when they first attracted public attention.

There could be less hesitation as to the duty of inserting in the Memoir the notices which these papers supplied of good men removed from us, whose memory will long be cherished in the Church which they adorned; William Van Mildert, Charles Lloyd, Christopher Wordsworth, Henry Handley Norris, Henry Vincent Bayley, and many others of Joshua Watson's familiar friends. There are among them those whose lives and services well deserve a separate Memoir; but any contribution to the due estimate of such men will not be made in vain.

It is worthy of a passing remark, that, while these pages are going through the press, there has appeared an unexpected confirmation of Joshua Watson's value for Jeremy Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, mentioned in vol. ii. pp. 10, 11, as contrasted with Bishop Heber's estimate. The name of Bishop Hurd is sufficient to remind the critical reader of one of the most accomplished and discerning of English critics; and his sentence on this great Treatise is, that it is "the most elaborate and exquisite of all Taylor's writings." See the interesting "Memoirs of Bishop Hurd," by the Rev. Francis Kilvert, 1860, p. 277.

It is also proper to notice that the singular anecdote of Bishop Butler, vol. i. p. 235, which the Editor heard from the lips of Dean Rennell, as he had received it in conversation from Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, is related at greater length by Dean Tucker himself in one of his Tracts. The reader may compare the two accounts, if he will refer to the last pages of a valuable addition to the writings of the late lamented Professor J. J. Blunt, "Essays contributed to the Quarterly Review," pp. 497, 498.

To the words of wisdom recorded in the latter portion of this Memoir, it seems right to add the following, obtained from another source:

To one who came to him for help in some of the difficulties involved in the predestination or foreknowledge of God, Joshua Watson said, "Half these difficulties would disappear if men would remember the eternal nature of the Almighty. To speak of God's foreknowledge is to speak to the comprehension of men, who are creatures of time. But all knowledge is the same to the Omniscient and Eternal One, to whom things that are not are as things that are."

He would sometimes take pains to combat that mode of speaking of men's duties and interests, which makes it appear as if they were always opposed to each other; whereas the Word of God joins "the things that are lovely and of good report" with those "that are true, and just, and pure." To a Christian the exhortation is to hold his course through honour or dishonour, through evil report or good report; he should therefore be prepared for both: but to speak as if we were always to expect blame where we might look for praise, is, he would say, "a kind of treason against Providence."

Though he was entirely persuaded that "the Church of Rome had erred not only in manner of ceremonies but also in matters of faith," it is remarkable that his experience of converts from that Church accorded very much with the well-known opinion of Dr. Johnson. The only instance which he was wont to mention of a satisfactory convert was that of Mascarenhas, a young Portuguese of high principle and intelligence, with whom he was acquainted in early life, and who encountered loss of patrimony and exile from his country rather than violate the dictates of his conscience. The Editor much regrets that further particulars of this case have not been preserved.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

OF this new edition it is only necessary to inform the reader that it is essentially a reprint of the first, with a few corrections where anything appeared to have been inaccurately or imperfectly stated, a few omissions where the narrative could suffer omission without loss of any important fact, and a few additions of particulars which have since presented themselves, and seemed of sufficient interest to be recorded.

The Editor must take this opportunity of offering his grateful acknowledgments to many surviving friends of Joshua Watson, from whom it is a sincere pleasure to have received assurances that the work has revived many cherished remembrances of their own. One of these friends, the model of a noble and munificent Christian prelate, Lord John George Beresford, after a primacy of forty years over the Church of Ireland, has finished his honoured course since the first edition appeared. It is a testimony of which the Editor has reason to be proud, that this great and good man, in a few earnest and impressive words, gave his meed of approbation to this Memoir, which he had read not long before his peaceful translation to a better world.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE of Joshua Watson.—His father, John Watson, of a race of Cumberland 'Statesmen: his life and character.—Education and early life of Joshua Watson, and his brother, John James Watson.—His marriage with Mary Sikes 1

CHAPTER II.

Joshua Watson's earliest friends.—Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom.—His proscription in the American Revolution —His character.—William Stevens, Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty.—His public labours and charities.—Bishop Horne and Jones of Nayland.—Feathers Tavern Petition.—Francis Wollaston, Bishop Percy, and Bishop Porteus—French Revolution.—Society for Reformation of Principles.—Jones and William Kirby.—Stevens in private life.—Club formed by his friends, which still flourishes.—His Hutchinsonianism.—His death 9

CHAPTER III.

The coeval and fraternal friends of Joshua Watson.—Sir John Richardson.—Thomas Sikes of Guilsborough.—Henry Handley Norris.—William Van Mildert: his early ministerial life.—Composition of the Boyle Lectures.—Difficulties before his promotion.—Christopher Wordsworth . 23

CHAPTER IV.

Public disquietude at the close of the eighteenth century.—Danger of the King.—Trial of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall.—The Loyal Associations.—Joshua Watson's alliances with Bowles, Gifford, and Reeves. Troubles of Bowles with the Dutch Commission.—William Cobbett.—The Church Societies.—Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—District committees.—Dr. Hales of Killesandra.—Removal to Hackney.—Letters of H. H. Norris.—William Kirby 43

CHAPTER V.

The National Society.—State of Education for the poor previously.—System of Bell and Lancaster.—The Society's three founders, John Bowles, H. H. Norris, and Joshua Watson.—Services of Dr. Herbert Marsh.—Its progress and chief supporters in the first three years.—Estimate of its work by Bp. Blomfield 56

CHAPTER VI.

Peter Lathbury, Rector of Livermere—Dr. Wordsworth's services to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—The Family Bible.—Review of Tracts.—Use of district Depositories.—Correspondence with Van Mildert, Sawbridge, and H. H. Norris.—Mr. Norris's cathedral preferments 68

CHAPTER VII.

Joshua Watson's retirement from mercantile life.—Retrospect.—Benefits of his influence and ready benevolence as a London merchant.—His increasing engagements in religious and charitable labours.—Fund for the relief of sufferers in the war in the North of Germany.—Waterloo fund 80

CHAPTER VIII.

State of the Colonial Churches at the return of peace.—Bishop Middleton, Bishop John Inglis, and W. G. Broughton.—Treasurership of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—Efforts of Joshua Watson and his friends for the re-construction of Church Missions.—Retrospect of the Indian Missions.—Memorial to Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—Foundation of Bishop's College, Calcutta.—Revival of the Society for Propagating the Gospel.—Retrospect of its North American Missions.—H. H. Norris and Bishop Hobart 91

CHAPTER IX.

Public Labours.—System of Royal Letters, when and why adopted.—Dr. Wordsworth's return to Lambeth.—His brother the Poet.—Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—The first days of the Church Building Society.—Public Commission for new Churches.—Influence of Joshua Watson's personal character 107

CHAPTER X.

Van Mildert's elevation to the Bishopric of Llandaff.—His services at Oxford.—Joshua Watson's honorary degree there,—Letters upon it.—Purchase of Ely Chapel, Holborn, for the Central National School.—Bishop Ryder.—Clergy Orphan School.—Vaudois Clergy.—Dr. Wordsworth made Master of Trinity College.—Church Building.—Public disorders on account of the Queen of George IV.—Her visit to St. Paul's.—Private Charities 116

CHAPTER XI.

Domestic events: illness of his brother, and death of his father.—Dr. Wordsworth's designs and labours at Trinity College.—The Church Commission, and Bishop Ryder.—Death of John Bowdler: his last cares for the Scottish Episcopal Church.—Joshua Watson removes to Westminster: his residence in Park-street.—Dean Rennell, and his son Thomas Rennell of Kensington.—Other distinguished clergymen of Joshua Watson's circle at this period.—Bishop Lonsdale, Bishop Blomfield, and Dean Lyall.—Public farewell to Bishop Heber.—Bishop Hobart's visit to England.—Van Mildert's Life of Waterland.—Dr. Wordsworth's "Who wrote Eikon Basilike?"—Blomfield, as Bishop of Chester . . 127

CHAPTER XII.

The commercial crisis of 1825.—Joshua Watson's pecuniary loss providentially lightened by his charitable use of his wealth.—Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—His generous friendship.—His death and character.—Hugh James Rose.—Efforts to increase the number of Bishops in India.—Archdeacon H. V. Bayley.—Chief Justice Tindal.—Illness of Joshua Watson in 1827, and letters to his brother 141

CHAPTER XIII.

Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford: his services at Oxford.—Van Mildert's testimony to him.—Is elected Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Regius Professor.—His diligence in his office.—Literary and theological correspondence with H. H. Norris.—Reviews, and opinions of contemporary theologians.—Letter on the power of the Keys.—His friendship with Joshua Watson.—Reflections on the occasion of his death . . 152

CHAPTER XIV.

Clergy Orphan School.—Foundation of King's College, London.—Church-Building Society.—Van Mildert on the concession of the Roman Catholic claims.—Public charities.—Dr. W. Ward, Bishop of Sodor and Man.—Bishop Lowe.—Hugh J. Rose.—Dr. J. H. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester.—Dr. Wordsworth's administration of Trinity College.—His notices of books, and men and measures.—Society at Park-street in 1830 . 167

CHAPTER XV.

Illness of his wife.—Her return home and preparation for death.—Her continued interest in his public labours.—Efforts to counteract infidel and seditious agitators.—Particulars of her last hours.—Temporary retirement of Joshua Watson from public life 180

CHAPTER XVI.

Public affairs in 1830.—Wordsworth and Southey.—First step towards an Ecclesiastical Commission.—Joshua Watson's scheme, accepted by the Duke of Wellington, superseded by Earl Grey.—Labours of Hugh J. Rose.—Joshua Watson's Selections from Jer. Taylor.—His resistance to the sanction of Dissenting Manuals by the S.P.C.K.—His conciliation of opponents 189

CHAPTER XVII.

The Church in India.—The Ecclesiastical Commission.—Joshua Watson resigns his Treasurership of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—The Address to the Primate, and Declaration of Lay Members of the Church in 1833, '34 198

CHAPTER XVIII.

Charities.—Reflections of a man long occupied in labours of charity.—Death of Thomas Sikes, related by H. H. Norris.—Van Mildert's readiness in charitable calls.—His care of his charge at Durham.—The New University there.—Joshua Watson at Auckland, in Scotland, and on a visit to the Poets at the Lakes.—Last acts and death of Van Mildert 210

CHAPTER XIX.

William Wordsworth.—His advocacy of the claims of education.—His efforts for Church-building in the Lake-district.—H. H. Norris.—His view of the decline of the Nonjurors.—Deacon and Cartwright.—Origin of the Society for Additional Curates.—Joshua Watson draws up its rules.—Dr. Samuel Wilson Warneford.—Dr. W. H. Mill.—Death of Hugh J. Rose.—A change made in the National Society . . 218

CHAPTER XX.

Death of his brother, John James Watson, Archdeacon of St. Alban's. And of his daughter and only child.—His days of mourning.—Friendly offices of Archbishop Howley, Dr. Wordsworth, and Bishop Inglis.—Changes in his domestic life.—Public anxieties, and healing counsels.—Remark on the Life of Wilberforce 229

CHAPTER XXI.

John Inglis, third Bishop of Nova Scotia: his life and labours.—Extracts from his correspondence.—State of the colonies comprised in his diocese.—His visit to Boston and New York.—Withdrawal of the State allowance from the British North American clergy.—Efforts of the Bishop to meet the emergency.—His progresses in England in 1839, and remarkable success.—His Christian counsels to English friends.—His private life.—His country-house at Clermont.—His illness and death . . 237

CHAPTER XXII.

William Grant Broughton, first Bishop of Australasia.—His appointment, first as Archdeacon, and afterwards as Bishop of Sydney.—State of the colony thirty years since.—Character of its Governors.—His labours in founding Churches and Schools, and providing Endowments.—His visit to New Zealand, and views of the freedom and limit of Episcopal power.—His view of qualities requisite for a colonial mission.—Judge Burton.—Mr. Moore's benefactions.—Protest against the Papal Archbishop.—His See made Metropolitan in the colony.—Principles of Metropolitan power.—His last visit to England, and death 253

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Oxford Tracts, and the controversies growing out of their publication.—Richard H. Froude.—Newman's Sermons.—Joshua Watson's opinions on Nos. 89 and 90.—Prosecution of J. H. Newman.—Dr. Godfrey Faussett.—The "British Critic."—Suppression of that review.—Secession of J. H. Newman.—"Essay on Development."—Bishop Broughton's judgment.—Silence imposed on Dr. Pusey.—Joshua Watson's remarks on it.—His value for the alliance of Church and State.—Notice of Dr. Arnold's views.—Their correction to be found in the life and labours of such men as Joshua Watson 269

CHAPTER XXIV.

Joshua Watson's old age.—Retirement at Clapton and Daventry.—Recollections of his conversation.—Letters.—Resignation of the Treasurership of the National Society.—Committee of Council on Education.—Management Clauses. — Samuel Wood, T. D. Acland, and Gilbert Mathieson 281

CHAPTER XXV.

Correspondence with Archdeacon Harrison.—Revived Rubrical observances. —Newman's Preface to Fleury.—The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.—Letters and conversation on Church matters.—New edition of Hele's Select Offices.—Memorial tablet in Hackney Church.—Lord Sidmouth.—Homerton Church.—Free medical attendance for the clergy widows at Bromley College.—Recollections of conversation . . 301

CHAPTER XXVI.

Adaptation of books published by the Christian Knowledge Society.—Death of Baden Powell of Speldhurst.—The poet Wordsworth.—"The Birthday."—Dr. Arnold.—Memorial Churches.—Correspondence with J. H. Markland. — Retrospect. — Council for framing the Constitutions for St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.—Dr. Wordsworth's last visit, and his death.—Letters and recollections of conversation.—Colonial Church matters.—Church of England Bible.—Threatening symptoms of illness.—Danger averted 318

CHAPTER XXVII.

The famine in Ireland and Scotland.—Measures of relief, and communications with Bishop Low and with an Irish clergyman.—Consecration of St. Barnabas' Church, Homerton.—Recollections of conversation.—Illness and death of Archbishop Howley. — Consecration of South Hackney Church.—Newly discovered letters and writings of Jeremy Taylor.—Joshua Watson's long and severe illness.—Opinion on the right of authority to claim submission.—The Gorham Judgment 335

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Advancing old age.—Thoughts of approaching death.—Conversation.—Church Unions.—Private charity.—Recollections of Mr. Hansard.—Death of Bishop Inglis, and of H. H. Norris.—"Life of Bishop Ken."—Dr. S. W. Warneford's gifts.—New Clergy Orphan School at Canterbury. —North aisle of Homerton Church.—Duke of Wellington's death.—Anecdotes of him.—Visit of Bishop Broughton: his death—Bishop Selwyn.—Resignation of the Treasurership of the Additional Curates Society.—Recollections of the last autumn of Joshua Watson's life.—His illness and death 356

CHAPTER I.

Parentage of Joshua Watson.—His father, John Watson, of a race of Cumberland 'Statesmen: his life and character.—Education and early life of Joshua Watson, and his brother, John James Watson.—His marriage with Mary Sikes.

IT is with the sense of a duty which could not piously be declined, that the following Memoir has been drawn up, and is now submitted to the public eye. One, whose life was devoted from his youth to the pursuit of the best gifts, who made it his deliberate choice in the prime of manhood to leave all other occupations that he might consecrate his entire energies to the undivided service of the Church of Christ, and who with equal zeal and constancy persevered in this holy employment to the end, has left an example to those that come after, which the friends of religion and virtue have desired to see recorded. Many years have now passed away, and events of no common interest have marked the time, since he who is commemorated in these pages became known as one whom the spiritual fathers and guides of the Church of England loved to call to their counsels, and whose hand and heart were ever ready to obey the call. Some effort should be made to give to history the true nature and actual results of these counsels. Something is due to the memory of those whose good designs he shared, or who promoted the good which he had first designed. Something is due to the dead, who fostered works of piety and charity; and to the living, who, having partaken of the benefits, are desirous to learn more of their benefactors. But the difficulty of describing a character must always be in proportion to its excellence; and they who saw most of the rare endowments of heart and mind which shone forth in his daily walk, have most reason to be conscious that the secret springs of the words and deeds they witnessed can never in this world fully be disclosed.

The forefathers of JOSHUA WATSON were a race of Cumberland 'Statesmen, settled for many generations in that part of the county which lies to the north of the Lake-district, towards Holm Cultram and Wigton, near the little estuary to the south of the Solway, formed by the rivers Wampool and Waver where they flow into the sea. Here, at the little village of Dundraw, in the parish of Bromfield, on a small patrimony, which from time immemorial had passed in the same line from father to son, was born John, son of John Watson, and father of the subject of this Memoir. For reasons which will appear to the reader, a short account must here be given of his life and character.

He was born some time in A.D. 1738; and, being the younger of two sons, he appears in early life to have had to encounter his full share of a younger brother's fortunes. At an age when the mind of boyhood first becomes capable of forming plans for the future, he had cherished a strong desire to be educated in such learning as might qualify him afterwards to become a candidate for Holy Orders. A worthy grandfather strenuously favoured this inclination; but he failed to obtain his father's consent. What was less justifiable, though in his after-life he spoke of it only in terms of mild regret, the father, in order to discourage the desire more effectually, appears to have used a degree of harshness in his treatment of his younger son. The two brothers were sent for a time together as day-scholars to the small endowed grammar-school at Bromfield; but while a little pony was provided for the elder to ride to and from the school, three miles distant from home, the younger and weaker was denied any such indulgence. Still he persevered, and had mastered the Latin Accidence, and begun to imbibe the Grammar, when he was recalled and made to confine himself to duties more in the way of a farmer's labourer than of a scholar.

It may perhaps appear to some readers that the wish which he had formed was hardly suitable to the younger son of a yeoman of small estate, however a slight frame of body and a meditative turn of mind might have given him some natural qualifications for it. But it is rather to be regretted, that in other parts of England there is not more encouragement to the sons of such franklins, as they are called in the old language of English law, whose rank and condition is of so much importance in the commonwealth. It is well known, that in Cumberland and Westmoreland the number of old endowed grammar-schools is much beyond the proportion found in the Midland and Southern counties; and, the facilities of education harmonizing very well with the energetic, earnest-minded character of the inhabitants, the Universities and learned professions have been augmented with a more than ordinary number of natives of the dales and mountain side. It is now no uncommon event for the chairs of science and the honorary lists of degrees at Cambridge to be filled by men who derived their birth from the hardy yeomen of the Border. From this part of England also the Church has received some of her most eminent divines and preachers since the revival of learning: such as were the excellent Bernard Gilpin, and Archbishops Grindal and Sandys, at the era of the Reformation; and in the following century, Dr. Thomas Jackson, born in Weardale in the adjoining county of Durham, Richard Crakanthorpe, and Clement Ellis. Here was also the seat of the original stock of the admirable Bishop Pearson, his father, Richard Pearson, Archdeacon of Suffolk, having been a native of Natland, near Kendal, and of the first of English essayists, Joseph Addison, whose father, Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, was from Crosby Ravensworth, in Westmoreland. Under the House of Hanover the character of the district was well maintained by the learned Border-antiquary Bishop Nicolson, and Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, equally known as a pious divine and able canonical jurist. Most of these distinguished men rose from humble or obscure parentage. If there had been hitherto a lack of names eminent for the literature which addresses itself to the imagination, this reproach has been once for all removed by one who will ever be recorded among the brightest and best of the children of genius and scribes of nature, the honoured and lamented William Wordsworth. He too received his boyhood's education principally at the little school of Hawkshead, near the lake of Coniston.

It is probable, therefore, that John Watson desired for himself a privilege, of which many of his countrymen, in his own condition of life and with no higher expectations than his own, were frequently partaking in the last century. In fact, it is capable of proof. Among his schoolfellows at Bromfield, from which he afterwards removed to Wigton, as a school of somewhat higher repute, then kept by the Rev. Joseph Blaine, was Jonathan Boucher, a worthy divine, loyalist, and archæologist, afterwards Vicar of Epsom in Surrey, of whom some account will be hereafter introduced: and from the same part of Cumberland, from Sebergham, on the banks of the Caldew, came a short time afterwards the two brothers, John and Joseph Jefferson, both meritorious clergymen, and the latter, well remembered in Essex for his labours in the cause of charity and public education, the predecessor of Bishop Blomfield in the archdeaconry of Colchester. These contemporaries of the father of Joshua Watson were all sons of parents who farmed their own patrimonial soil.

There was, therefore, a want of due discernment in the parent who opposed the early choice in question; as there can be little doubt, from the testimony of those who knew John Watson in after years, that if his choice had been indulged, he was one who might have well and worthily ministered at God's altar. As it was, the refusal called forth in the boy's mind all the resolution and independence of his character. He was determined to go the sooner from home and to try his fortune abroad. In the month of January, 1755, being yet under seventeen years of age, he began his wintry journey to London. Some of his friends accompanied him on horseback, as he wound his way through the Lake-district, as far as Kendal: from thence he walked the rest of the way. His first place was but a paltry one, probably such as a youth unknown in the wide metropolis was glad to accept as the first that offered: he opened and shut the shop of his employer, and carried out parcels, receiving only £10 a-year. A second place was better paid and every way preferable; but here a severe illness seized him, and he was obliged to resign it to other hands. On his recovery, while he was regretting this loss, he had reason to recognise it as better ordered for him than he could have ordered for himself: for another appointment was almost immediately offered to him with a large augmentation of income. Hitherto he had not ceased to feel, occasionally to feel keenly, the sense of his early disappointment: but seeing that a good Providence had begun to prosper his efforts in another way of life, he laboured at it with unabating industry, and no longer thought of change. Few particulars are known of the following years, till we find him about ten years later successfully established as a wine-merchant on Tower-hill.

He married Dorothy Robson, who was, like himself, from the North of England, and sister to the Rev. James Robson, Master of Sherborne Hospital in the county of Durham. The late George Robson, the well-known water-colour painter, as amiable in private life as he was distinguished for his studies in mountain scenery, was her kinsman. The issue of this marriage were John James Watson, afterwards in Holy Orders, Rector of Hackney, Middlesex, and of Diggeswell, Herts., and Archdeacon of St. Alban's; and Joshua, the subject of this Memoir, born on Ascension-day, May 9, 1771.

When he had lived to see the wish which he had so earnestly cherished for himself fulfilled in the elder of his two sons, and the younger was able to take the more active part of his share in the City business, he withdrew by degrees from the occupation of the counting-house, and made his residence in the suburban village of Homerton, near the spot on which the newly-founded church of St. Barnabas now stands. Here he lived till the death of his wife in A.D. 1812; when, yielding to the affectionate request of his children, he consented to make his abode alternately with them, passing the summer months at Diggeswell, and the winter at Clapton. At Clapton, at the house of his younger son, when he had completed his eighty-second year, and increasing infirmity had prevented any further removal, he died on the 12th of August, 1821.

Those who remember the father of Joshua Watson describe him as a man of the simplest habits; one who, though not slothful in business, and rather distinguished for the prudent foresight which is necessary to conduct a merchant's business to success, retained to old age the trustful heart and affectionate spirit of childhood. He found many playful ways of combating the privations he endured from severe deafness, overcoming "that sad exclusion through decay of sense" by the pleasure he found in others' pleasures, and aiding the social mirth of those with whom he could not converse by the blameless sallies of his pen. A short time before his death he had declined, on the plea of old Barzillai, an invitation to the house of Archdeacon Cambridge, who had wished to shew him once more the beauties of spring in the woods and meadows of Twickenham. The request was twice urged, but twice sent back in such terms as made the good man who proposed it afterwards bear testimony, that "he had never met with an aged person who had left so sweet an impression on his memory." Sir John Richardson, late Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, when he was welcomed by the old man as his son's friend, was struck by it as something unexpectedly grateful in the manner, from one who, as he speaks of it, "had long ceased to have any personal pleasure or interest in society, except as it made those around him happy." He left behind him, in the words of Bishop Van Mildert, at his most tranquil and Christian-like departure, "an example of blameless excellence;" from which his son, who had ministered to his declining years "with a sort of devotional delight and satisfaction, derived much in the formation of his own character" while his aged parent lived, "and still more in the recollection and imitation of his virtues."

To these testimonies it may now be added, that, from papers which he left behind, it appears that several years before his death he divided his property between his two sons, reserving to himself a moderate annual allowance for personal expenses, of which, however, he gave away three-fourths in gifts and benefactions. Nor had he neglected in his days of increasing prosperity to renew a friendly intercourse with his brother and his brother's family in Cumberland; of whom the present worthy representative, John Watson of Bolton-park, near Wigton, has done his part to rescue the county from the reproach formerly attached to its uncultivated moorlands, having been adjudged the prize of the Agricultural Society for bringing the greatest number of waste acres under the dominion of the plough.

Among the letters in the handwriting of the old man, preserved by the pious care of his sons, the following may perhaps serve to confirm what has been said of his character:—

"*Homerton, Dec.* 15, 1807.

"My dear Joshua,

"The hopes I had flattered my mind with yesterday are, I am sorry to say, far from being realized. After a sleepless night, I have been very uncomfortable this morning; and though I feel much easier now, I do not foresee any likelihood of my speedily having the pleasure of taking you by the hand. When, or whether at all, I may be restored to perfect health, God only knows. To His wisdom and goodness I am perfectly resigned, and wish to be duly grateful for the many and great blessings I have enjoyed, with a sincere desire to be duly prepared to meet the awful change in the temper and hope of a true Christian, relying upon the mercies and all-sufficient atonement of our dear Redeemer. Indeed, I see nothing in this world worth my wishing for any great extension of this earthly lease, except the hope of being better prepared for another; and, living in great concord with my dear friends, who are not numerous, but very dear to my feeling, I dread much the severe pangs the parting with them will occasion. But let us hope and trust that we may be united again in the region of eternal bliss and happiness. You are not to suppose, my dear Joshua, from the above, that I am careless or indifferent about life; for I am sensible of its being my duty to take the best care I can to keep my old crazy barque from sinking, and I will endeavour faithfully to fulfil this duty. But, considering the seriousness of what I have written, you will not expect to see what follows, yet I make the addition on purpose to shew you I have other thoughts. To-morrow is to be another contract day, and I presume you have a tender before the Board, with prices perhaps somewhat too low, considering the increased probability of hostilities between our country and America. Such an event would certainly enhance the rate of freight and premium from Teneriffe to the West Indian Islands; consequently it would seem to entitle the contractors to better prices. A war with America is much talked of. If you choose it, you can make a fresh tender to-morrow at Somerset-house. What I say is not said to throw the least damp, or offer any hindrance to your pursuit; my only wish is, that you should avoid the trouble, in preference to your fulfilling a contract, which may in the issue subject you to a loss.

"I now drop the subject to tell you that my M.D. has just left us, and assures me that I am going on very well. Your good mother also continues uncommonly well for this season, and considering what she goes through both in body and mind. God be thanked for this and all other mercies. Best united love, &c.,

"J. W."

During the many years when his power of hearing had become so impaired as to deprive him of all share in the words of exhortation, he was nevertheless an unfailing attendant at church, joining, as devout custom guided him, in the psalms and prayers, and filling the space occupied by the sermon with quiet wakeful meditation. The Prayer-book was the daily guide of his devotions at home; "Hele's Offices" and "Wogan on the Lessons" were always by him on his table.

As it had been this good father's purpose to associate his younger son with him in the business of his house in the City, the plan of his education was conducted with a view to this destination. In his tenth year he was placed under the care of a Mr. Crawford, at Newington Butts, an old schoolmaster, with whom in earlier days the excellent William Stevens had been a pupil. At the period during which Joshua Watson was at this school, the elder Crawford was assisted by his son, the Rev. William Crawford, then a young graduate from Trinity College, Cambridge, who was afterwards for many years Archdeacon of Caermarthen, and died in April, 1827, aged 78. Of this junior tutor in particular, and of the kindness with which he had been treated by masters and school-fellows, he often spoke gratefully; but it was a loss not to be replaced when his brother, who was here for a short time with him, was removed to the Charterhouse to complete his school-course under the classical tuition of Dr. Berdmore. It was, no doubt, a trial to one whose tastes and powers of mind were such as to have afforded the promise of full success in a similar course, to compare that brother's honourable career at a public school with his own more restricted studies[a]. He remained with the Crawfords till he had attained the age of thirteen only, when, as a more direct preparation for the toils of the counting-house, he was sent for about the next year and a quarter to a school in the City kept by a Mr. Eaton, frequented by sons of merchants, of some repute for preparing them for their business by giving them a knowledge of merchants' accounts, book-keeping, and exchange, and affording facilities for acquiring continental languages. Thus his school-boy days were brought to a close when he was scarcely fifteen; from this period, in A.D. 1786, he was at once taken to assist his father in the counting-house, which had some time before been removed from Tower-hill to 16, Mincing-lane.

Of these days of his boyhood few recollections have been preserved, except that he seems to have been a favourite with his school-fellows, and to have felt some natural regret when he left the school at Newington and bade farewell to his brief literary education. His play-books there were rather singular ones,—a translation of Josephus, and an old romance called "Cassandra," of the age of Madame de Scuderi, with which he passed many hours in a corner of the school-room customarily appropriated to him. When he was asked in after years what was the time that he had found for acquiring classical and general knowledge, his answer was, "he could not at all tell; it all came by chance." His reading in these years was quite unguided; but he remembered to have read a set of the "British Essayists," and when his father had given him a sum of £50 to lay out in books, he chose for himself a selection of our historians and poets.

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[a] In a list of the scholars at the Charterhouse about A.D. 1787, the name of John James Watson occupies the second place in the sixth form; the name of Robert Banks Jenkinson, afterwards second Earl of Liverpool, and for many years Prime Minister, stands eleventh.

There is an inborn spirit of gladness, which seems to be a merciful gift of Providence supplied to the youthful mind which does not shrink from its appointed task; and while innocence is retained, such a mind is quick to take in all innocent occasions of pleasure. This was eminently seen in the boyhood of Joshua Watson; so that good King George III., who once observed him near to himself at a place of public amusement, was heard to say to some of his attendants, "Look at that happy boy!"

He now worked assiduously as his father's assistant; and in 1792, as soon as he was of age, he was admitted as his partner. After continuing so employed long enough to establish his character as an intelligent and upright man of business, his father having now retired from active life, he was, about the year 1810, sought out and requested to become a partner in a house of the same kind in Mark-lane; and here it is supposed that, chiefly by executing Government contracts, to which his father's letter just given has some reference, he made the whole of his retiring fortune. Before this period, however, he had long devoted all his spare time to those public labours of charity and benevolence which will live to future years with his memory; and in 1814 he finally withdrew from his City occupations, having given his partners time to supply his place with another merchant of the requisite capital.

On the 15th of June, 1797, he married Mary, daughter of Thomas Sikes, Esq., banker in Mansion-House-street, and niece of Charles Daubeny, Archdeacon of Sarum. With this excellent and highly-gifted woman he lived for thirty-four years in happy union, finding in her an admirable counsellor in the best aims of his life, entire sympathy with his thoughts on matters of duty, and a vigorous intellect, which attracted many minds of the first order to the social meetings of the clergy and laity under his roof. In a private diary of the year 1817, noticing the twentieth anniversary of his wedding-day, he adds the words, *Ter terque beatus.*

Of the issue of this marriage one daughter only lived beyond childhood; their first-born son, Joshua Barnston, and an infant, Henry, both dying in the year 1802.

CHAPTER II.

Joshua Watson's earliest friends.—Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom.—His proscription in the American Revolution.—His character.—William Stevens, Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty. His public labours and charities.—Bishop Horne and Jones of Nayland.—Feathers Tavern Petition.—Francis Wollaston, Bishop Percy, and Bishop Porteus.—French Revolution.—Society for Reformation of Principles.—Jones and William Kirby.—Stevens in private life.—Club formed by his friends, which still flourishes.—His Hutchinsonianism.—His death.

THE earliest friends with whom Joshua Watson appears to have found advice and guidance beyond the paternal threshold were William Stevens and Jonathan Boucher. Both these good men have found a record among the worthies of an elder generation[b]; but it may be well, as it concerns the subject of this Memoir, to give a short outline of their lives and character, adding a few particulars which have not previously been made public.

Jonathan Boucher, as has been already mentioned, was a schoolfellow of the father of Joshua Watson in Cumberland. He was born at Blencogo, in the parish of Bromfield, and about a mile and a-half distant from Dundraw, a place which, like several others in Cumberland, still retains its original Celtic name, Blaen-cogau, *the cuckow's dell.* At the early age of sixteen he went to America, probably with a view to find employment in the service of education, as the famous General Washington was among his pupils. The Vestry of the parish of Hanover, in King George's county in the dominion of Virginia, invited him in 1761, before he was yet in Holy Orders, to accept the rectory of that parish. He did accept it, and after obtaining ordination in England resided there, and at the parish of St. Mary's, Caroline county, which he afterwards held, till Sir Robert Eden, Bart., another Cumberland man, becoming Governor of Maryland, appointed him successively Rector of St. Anne's, in Annapolis, and of Queen Anne's in Prince George's county, in that state.

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[b] A short notice of Boucher, from the pen of one who seems to have known him well, may be seen in "Nichols's Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century," vol. v. p. 630. The Life of William Stevens, by Judge Park, already referred to, and to which further reference will be made, contains a few additional particulars, p. 173—181. Something is added here from private sources.

Here he continued till the American revolution, with which his principles utterly forbidding any compliance, he was ejected, as his own words speak of it, when he had occasion to give a short account of his early history in a preface to a volume of sermons, published in 1797, about twenty years after his return to England. This work he entitled, "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution, in Thirteen Discourses, preached in North America, between the years 1763 and 1775." The preface and notes to the work contain some curious particulars, not perhaps sufficiently attended to by historians, of the principal actors in the war, and the extent to which the insurgents were aided by malcontents from the shores of Great Britain. In conversing with his friends on this subject, Jonathan Boucher used to call Franklin the Achitophel, and Washington the Absalom, of the insurrection. For Washington he retained a feeling of kindness and respect, dictated, no doubt, in some measure by early private recollections; and this feeling he shewed by dedicating this volume to him: but the intense spirit of loyalty which animated him, as it happily did also animate the better portion of the English nation, towards the throne and the person of King George III., forbade the slightest sympathy with the cause which resulted in the separation of the colonies from the British Crown. It was known that Boucher's ejection was by no legal process, but of a character too nearly akin to what has been subsequently called in that country by the name of *Lynch-law*. He was threatened with personal violence if he continued any longer to use the Prayer for the King in his public ministrations. His resolution was taken at once. He would not abandon his post in a way that might appear like flight from danger; but walking into his church, where his flock were assembled for the last time, he laid a brace of pistols on the pulpit-desk, and delivered his farewell sermon from the text, Neh. vi. 10, 11. The discourse was a calm defiance of the worst that could ensue, while it expressed a lively and affectionate sorrow for the interruption of his relations with his people in Maryland, a feeling which he continued ever after to retain; but "as long as I live," he said, "whilst I have my being, will I, with Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, proclaim, God save the King!" The consequence of this parting address was a sentence of proscription and loss of all things from the insurgent power.

A few years after his return to England, he was in 1785 presented to the Vicarage of Epsom, in Surrey, which he continued to hold till his death, April 7, 1804. The hereditary patron of this living was one who had previously known him only by character, but who became from this period a most constant and sympathetic friend, the Rev. John Parkhurst, a man worthy of remembrance for his labours to facilitate the study of the sacred languages, and who shewed his regard for Boucher by inscribing to him, together with Bishop Horne and Stevens, and another friend, the latest edition of his Hebrew Lexicon. It was to the Curacy of Epsom that John James Watson was ordained in 1790, as soon as he had completed his course at Oxford; and it was Joshua Watson's practice frequently to go down to his brother there on the Saturday, after the close of a week of business, and to return on Monday. It is mentioned by one who knew him well[c], that it was a peculiar trait of Boucher's character to be the friend of youth, and where he found in the young a desire to do well, to establish them in the love of truth and holiness. The elder Watson is said to have been sometimes afraid, lest the zeal for reading and learning fostered by this intimacy should draw his younger son too much aside from the pursuits of the counting-house; but it had no such result; the visits contributed to form the character of his mind, without hindering his daily occupations; he used afterwards to say they only drew him from the cricket-field, which he had found the most attractive scene of amusement in his youth.

Joshua Watson always spoke of Boucher as a remarkable man, who had profited as much by personal observations made in the varied fortunes of his life, as by study. His general information was such that he could discourse, almost in the way which Osborne describes as the faculty of Lord Bacon, "with every man in the cant of his profession." He was a student of old and provincial English, in which study he employed his latest leisure hours. He was also a skilful linguist in many modern languages, and especially the Spanish, so that it was remembered on one occasion, being unexpectedly thrown into company with a Spaniard, and beginning with some familiar allusion to Cervantes, he contrived to turn the conversation into a channel by which he effectually engaged the stranger's attention for the evening.

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[c] The late Judge Park, in his Life of W. Stevens, p. 179.

Towards the two sons of his old schoolfellow he shewed a kind regard, treating the elder with a kind of reverential affection, such as was paid to him by a younger generation in his riper age, but at once appreciating the remarkable judgment and discerning powers of mind in the younger, whom, at an age when few would have thought of seeking his opinion as a critic of composition or style, he would ask to revise a sermon for him, and when he modestly urged that the author could do that best himself, his answer was, "No, Joshua; no man is fit to be trusted with the weeding of his own onion-bed."

It was no ungrateful soil on which this attention was bestowed. At a late period of his life, an opportunity having occurred by which he hoped to shew kindness to a grandson of Boucher's, we find Joshua Watson commending the case to a surviving friend in terms like these:—

> "He is the grandson of one who was worthy of any thing that Tories and sound Churchmen could do for himself or his family, Boucher of Epsom, the intimate friend of Horne, Stevens, Park, and other worthies. Parkhurst gave him the living of Epsom. He was driven from America for his loyalty. I have an unfeigned love for the memory of the man: it is associated with the earliest recollections of my boyhood. He was the beloved of all young men, himself one of the most amiable of men; who laid every one who had much intercourse with him under never-to-be-forgotten obligations to do all the good that might at any time be in their power, towards any descending from his loins. I had the good fortune to receive much of such obligation as a youth, and most thankful should I be to be able to discharge it."

But a still more effectual influence is to be attributed to Joshua Watson's early intimacy with William Stevens, as the man himself was one whose influence was calculated to be deeper and more permanent. There was much on which his memory dwelt with love in the character of Boucher: there was both love and veneration in his recollection of Stevens.

William Stevens was indeed one whose life furnishes a remarkable parallel in many points to the life of his younger friend. He was born in the year 1732, in the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark. His mother was aunt to Bishop Horne, and the two cousins were associates in childhood, and bound through life in the bonds of Christian affection together. After being a short time at the school at Newington Butts, mentioned in the last chapter, he was placed with George Horne at Maidstone, under the tuition of a learned Clergyman, Deodatus Bye, who had graduated at Oxford in the early part of the last century. To the ability and discernment of this teacher, Jones of Nayland, in his Life of Bishop Horne, bears a satisfactory testimony. But the two boys both left him at an early age; Horne, who was a little the eldest, and a remarkable young scholar, going before he was sixteen to University College, Oxford; and Stevens at the same time, at the age of fourteen, leaving his classical studies to become apprentice to a hosier in the city of London. Thus his education was as brief as Joshua Watson's, and terminated for a similar purpose.

At that house in the City, 68, Old Broad-street, he found a home for the remainder of his life. Entering it as an apprentice in the year 1746, he was, in 1754, taken into partnership, and continued under the same roof till his death at the age of 75, in February, 1807. His early education, short as it was, gave a colour to his course of life. In his youth, at all intervals of business, he was so diligent a student that, paying too little regard to his health, he brought himself to the verge of a decline; but the danger was averted by a periodical sojourn at the Bristol hot wells, under the care of an able physician, who from that time became his constant friend, Dr. Randolph, uncle to Dr. John Randolph, afterwards Bishop of London. This good man had about that time lost an only daughter by the stroke of that gentle disease, and the conversation and correspondence which he held with his patient was full of the tenderness of a Christian and a father. The intimacy thus formed tended to confirm William Stevens in his study of sacred literature; but he returned with renewed assiduity to his City business, in which he had all the success which he desired. This was the more easy, as his manner of life was very simple and self-denying. He appears from early youth to have made a single life his choice, and he sought no pleasures beyond the society of good books and good friends, devoting his spare time and all that he had to those charitable works which found in him so unwearied a supporter.

It is known that for many years of his life, on the appointment of Archbishop Cornwallis, he filled the important office of Treasurer to Queen Anne's Bounty. The duties of this office naturally brought him into a nearer acquaintance with the needs and difficulties of the poorer portion of the clergy. These, in numberless instances, he relieved from his own purse; but with a delicate respect in the manner of the gifts, which gave them a grace far beyond the mere tangible value. He was a generous benefactor to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, a helper of their widows, and an especial supporter of the Clergy Orphan School, to which for many years he contributed an annual donation of fifty pounds over and above his usual subscription. He was a Governor of Christ's Hospital, of the Magdalen, and other public charities; he never would give his name to a fashionable subscription-list, but his private aids to gentle or simple in distress were such as deserved to be called munificent.

He was a constant supporter of those old Church-Societies, which the apathy of the Georgian era had but inadequately sustained in the last century, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for Propagating the Gospel. But the good work, for which he has earned a more especial remembrance, was the fund for aiding the disinherited bishops and clergy of the Scottish Church, after the repeal of the scandalous penal laws, under which they so long suffered. Some notion of the strange difficulties interposed, before this scant measure of tardy justice was obtained, may be gathered from Jones's Life of Bishop Horne[d]. When in 1792 the Act of Relief was passed, it was at once followed by the institution of this fund, promoted in Scotland by Charles William, fourth Duke of Buccleuch, by Sir William Forbes, the friend and biographer of Beattie, and other eminent Scottish laymen, but at once taken up and fostered in England by Stevens and his friends. The original committee contained the names of James Allan Park and John Richardson, both afterwards distinguished members of the judicial bench, and John Bowdler the elder, whose early acquaintance with the nonjuring bishop, Dr. Robert Gordon, had given him an interest in the cause. Several of the London clergy aided it; but the chief praise of what was done was due to Stevens, who laboured with all the zeal of his honest nature to promote it, and himself set the example by contributing the first English subscription of £100.

In the year 1801, finding the interruptions of business to the objects of higher interest in which he was so entirely engaged, he is said to have relinquished a great portion of the profits of the house in Old Broad-street, in order that he might dedicate his time with less distraction to his labours in the cause of religion and charity. It is indeed rather to be wondered at, that he had not at an earlier period of his life found the one impracticable with the duties of the other: for he had already been led more than once, and in no trifling way, to employ his pen in the service of sacred criticism, and policy and morals, by the important controversies and serious aspect of the times. He had taken some share in the Feathers Tavern Controversy, in a lively essay, entitled "Cursory Observations on a Pamphlet by the Rev. Francis Wollaston." He had been in controversy with the distinguished Hebraist, Dr. Benjamin Kennicott, on the integrity of the received text of the Old Testament, a controversy shared by Bishop Horne. He had published a "Discourse on the English Constitution," and some "Strictures" on two remarkable Sermons by Dr. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in 1776, not liking the tone in which that popular prelate had defended the change of dynasty in 1688. And he had written an "Essay on the Nature and Constitution of the Christian Church," which may still be found on the List of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—a treatise valuable in itself, and of less temporary interest than some of the previously mentioned writings. His last publication was a Memoir of his excellent friend and fellow-counsellor, Jones of Nayland, whom he survived only a few years.

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[d] Jones of Nayland. Works, vol. vi. p. 137—141.

Bishop Horne, dying early in 1792, had been removed from the conflicts of the Church militant in the midst of the first paroxysms of the French Revolution. Jones and Stevens were left on the scene with a few of their contemporaries. One of the beneficial designs which they mutually cherished at this period, was the formation of a "Society for the Reformation of Principles," not unlike to the German Tugend-Bund, which towards the close of the revolutionary war diffused so much vital influence through the Teutonic States on the Continent. This association was not long sustained; but the knot of friends busied themselves successfully in other ways to oppose the torrent of anarchy and infidelity which was then bursting on the nation. Among these friends were Thomas Calverley, Esq., of Ewell in Surrey, a man worthy of all honour; Dr. Nathan Wetherell, Dean of Hereford, and Master of University College, Oxford, father of the well-remembered Sir Charles Wetherell; Dr. Samuel Glasse, Rector of Wanstead, Essex; and the pious and learned John Parkhurst. Joined with these veterans were several younger associates; among whom perhaps the latest survivor was the late excellent Christian and philosopher, of kindred spirit with his friend Jones, William Kirby, Rector of Barham, Suffolk, where he died, July 4, 1850, at the age of ninety years[e]. The centre of the association, however, was at Nayland parsonage. Jones, who retained to his latest years the lively spirit of a boy with more than a common share of manly wisdom, wrote a few short tracts, which were immediately in great demand, and had a most extensive circulation. His "Letters to John Bull from his brother Thomas" were read, as he said of them in one of his letters to Kirby, "from the king to the cobbler." Another, which appears to have been nearly as successful, was "A small Whole-length of Dr. Priestley." Kirby himself contributed "Tom Paine's Picture," having himself the knowledge of certain facts relating to the life of this miscreant from his own observations. But there was something more wanted beyond the exposure of the character of the heresiarchs and political assassins of the day. There had been a great neglect of sound theological teaching in the schools in which the clergy and pupils of other learned professions were usually trained. Hence had proceeded those shallow and self-sufficient assailants of the Catholic creeds and confessions, who a short time before had mustered their forces together under Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland, at the Feathers Tavern, and had provoked Jones's "Fable of the Rats." Others, with better meaning but with little practical wisdom, had played into the hands of those assailants by addressing the bishops for a review and alteration of the Liturgy and Articles, such as might satisfy, according to their notion, all reasonable persons. Among these last was Francis Wollaston, whom Stevens had answered: with him were Dr. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who left his ancient ballads to reform the Prayer-book; Dr. James Yorke, not long afterwards made Bishop of St. David's, thence translated to Gloucester and Ely; and even Beilby Porteus, then Rector of Lambeth, afterwards the amiable Bishop of London, was drawn in with the current; as among the two hundred who followed Absalom in their simplicity, there were no doubt many loyal subjects.

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[e] See an interesting account of Kirby's early acquaintance with Jones, Jones's influence on his character, and his friendly attentions to Jones in his old age and solitude, in the "Life of Kirby by the Rev. John Freeman," chap. iii.

To meet the emergency, the remarkable collection of tracts entitled "The Scholar Armed" was now published, a collection which long maintained its place in the library of the theological student, notwithstanding the too rigid Hutchinsonian doctrine of one or two portions of the volumes. And the literary review called the "British Critic" took its rise from the same counsels, though it was subsequently consigned to other hands less directly influenced by them. The design was to establish a sound critical register, which should be conducted on Christian principles, those which were then in existence being either neutral or adverse. For near fifty years this periodical continued to maintain its character with more or less success, till it was abandoned, after it had ceased to represent the principles which gave it birth, on the shoals of a later and more unhappy controversy.

There was in Stevens, as may easily be conceived of the near kinsman and friend of Bishop Horne, a spirit of primitive piety, such as was cherished in the hearts and homes of many sincere and zealous members of the Church of England in the last century, and may still be studied in the well-worn Manuals of Private Devotion, compiled chiefly by the nonjuring divines of that period. The due order of daily prayer in some of the London churches was not yet discontinued, and at this service, chiefly at St. Vedast, Foster-lane, he was a constant attendant. Meeting there one day with Mr. Sikes, mentioned in the preceding chapter, to their mutual surprise, the Church being otherwise nearly empty, he said with much good humour to him, as they went out:—"Never mind; if you will not tell of me, I will not tell of you." The only day in the year on which he would not attend was the 5th of November, having little sympathy with the now-abolished State Service, and perhaps not a very strong sense of the benefits resulting from the arrival of the Dutch deliverer.

Few men have been more beloved by their more immediate friends and acquaintance than William Stevens. There was an irresistible charm in his character, which expressed itself in ways of its own, often so quaint as scarcely to be described by those who witnessed them, yet impressing the memory with a power that could not be forgotten. To a child who had lost her mother at an early age, the daughter of a near friend, he became in childhood a kind of parental monitor. A little later in life, hearing her boasting to some of her female acquaintance of a cheap bargain which she fancied she had made, "O yes," said Stevens, "you are fit to live in the world." From any one else, says the narrator, the speech would have gone for one of little meaning; but from him, who, as she was then well aware, was one who detested all craft and covetousness, it came with heart-searching power. It is a remarkable instance of his ready benevolence, adapting itself to every circumstance in which it might be exercised, that he undertook to direct this young person's early course of reading in theology, in history, and familiar science, writing for her a well-defined plan of study in his own hand, and directing her to the best available authorities.

He shared with his friend Jones a discerning taste and lively enjoyment for sacred music, of which the deservedly popular psalm-tune, called usually by the name of Jones's parish, Nayland, is a memorial. When Jones had composed it, he submitted it to Stevens's critical ear for his approbation; and finding it warmly approved he said, "Then we will call it Stevens." Thus it is supposed the melody first came before the public; but some collectors or editors of Church music, not knowing the origin of the name, altered it to "St. Stephen's;" an error which Stevens himself was pleased to countenance.

The most remarkable proof, however, of the personal influence of his character, is to be found in the surviving association, which regards him as its founder. His friends, whom he was wont to assemble at periodical visits round his table, were so alive to a sense of the profit and pleasure they had derived from such social meetings, that, when in his old age he could no longer with equal comfort entertain them at his house, they resolved to form themselves into a society, to which they might invite him as their chief, and which might meet a few times in the year at a place of public hospitality. Hence arose in the year 1800 the club, which has ever since that time flourished under the distinctive title of "Nobody's Friends." Among its earliest members, as may be seen in Judge Park's Memoir, were persons distinguished by rank, by worth, and literary talent, and several members of the three learned professions, attracted by sympathy of principles and admiration of Stevens's personal character. And that the same spirit survives among them will be evident to the reader, when he is reminded of the names of three of the latest associates whom the club has lost, the late excellent Thomas Bowdler, Baron Alderson, and Sir John Patteson. Joshua Watson survived to be the last of the original number, fifty-five years after its foundation.

To the uninitiated it may be necessary to explain the name of this re-union. As it was Stevens's custom to speak of several of his friends under some familiar appellation, which had a significant meaning of its own, so he made sport with himself, not without an earnest meaning combined, by calling himself by the name of "Nobody." What he wrote, though he did not conceal himself as the author, was usually without his name; and when he made a present of his writings to a friend who had requested it, he would have the volume lettered, somewhat after the vein of Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops, ΟΥΔΕΝΟΣ ΕΡΓΑ. The remembrance of the genuine humility of heart, which veiled itself under this playfulness, greatly recommended the perpetuation of the name.

Judge Park has related the story, how a respectable and exemplary clergyman, residing in a remote part of the country, but having the good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Stevens, had written to him requesting help to procure his son an exhibition from a society, called the Elland Society, to maintain him at Oxford, the expense of a University education being otherwise beyond the father's power. In his answer, Stevens informs him that he was sorry to announce the failure of his application to the Elland Society; but he had providentially fallen in with another, which might possibly answer his purpose as well. "It is a society," he says, "at present in its infancy, and calls itself the *Berean Society*, in allusion, I suppose, to the Bereans of old, who searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." The fact was, that a few friends had united with Stevens in raising a little fund, from which they contributed a yearly allowance of £100, to enable the son to prosecute his studies at Oxford; the society itself was an ideal creation of his own, to make the father accept it with less scruple. When the youth had completed his University course, and was now on the point of receiving deacon's orders, a dangerous illness seized him; and the anxious father hastened up from his distant residence to Oxford, there attended his sick son, and, by God's blessing, had the satisfaction both of seeing him restored to health, and afterwards, when Stevens also was present, of witnessing his first ordination by the hands of Bishop Horsley at Rochester. At parting, Stevens placed in the father's hand the following note, charging him not to open it till he reached the latitude of his Stage-Coach-inn, on Ludgate-hill.

"*Broad-street, March* 9, 1802.

"The Bereans consider themselves greatly obliged to the Rev. —— for his late anxious attention to the young student under their protection, and take the liberty of enclosing a fifty-pound bank note to defray the expense of his long, tedious journey, wishing to add more to it if this is not sufficient for the purpose; as they cannot think of suffering him to be at any charge for their ward, till they have completed the work they undertook, and can congratulate the good father on presenting to him his son in priest's orders."

It was, no doubt, known to Judge Park, but the secret was so well kept, that it was unknown to the world till the death of the late distinguished Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church, that the father in this story was Bishop John Skinner, and the son Bishop William Skinner, each successively chief pastors of the diocese of Aberdeen, and each in turn raised to the presidency of the primitive Episcopate of Scotland[f].

Those who knew the subject of our Memoir in his riper age will be able to imagine with what sympathy of feeling he must have conversed with the good elder, who could with such refinement of Christian kindness direct the hand of charity. But while there can be no doubt that the example contributed much to fix the aims of the younger of this pair of friends, there was also something in the early-matured judgment and well-directed energy of Joshua Watson, which Stevens viewed with indulgent admiration; so that when he entered the room where older heads were assembled, the old man would say in his peculiar tone of mirthful earnest, "Here comes Joshua, the first man of the age."

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[f] See a notice of Bishop W. Skinner in the Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal, May 22, 1857.

In one point it is believed that the same early judgment withheld him from an entire assent to the views of these aged friends. Bishop Horne, Jones, and Stevens, and most of their theological allies, were Hutchinsonians. Jones, in particular, defended the Hutchinsonian principles with some rigour; and he was not without the zealous support of some younger disciples.

A philosophy, which is no longer popular, is apt to be forgotten more speedily than it arose to public notice. John Hutchinson was a man of some note among the philosophers of the eighteenth century: it would have been well for the world if all the philosophers of the same period had been guilty of no more harmful errors. The son of a yeoman of Wensley Dale in the North Riding, where he was born at the village of Spennithorne about the year 1675, he passed many of his early years as the steward of some northern collieries, and seems to have been led to his first attempts in natural science by observations of things found in the bowels of the earth. Adding to this study much curious research in the Hebrew language, and seeming to discover meanings in some of the primary words which neither the Jewish Rabbins nor learned Christian Doctors had discovered, he became the founder of a school in theology and philosophy which held that the Divine Author of the universe revealed to mankind at the beginning a system of physical truth, which Moses republished in writing. His writings were voluminous, and dealt much in types and emblems, to which, however, it is impossible to deny the praise of great ingenuity. Some time after his death in the year 1737, his works were published collectively by a clergyman, who was one of his pupils, the Rev. Julius Bate, in twelve octavo volumes.

Among his most distinguished followers and friends was the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Scottish Court of Session; who actively supporting the House of Hanover in 1745, but loving the cause of humanity and Scotland more, met with so base a return from the government and court of George II. His "Letter to a Bishop," first published in 1732, contains perhaps the best abstract and modest defence of the Hutchinsonian doctrines; for Hutchinson himself, as Forbes justly observes, was "not very solicitous about what is called method and order." The system continued for a long time to find zealous supporters in Scotland, who were not always remarkable for equal moderation. Bishop Gleig complains of them in 1802, in a letter addressed to Boucher:—

> "With Hutchinsonianism like Daubeny's[g], which can see merit in those who are not Hutchinsonians, I never felt the least inclination to quarrel. It is not indeed so easy for a man to keep his temper when he hears a blockhead call Bishop Bull a deist, and Newton an atheist, merely because the former conceived of the Trinity in Unity in a way somewhat different from Hutchinson, and because the latter made use of terms in science which Hutchinson did not approve. But our friend at Bath speaks of Newton, and, I dare say, of Bull, in terms of the highest respect; and though he is much more convinced than probably I shall ever be, of the Hutchinsonian notion of the cherubin, why should a difference of opinion on that subject excite any animosity between us? The intolerance of the Scottish Hutchinsonians is the greatest objection that I have to them. They might, undisturbed by me, amuse themselves with their imaginary etherial agents and their fanciful etymologies, if they would only permit me to say and think that the will of God is sufficient to account for all the phenomena without the interposition of their fluids."

Hutchinson himself, as Jones with his candid sincerity allows[h], was very reprehensible for the contempt and asperity with which he treated his opponents; and he accuses some of his followers of the same vice in controversy. There was at least an equal degree of acrimony in some of their assailants, which forms a topic of complaint in Bishop Horne's "Apology for Certain Gentlemen of the University of Oxford," a defence of Hutchinsonianism full of mild reason. The bias of so many wise and estimable men was not resisted by Joshua Watson without a struggle. His friend, William Van Mildert, imbibed, and probably retained at a later period, the Hutchinsonian jealousy of what is called Natural Religion[i]. Others of his coevals were caught by it; but his calmer judgment could not approve of the way in which they made certain texts to bend to their purpose. In deep reverence for the inspired Word of God he was not outdone by the most devout Hutchinsonians; but he could not carry out this reverence to the same consequences.

Considering the eventful nature of the times in which his later years were passed, some might perhaps expect to find in Stevens's letters to his friends some anxiety about the public safety, or calculation of approaching fulfilment of prophecies, with which so many pens were then, and are still, occupied. His piety was too practical for this. His prayer no doubt was continually made in the sense of a petition quoted from one of the Fathers by his friend Randolph, "Ut nulla rei carnalis affectio puritatem mentis inficiat, neque ullus malorum temporalium timor fortitudinem emolliat." He could say, with good St. Gregory in the midst of public afflictions, "Quid restat, nisi ut inter flagella, quæ ex nostris iniquitatibus patimur, gratias agamus?"

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[g] Afterwards Archdeacon Daubeny.

[h] In his Life of Bishop Horne, Works, vol. vi. p. 63.

[i] See the account of the Boyle Lectures in the next chapter.

He writes in 1802:—

> "Whether the country is to continue to exist or not, I cannot tell; but all the foundations of the earth seem to be out of course; and I can do nothing to set them right; you know I am *nobody*. . . . G. H. Glasse has been dissipating his sorrow by travelling, and has been introduced to the First Consul, on the day of his inauguration for life, and of the restoration of Religion; which it seems is resumed with all its superstitious rites. What say you to this? For my part, I am such a queer fellow, that I should as soon think of being introduced to the devil as to his prime minister.
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> "I spend my time here, at Otham, much to my mind, in having nothing to do, and *doing it;* which indeed has been the uniform wish of my whole life, and never more seasonable than at present. I now feel the truth of what old Jones said to me one day with some earnestness, 'Well, I do not get on so well between seventy and eighty as between sixty and seventy!'"

The last hours of William Stevens were a remarkable consummation of such a life.

In one of his earliest letters, written at the age of twenty-one, in one of his retreats to Bristol, he says to Mr. Hookham, "If we were full of the hopes of immortality, the thought of death would be swallowed up in victory; and we should as cheerfully lie down to rest in our graves, as we do in our beds, and sleep as securely in one as in the other." This was in July, 1753. Fifty-four years later, on the 6th of February, 1807, he had been passing part of the morning with John Bowdler, and was going out with him to dine with another of his familiar friends. He had put on his great coat, and was just stepping into the carriage, when he was seized with a pain in the chest. Seeing some alteration in him, Mr. Bowdler asked the cause. He answered calmly, "Nothing but death." He was carried to bed, and was immediately attended by two physicians: but he was at once aware that the stroke was too severe for human aid. His friend continued with him during the night, and repeated by his bed some of the Church's prayers for the sick and dying, to which he made a calm and distinct answer. At the hour of three in the morning he said, "My time is come. O dear, good God!"—and fell asleep without a struggle or groan.

CHAPTER III.

The coeval and fraternal friends of Joshua Watson.—Sir John Richardson. —Thomas Sikes of Guilsborough.—Henry Handley Norris—William Van Mildert: his early ministerial life.—Composition of the Boyle Lectures.—Difficulties before his promotion.—Christopher Wordsworth.

THE subject of this chapter may perhaps be best introduced to the reader by the following letter from the late Sir John Richardson, addressed to one of the children of John James Watson; written in his old age and retirement, and containing a retrospect of his long friendship with Joshua Watson and his brother. The worthy writer was the son of a very dear friend of Mr. Stevens, who, upon his father's death, became his kind and careful guardian.

"*Bedford-square, Jan.* 10, 1840.

. . . . . "I have often reflected, with gratitude to the Giver of all good, on the commencement and uninterrupted continuance of my long friendship with John James Watson. It began very soon after my first arrival at Oxford in the month of January, 1789. On that occasion my paternal friend, Mr. Stevens, conveyed me thither; when, on entering the town, we stopped at the gate of Magdalen College, of which his cousin, Dr. Horne, then Dean of Canterbury, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was the President. Here I dined, and passed some happy hours, and at night was conducted by his servant to University College.

"Early next morning, after attending chapel as a stranger, (for I was not yet a member of the College,) I was invited to breakfast by the Master, Dr. Wetherell, then Dean of Hereford; after which he entered into a long conversation with me, inquiring about my previous studies, my present means and my future prospects, and giving me much friendly advice.

"Finding that my means were narrow, he strongly advised me to limit my acquaintance to a chosen few; and having mentioned the names of some individuals, who he thought would not be desirable acquaintance for a young man in my circumstances, and who happened to have come from the Charterhouse, he immediately added, 'but do not misunderstand me as intending, in what I have been saying about the Charterhouse-men, to include my friend Mr. Watson. There is not one in the whole College, I believe I might say in the whole University, who I think would prove to you a more valuable acquaintance than he.'

"Your father had not then returned to College from the Christmas vacation; but arriving soon after, I was introduced to him, and was happy to learn that we had some few connexions in common, particularly Mr. Boucher of Epsom, who was an old friend of my father as well as of his.

"Thus commenced our acquaintance, which by God's blessing speedily ripened into a close friendship, never afterwards in the slightest degree interrupted. He soon afterwards, during one of our vacations, introduced me to his father and mother, and to his brother Joshua, then in his father's counting-house, with whom also I had the satisfaction of forming a close and lasting friendship. I had also the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with many members of the Powell family, particularly with Baden Powell, T. Sikes, H. H. Norris, and their wives, besides your dear mother.

"It has often struck me that there was a remarkable, I might say a providential, similarity between the lives, the fortunes, and the characters of the Bishop and his cousin on the one hand, and of the Archdeacon and his brother on the other. In each case the first-named was destined to the clerical profession, and the last-named to mercantile life; they respectively left school at the same age, and became members, two of the University of Oxford, and two of mercantile counting-houses in London. The most unbroken friendship and the most confidential intercourse ever continued; and when the clerical students devoted themselves to the study of divinity, the mercantile assiduously imitated their example, and became not at all their inferiors in the soundness of their principles, or in their devoted attachment to our holy Church. The two mercantile men having succeeded in their respective walks to the extent of their wishes and realized competent fortunes, retired from their counting-houses; but instead of giving themselves up to idle lives, or endeavouring to crown 'a life of labour with an age of ease,' continued ever after to devote all the energies of their minds, all their knowledge of business, and very large portions of their fortunes, towards the prosperity of every institution connected with the Church, and other portions equally large to acts of charity and kindness.

"There was also a great similarity in the minds of the Bishop and the Archdeacon; each orthodox to the heart's core, and ever refusing to compromise one iota of their heavenly creeds; yet in their frequent intercourse, both on public and on private occasions, with those who thought and acted differently, ever evincing such urbanity of manners and genuine kindness of heart, as never failed to secure to them the unfeigned respect, and often the sincere attachment, of all around them.

"Three of these worthies are gone, I trust, to their reward; and in the course of nature the pilgrimage of the fourth must ere long draw to its close. I humbly, but diffidently hope, that I may graciously be permitted to be recognised by them all in another and a better world."

The writer of this letter speaks of Joshua Watson, like William Stevens, as taking to the study of divinity from the example of his near relative. Probably, however, it was not so much from example, as from the entire union of heart and mind which ruled in both, and the early piety which made his first wish to be like his father's, that he might have devoted his own life to the labours of the Christian priesthood. When from motives of duty he resigned this wish, he did not resign that first love which had prompted it; he felt that the dedication of his brother to that sacred office was a call of God to himself and his father's house; he thought of it as something that brought a sanctity on all the family, and a new motive to himself to flee from youthful follies, and devote his hours of retirement from the world to the pursuit of that knowledge which raises the soul to a nearer intercourse with God.

The friends and associates of his youth were the same whom he retained through life. Of Sir John Richardson, who penned this tribute to the two brothers, it is a public testimony not to be omitted by those who are responsible for this Memoir, that, winning his way to the distinguished post which he for a short time occupied in his own profession, he was indebted for it, not more to the ability and skill of his pleadings and practice, than to the pure integrity of his life. As a judge, his brethren on the bench had the highest value for his decisions; and it was lamented as a public loss when his declining health compelled him to an early retirement from the office. Suffering severely from a spasmodic asthma, he was directed by his medical advisers to reside for two years in Malta; from whence he returned, but so as to live like an invalid, in rooms of which the temperature was carefully adjusted by a thermometer in the uncertain months of the year. Thus his close of life was such as to make him in more senses than one a chamber-counsel; but those who had recourse to him in those years will not easily forget the gentle wisdom and refined delicacy of Christian friendship with which his advice was always ready. His classical taste and love of poetry were undiminished by the severer pursuits of law and judicature; and, like the subject of this Memoir, his piety found its constant food and refreshment in the pages of Jeremy Taylor. He lived to consign his only daughter to a husband every way worthy of her and of such a father, the present excellent Bishop of New Zealand, who, with his own two sons, attended him in his last moments, and closed his dying eyes a few months before his appointment to his field of missionary labour.

Two other names must be specially mentioned, as of men who on their own account are worthy of record, Thomas Sikes and Henry Handley Norris. Thomas Sikes, who was his friend from childhood, had preceded John James Watson to Oxford by about two years; his first experiment of University life was there made at

St. Edmund Hall, but he shortly removed to Pembroke College, where he took his B.A. degree in November, 1788. It is well known that the Hall was at that period, and for many years later, a school for the noviciate of a class of divines, who have in more recent times enjoyed a large proportion of public favour and patronage, and were then beginning to be remarkable, if not for their learning, for the active zeal and perseverance with which they preached and promoted the truths which they held to be most important and necessary for the time. The long prevalence of the Latitudinarian theology of the last century, and the dry and cold tone of moral preaching, which had survived in too large a measure from the days of Tillotson, and which about this time had called forth the strong animadversions of Bishop Horsley[k], were indeed such as to demand an anxious enquiry for some more true and efficacious system of teaching, "testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." But it was seen by many equally earnest and more clear-sighted divines of that time, that the preachers of this rising school were in danger of falling into the old error of men above ordinances, and that their leaders were setting forth views founded in some instances on mistaken and misquoted passages in the writings of Hooker[l], and in others on rigid statements of doctrine, which even Wesley in his maturer judgment had discarded. The effect was a continual secession of young clergymen from the Church to the chapels of Nonconformity; a result which might have been expected, when their guides were teaching the enquirer to let the doctrine which he heard from the pulpit, whether in church or conventicle, determine his place of worship.

The strong native sense of Thomas Sikes was at once startled by an apprehension of these dangers; and probably his early experience of the chairs of doctrine then established at St. Edmund Hall left its impression on his whole life afterwards. His mode of speaking on this subject in later years has been stated in an able controversial essay by Dr. Pusey[m]; but from the memory of a narrator, who probably intended to relate the substance rather than the words, as the wisdom of his age seldom indulged in long speeches. He used to say that, wherever he went, he saw many signs of earnest minds among the clergy of his time, and those who were then rising into public notice: but, whether owing to the security of our civil establishment, or a false charity to dissent, one great truth appeared by common agreement to have been suppressed. Now to teach the rest of the articles of the Creed, to the exclusion of that one Article, was to destroy "the analogy," or proportion "of *the* faith[n]." The Article itself involved ritual, discipline, orders and sacred ordinances generally; and its exclusion tended to the subversion of all. But this could not be: some day or other this truth would be again revived, and with such force, as to seem in its turn to swallow up the rest. He used sometimes to speak in almost prophetic terms of the dangerous reaction which he anticipated, and which has since been too fully realized, from the kind of zeal and revenge with which men are impelled to contend for long-neglected truths. "Our confusion now-a-days," he said, "is chiefly owing to the want of asserting this one article of the Creed: and there will be yet more confusion attending its revival, when it is thrust on minds unprepared, and on an uncatechized Church[o]."

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[k] In his Charge to the Clergy of St. David's, 1790.

[l] As in Scott's "Force of Truth," and other popular manuals of that period.

[m] Letter to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, 1842, pp. 33, 34.

These impressions were more remarkable, as they were imparted to his friends, and in particular to the younger clergy who visited him, some time before the movement commonly ascribed to the Oxford Tracts. He died before that movement can be said to have been matured, in December, 1834. A private education, and a life of much retirement at his country residence, the vicarage-house of Guilsborough in Northants, had contributed to nourish some peculiarities in his natural character, of which the reader will be enabled to judge from a few portions of his correspondence interspersed with the matter of the following pages. His favourite divine was Herbert Thorndike, a writer of wonderful learning and discernment in theological controversies, then known to few students, but now likely to be much more generally appreciated from the late collection of his works, edited by the Rev. Arthur West Haddan. He delighted to engage his friends in the discussion of doctrinal questions; but he had the faculty of doing this without any of the pride or passion of argument: it was the pure exercise of reason on the highest subjects on which reason can be engaged, and the enjoyment of a calm enquiry into the determinations of that science which comprises all that is good and true. On such occasions he would sometimes illustrate his views in the most quaint and familiar manner; but if his hearers were at any time startled by an expression which seemed to border on levity, a glance of his eye would shew that at the same moment the speaker was moved by nothing but the gladness of a devout spirit, and was incapable of any thought which was not consistent with an habitual reverence for sacred things.

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[n] Rom. xii. 6. "Adversarius spiritus primo *regulam* adulterat *fidei*, et ita ordinem adulterat disciplinæ." Tertullian de Monogam., 2. See Jer. Taylor's Sermon, "The Minister's Duty in Life and Doctrine," Pt. ii. vol. vi. p. 521, ed. Heber. See also some remarks in Prof. J. J. Blunt's Lectures on the "Duties of the Parish Priest," p. 286.

[o] He seems to have had in mind what St. Chrysostom says in his Preface to his Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, that the Apostle "intrusted his deeper thoughts to those disciples who had before been well-instructed by word of mouth:" ἤδη κατηχημένοις.

To the poor of his parish he was an unwearied benefactor; and his intercourse with them was that of a paternal friend who could sympathize in all their joys and sorrows. Of the influence which by such means he obtained with them, many touching proofs were given: and particularly at a time when it was supposed that he had met with some loss of private fortune, an honest labourer came to see him, and with many expressions of simple-hearted condolence, pressed upon him the acceptance of a weekly portion of his wages, which, he said, it had been agreed between his wife and himself that they could willingly spare. Dying without children, he had by his will bequeathed a small landed estate at Guilsborough to the augmentation of the poor vicarage for his successors; and though his intentions, owing to the law of mortmain, could not be literally fulfilled, the purpose of his charity has not been forgotten or frustrated by those who have come after him.

Henry Handley Norris was born in the same year with Joshua Watson, Jan. 14, 1771. After receiving most of his early education at a school kept by a master of some ability, the Rev. Dr. Newcome, at Hackney, he studied for another year with a Yorkshire tutor, the Rev. Jos. Whiteley, at Beeston, near Leeds; and proceeding to Peterhouse, Cambridge, took his degrees of B.A. in 1793, and of M.A. in 1796. The son and grandson of two wealthy London merchants, and the only son of his father, the fortune which he inherited was such as would have made his choice of the sacred service of the Church under any circumstances a choice of disinterested love; but in his case it was more especially so, as he had to undergo a strong resistance to his wish on the part of one to whose authority it was most painful to be opposed. It is right to speak with reverential caution of those who have been long dead; but it seems that there was, for a time at least, a degree of "the high imperatory hand" in this resistance. The grandfather, on the contrary, appears while he lived to have encouraged a desire, which he perhaps more reasonably discerned to be inspired by higher guidance. For there was evidently from very early years a strong conviction on the mind of this benevolent and zealous man, that the dangers of the time, and the conflicts to which the Christian cause was subjected in the paroxysms which pervaded all Europe at the close of the eighteenth century, were only to be effectually met by a spirit of earnest self-devotion, and large sacrifices of private wealth, and liberty, and ease. Those who remember the eminent services of his after-life, and the influence which he nobly won for himself by his untiring public labours, sustained as these labours were to the latest period of his good old age, will accept with interest a few particulars of his character as it was manifested in the years of his youth, and his impressions of men and things at the time when a providential accident, as he gratefully records it, first led him to be acquainted with Joshua Watson. After his death there were found in the most secret depository of his papers some journals of his daily life in these early years,—records which appear never to have been submitted to any eye but his own, and which, perhaps, he himself had laid aside and forgotten as more busy times succeeded. Some responsibility must be felt on the part of any survivor in turning such papers to any public use; but while no reason exists for making public what could only serve to amuse an idle curiosity, and while there would be no good purpose served by producing more trivial details, though even in these there is nothing to offend, there is a lesson to be learnt from the proofs which these papers afford of the diligent seed-time and vigorous self-discipline of a life which held on in single-hearted consistency to the end.

From a few sentences at the beginning of one of these private journals, it is evident that he determined for a time to set down a record of daily occurrences, from considering that all the actions of a man's life are subject to a higher book of remembrance, and that a severe exercise of judgment over ourselves is the way to prepare for a time of unerring judgment. This was when his thoughts were directed to studying for Holy Orders, shortly after the completion of his twenty-third year. From this time he was frequently a visitor for the purposes of study at the house of Thomas Sikes, the peaceful vicarage of Guilsborough; and here he became acquainted with an excellent clergyman, to whose curacy he was ordained two years later, the Rev. John Sikes Sawbridge, Vicar of Stretton-on-Dunsmore, whose friendship he retained through life. His acquaintance with Joshua Watson had been formed a short time previously. In June, 1794, a company of the Shropshire militia having been quartered at Hackney, and the good conduct of the men having recommended them to the loyal inhabitants, the services of Joshua Watson and Henry

H. Norris were employed in raising a subscription to give them a public dinner on the King's birthday. From this first accidental introduction a friendship grew up, which continued unbroken for near sixty years. How they took early counsel together, we may in some degree judge from a few notices in the journal of the following year:—

"*Oct.* 20, 1795. Left home with Joshua Watson on a visit to T. Sikes at Guilsborough. It is an observation of Jones, in his Life of Bishop Horne, 'Where uncertainty is the prize, what encouragement is there to strive for it[p]?' Apply this to religion: how idly do they spend their time who, rather than conform their lives to the precepts of the Gospel, endeavour to persuade themselves that the Gospel may be untrue!

"The notion of the King being one of the three estates was first broached before the Civil Wars in Charles I.'s time. The three estates are properly made up of the Lords Spiritual, Lords Temporal, and Commons, as may be seen by referring to State Papers in the time of Henry III. The Jesuits first taught the opinion of all power being derived from the people[q], that by depressing the kingly authority they might raise the power of the pope.

"*Oct.* 21. Our conversation after dinner turned upon the question, whether philosophy fits or unfits the mind for receiving the truths of Christianity. Whatever has a tendency to extol human reason gratifies the pride inherent in our nature, and induces us to make it the test of whatever truths are proposed for our acceptance.

"The difference between a deist and natural religionist. By the former we mean one who, having received the truths of Christianity, rejects them; the latter has never had these truths proposed to him; he has stretched his enquiries after truth as far as human reason can carry him, but has never had the advantage of a revelation. Of the former sort are Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, &c.; of the latter, Cicero and Plato.

"*Oct.* 26. Our conversation this day turned upon the tenets of the Hutchinsonians. The founder of this sect endeavoured to overturn the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, imagining it to have a tendency towards deism, and set up another system in its stead. The effects which Newton ascribed to gravitation, Hutchinson supposed to be caused by continual impulse, wishing rather to regard the Deity as constantly superintending and causing what we see to be produced, than as having first given to created things their motion, and contrived that they should not require His further attention. The theory of one may be compared to an organ which requires continual winding to produce its sounds; that of the other to a clock, which, when once wound up, goes on for its appointed time without further superintendence. Hutchinson's notions in philosophy are very fanciful and mysterious, his notions in religion pious in the extreme: he makes everything in the material world furnish him with some type of heaven, and finds mysteries in all parts of the history of the sacred Scriptures. His piety is worth every man's imitation; but his style is overshadowed by the abuse in which he indulges against his opponents, and an appearance of self-sufficiency runs through his writings. Every good man must admire his religious feelings, and his indefatigable labour in searching after truth; while at the same time he cannot help smiling at some of his strange fancies. The same character seems to belong, in some measure, to his followers.

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[p] See Jones's Works, vol. vi. p. 83.

[q] "Regia potestas, si legitima est, a civibus ortum habet: iis concedentibus primi Reges in quaque republica in rerum fastigio collocati sunt."—(*Mariana de Rege*, lib. i. c. 8.)

"*Nov.* 14. Rode with Watson to N——, to examine a collection of books for sale. It was lamentable to see works of the venerable Fathers of the Church, and numbers of our own ancient worthies, lying mouldy and neglected, stained entirely through by the damp, and half consumed by worms. We rescued about sixty of the most valuable from the ruin which seemed to threaten them. The terms demanded and acquiesced in were two shillings a-piece.

"*Nov.* 17. Watson employed himself all the morning in polishing up the covers of the rescued books; I assisted T. Sikes in planting. But this evening, about five o'clock, we experienced a severe loss by the departure of Joshua Watson, who set off on his return to London. In him is centred every requisite to complete the character of a pleasant companion and sincere friend. For the former capacity he possesses a strong mind, well stored with thoughts on every subject, which a most retentive memory enables him to draw forth at pleasure. Though diffident in delivering his opinion, he is by no means reserved, and is equally happy when giving information or receiving it himself. His judgment is correct, his attention always at command; and whilst in arguing he sticks close to his subject, and defends the point he contends for with acuteness, he is always open to conviction, and ever ready to acknowledge it. For the latter, unaffected good-nature, generosity, and every Christian virtue, stimulated and enlivened by a fervent piety and zeal for religion.

"On this occasion I cannot help reflecting how wonderfully events are brought about by causes to which they appear to bear not the slightest analogy. Had not the turbulent spirit of our hot-headed reformers made it necessary to quarter some troops at Hackney, we in all probability had never been acquainted. The ways of Providence are inscrutable: and he, who refers to that inexhaustible source all the good he meets with, has a secret worth more than all the boasted sagacity of the philosopher of the present world."

It may seem that the following extract bears less directly on the subject of this Memoir, but as it occurs in the same journal at the same period, and was evidently dictated under the same influence, it is too interesting and important to be omitted:—

"*Nov.* 11, 1795. When I compare the present state of my mind, the kind of life I lead, and the company I keep, with what they were two years ago, I am startled and amazed. The retrospect fills me with confusion, whilst all before me is peace and tranquillity. How can this be?

what can have produced a change so wonderful? My understanding was weak and unimproved, under the control of a wayward will; my passions were impetuous and unrestrained; the voice of reason and conscience disregarded. How vain then must have been my own unassisted endeavours to extricate myself from this degraded state! But with God nothing is impossible. What His infinite mercy wills for the recovery of His fallen creatures, His infinite power can accomplish; and though it seem best to His wisdom to act by second causes rather than by an open manifestation of Himself, still it is Himself who influences and directs those whom He is pleased to make the executors of His will: 'Paul plants, and Apollos waters, but it is God which giveth the increase.' To Thee therefore be the glory, O most merciful Father; Thy hand hath rescued the most worthless of Thy creatures from eternal misery; Thy preventing grace was afforded me when I was sunk deep in wickedness; that grace has ever since assisted me; and, though I have frequently resisted its aid, it still continues to be my guide. And further intimations of Thy beneficent will towards me are now afforded, in Thy appointment of so remarkable a pattern of true piety to be the person by whose recommendation and upon whose cure I shall be admitted into Thy ministry. For these Thy mercies accept the thanksgivings of a heart desirous of devoting itself to Thy service, and humbly imploring Thy further grace and protection, that the work Thou hast in Thy infinite goodness begun in me may be happily completed; so that, when it shall please Thee to call me from this vale of misery, I may be considered, through the merits of my Redeemer, as meet to be partaker with the saints in light. Receive, O God, these my petitions, through the mediation of Thy blessed Son, my Saviour and Redeemer. Amen."

One more passage must here be added, expressive of his strong dislike of a character, now, it is to be hoped, more rarely found in the ranks of the sacred profession which he was about to enter:—

"*Nov.* 12. Dined at H——. Met there, among others, a sporting parson. A drawing-master at Oxford used to set before his scholars copies remarkable for false perspective and other faults, that the unsightliness of their appearance might induce the pupils to guard against the like errors themselves. May I make the same use of the above example; and, whilst I observe with concern our holy religion disgraced by abandoned characters, may I endeavour by my life and conversation to adorn the doctrine of my God and Saviour! Yet, whilst by the mercy of God I am enabled both to will and to do what is right, may I preserve a Christian charity towards those whose state rather challenges my pity than my contempt. If in the pride of my heart I say to a fallen brother, Stand apart, I am holier than thou; God, who resisteth the proud, may quickly change our situations, and I may experience to my loss the dreadful effect of His decree, that 'he that exalteth himself shall be abased.'"

Such were this good man's secret aspirations at this most critical period of his life; and such the commencement of a union of counsels with the subject of this Memoir, the fruit of which was manifested in a long course of admirable public labours, of which it will be the object of the following pages to bear record. We must now speak of one or two other early friends of Joshua Watson, whose names will at once shew their claim to a special remembrance.

William Van Mildert had been preferred to the living of St. Mary-le-Bow in October, 1796, and it seems that it was not long afterwards that he became acquainted with Joshua Watson; an acquaintance which their harmony of opinions, and frequent mutual conference on points of faith and practice, soon ripened into friendship. The forefathers of this excellent man, subsequently one of the best divines and most exemplary prelates of the English Church, were, as the name would lead one to infer, of Dutch extraction. His great-grandfather, Daniel Van Mildert, appears to have been naturalized in England in the reign of William III. His father, Cornelius, was a distiller in Blackman-street, with a suburban residence at Newington in Surrey; where the future bishop, who was born Nov. 6, 1765, was baptized by the hands of Dr. Samuel Horsley, then rector of the parish, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, and well known as the learned champion of the Christian faith against Priestley and his followers. After receiving his early education at Merchant Tailors' School, he was removed to Queen's College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in November, 1787, and became M.A. in 1790. His own resolved choice in the years of boyhood had led him to desire to be admitted to Holy Orders. He was accordingly ordained Deacon in 1788, and Priest in the following year, by Dr. Edward Smallwell, then Bishop of Oxford; and appears to have attracted the favourable notice of a good and learned man, Houstone Radcliffe of Brasenose College, then the Bishop's Examining Chaplain, afterwards Archdeacon of Canterbury, in which office he died at a very advanced age in the early part of the year 1822. His tutor at Queen's College was also a man whose discernment was equalled by his benevolence, the worthy Septimus Collinson, afterwards Head of the House, and for many years Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford. His affectionate regard for his pupil was manifested in many ways while they were in that mutual relation to each other, and did not cease to be retained in later years.

After serving for a short time a curacy near Oxford, and another in Kent, he was recommended by Dr. Robert Finch, Prebendary of Westminster, and by Radcliffe, in 1790, to be Curate to Andrew Downes, Vicar of Witham in Essex. Here he remained for about five years, till he obtained his first preferment, the Rectory of Bradden, near Towcester, in Northamptonshire. Of Mr. Downes he always spoke with grateful remembrance, and in the later years of his life thought himself happy if he could shew any kindness to the members of his family. And there can be no doubt that his own ministerial character was much indebted to the training which he received from this excellent clergyman, who, though an invalid, was a pattern to all younger disciples in the work of the ministry. To the living of Bradden he was presented by his brother-in-law, Mr. Ives; but had scarcely time to do more than begin building a parsonage, when his maternal uncle, Mr. Hill, of the Grocers' Company, procured him an appointment more calculated to give exercise to his public energies, in the care of a London parish, that of St. Mary-le-bow.

This living being then, as it is now, unprovided with a parsonage, William Van Mildert took a house in Ely-place, Holborn, distant about a quarter of an hour's walk from the church in the well-known centre of Cheapside. A kinsman of the Bishop, who seems to have been entrusted with the use of his papers, has thought it worth while to defend his character from an imputation of non-residence arising from a paltry prosecution, to which, before the law took away such facilities of annoyance, he was on this ground subjected by a common informer[r]. It would have been of more interest, if we could have obtained from this Memoir a little more insight into the mode of life and studies pursued by the worthy divine before he attained the eminence, for which his "Boyle Lectures," preached at Bow Church between the years 1802 and 1805, seemed to prepare him. We only find, from his correspondence with Joshua Watson, that he was soon engaged in the service of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and a short time before the publication of the "Boyle Lectures," he seems to have given some literary assistance to the Editor of the "Anti-Jacobin," and to have had a share in the selection of the Tracts republished in the "Churchman's Remembrancer," a publication instituted, in concert with H. H. Norris and Joshua Watson, with much the same object as led Jones of Nayland to the publication of the "Scholar Armed." Of five valuable tracts, which the first volume contains, the first and third, published in 1802 and 1803, are by Waterland, and were edited with short literary notices, which though anonymous, we may believe to have been prepared by the future biographer and editor of Waterland. The second was a reprint of Dr. Thomas Winchester's able "Historical Essay on the

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[r] **Memoir, by the Rev. Cornelius Ives, pp. 16—19.**

Seventeenth Article," with an account of the writer by Ralph Churton, afterwards Archdeacon of St. David's. The fourth and fifth were Bp. Barlow's account of the Hampton Court Conference, and some extracts from a celebrated old Cambridge treatise, "Plaifere's Appello Evangelium." The selection of these extracts may have been a matter of joint counsel, but the preface to Plaifere, as probably also that to Bp. Barlow's tract, is now known to be Van Mildert's[s].

It is not unlikely that William Stevens had a share in the advice under which the associated friends were now acting. Van Mildert was acquainted with him towards the close of his valuable life, and, though not one of the original members of "Nobody's," he was soon afterwards numbered among them, on the nomination of the worthy founder himself, Nov. 29, 1802.

In the meantime, the Boyle Lectures were proceeding, and after they had received their last revision, were published about the month of July, 1806. The following extracts from some short letters, which were frequently interchanged at this period between the two friends, who were in continual conference, will shew how much Van Mildert relied upon his lay-counsellor's advice on the argument he had undertaken, and how anxiously he sought the final approval of the same friendly and discerning eye which had watched over his work during its progress. They will be read with some interest, as proving, to the greater honour of this good Christian advocate, with what conscientious care he weighed what he was about to submit to the public eye in defence of such a sacred cause.

"*Aug.* 10, 1805. I shall as soon as possible look through the MS., and your comments, for which I esteem myself much obliged to you. Any suggestions from such a quarter I shall receive with attention and thankfulness. In the meantime, I am much flattered by your general approbation, but shall wish to confer with you whether it will be necessary to re-compose the whole, a task which I fear I shall hardly have resolution to perform.

"*Nov.* 8. If by keeping the proof-sheet another day, you can give me the benefit of any additional criticisms, I will thank you to retain it, as I am anxious that the introductory part of the work should be as unexceptionable as possible. Therefore the more free your remarks are, the more I shall be obliged to you.

"*Dec.* 23, 1805. I am very unwilling to trespass upon time so valuable as yours; but as I never feel my reputation so safe as in your hands, I cannot help wishing that you would run over the MS., which I herewith send to you. I was so exceedingly dissatisfied with the original draft, that I have re-cast almost the whole, and am even now very diffident of its sufficiency. It is meant, however, as a mere sketch of a subject of vast magnitude and extent.

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[s] Letter to Joshua Watson, Nov. 13, 1805.

"*Jan.* 25, 1806. I send you to-day a double portion of Sunday reading, but I fear you will find it more than a Sabbath-day's journey to travel through both the MSS. In that case I must trust to your being able to perform the remainder at another opportunity; but I wish to apprize you, that I intend to trouble you in the course of next week with two more, which are to form part of the second volume, which I purpose to put into the compositors' hands as speedily as possible, that I may have both irons in the fire at the same time. Unless I do this, I see no chance of the work coming out before the dog-days; and even with two presses at work, I foresee it will require an extraordinary degree of activity to be ready before the metropolis is deserted. This, I hope, will be a sufficient apology if I venture to give you more trouble than I could otherwise think of doing. But, believe me, it is neither compliment nor affectation when I say, that after the benefit I have already derived from your judicious and friendly criticisms, I cannot comfortably and satisfactorily go into press without having passed the ordeal of your inspection."

The next is in another hand:—

"*Jan.* 31, 1806. Mr. Van Mildert is gone to attend a committee on the affairs of his church. He has been much wishing to see you, that he might have your further judgment on Lecture XIV. He cannot satisfy his mind on the most essential points; and difficulties increase in proportion with his endeavours to elucidate. In short, his poor brains are quite confused, and unless you are at liberty to assist him with your sound reasonings, friendly criticisms, and excellent judgment on this most important subject, he says the press must stand still at least for ten days. The approaching Confirmation, and a variety of other professional concerns, all concur to harass him just now, and disqualify him for the task of revising his work, which he will never have the courage to present to the public, unless it be stamped with your approbation. Pardon me for entreating you to exercise your talents once more, as kindly and as judiciously as you have done for the same object at least thirteen times before."

This fourteenth Lecture, to which is prefixed the title, "The Inability of Man to frame a Religion for himself," appears to have been most carefully cast and re-cast, and to have gone many journeys to and fro between the house in the City and Ely-place, before it was considered fit for the public eye.

"*Feb.* 25, 1806. Another Lecture humbly solicits your attention, whenever a day of leisure occurs; whether it be a fast-day or any other day fitter for such an occupation. . . . . Be so good as to let me have this number returned before Saturday, when I shall probably venture to trouble you with another. After that you need never fear being molested with more than one in a week. But do not forget that you have No. XIV. in hand."

"*Ely-place, March* 15, 1806.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The last No. of Vol. I. waits upon you for your friendly revision. As soon as you have done with it, it must go to press, the printers having suspended work since Wednesday last for want of copy. As to No. XIV., I have not dared to send it, feeling so many alarms about it, that I intend almost to re-compose it entirely, yet I am inclined to think that what is said concerning Rom: i. 20 and Acts xiv. 17 will hold good, if qualified, as you have judiciously suggested, with proper restrictions. Have you Ellis's great work, 'On the Knowledge of Divine Things?' If you have, I wish you would at your leisure look into it from p. 266 to p. 300. I think I may safely shelter myself under his wings[t].

"If I were not 'careful and troubled about many things,' I should have something to say respecting certain additional obligations of a very weighty kind, which I find you have lately laid upon me. The Vicar of G—— can explain to you what I allude to. I have no time at present to say more, than that I am

"Your sincerely obliged and affectionate Friend,
"W. V. M."

"*March* 29. I have just met, in my way hither, a friend who has represented to me your multiplicity of troubles and difficulties. I have therefore resolved to give you to-morrow a complete day of rest, so far as the removal of my intended burden can affect it; I have therefore pocketed No. XIV., to carry home again; and, if upon a re-perusal I can satisfy myself with it, it shall go to the printer without giving you any further trouble. If not, I will endeavour to look in upon you some evening in next week, just to take your advice on a few particular passages. I am indeed very much grieved to have already made such unreasonable encroachments on your time, but I know not where to find a friend who can really be a substitute for you.

"*April* 2, 1806. I thank you for your kind communication. No apology can possibly be needful from you to me, when the debt of obligation is all on my side, and the good offices of friendly assistance exclusively your own. If I did not deeply feel the real *value* of those services, you would be less molested with my applications for them. Nothing but this sense of their value should induce me to trespass so much on time which I know so many others are desirous of profiting by as well as myself.

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[t] See the Notes to the Boyle Lectures, particularly the last Note on Serm XIV. Bp. Van Mildert, as well as his excellent successor and friend, Bp. Charles Lloyd, commended Ellis's work to the notice of theological students. It must, however, be confessed that, in their aversion to what used to be called by the Freethinkers the Religion of Nature, Ellis and his disciples went too far, seeming to deny that man could, by rightly exercising the gift of reason, arrive at a First Cause. Justin Martyr saw no necessary antagonism between a traditional and a rational religion. Apol. i. 44, 46; ii. 10. This was probably the doubt which delayed the printing of this Lecture. See Socrat., Eccl. Hist. iii. 17.

"I now send you No. XIV. for your last revision. I have endeavoured to clear it as much as possible of exceptionable matter, and have revised it throughout. On looking over it again I am somewhat more at ease about it than I was, when in a sort of panic I sent it to you; but still I shall be better satisfied if you will give me your opinion of it in its present state. For this purpose, unless you have time and inclination to go through it, you need not trouble yourself to do more than examine those pages and paragraphs which I have marked. I will leave it with you till Saturday morning, when I hope to call for it.

"I send you at the same time No. XVI., not meaning that you should trouble yourself about it till Sunday next, or later; but because it has been folded up in readiness for you for some days past.

"*May* 3, 1806. I now send you No. XIX., hoping to send No. XX. on Saturday. Remember, for your comfort, that No. XXIV. will be the *finale* of the opera.

"*May* 10. I send you No. XX., put together in most awkward fashion, but I think it will not greatly puzzle a man of your sagacity. I intend to re-compose the whole, but have only found time to go through the smaller half of it, I therefore wish you to examine it as it is; i. e. the corrected half, and the uncorrected remaining part. But perhaps you may not have finished No. XIX. If so, do not trouble yourself with this till next week, and I will endeavour to call on Monday for one of them.

"I have just met with a copy of Bullet's work[n], which we were speaking of the other day, and of which I beg your kind acceptance; I shall be happy to add even so humble an offering to your already well-furnished library."

At length, on the 24th of July, he was able to send his friend the following letter, with a presentation copy of the Lectures:—

"My dear Friend,

"*The work is done*, and the little man in St. Paul's Churchyard has been so alert, that on my arrival in town an hour or two ago I found myself in possession of a considerable number of copies. The very first that goes out of my hands I consider due to you, who have most kindly assisted in the completion of it, and will be justly entitled to a good portion of any commendation it may be so fortunate as to obtain. If I now feel any trepidation at its appearance before the public,—and in truth not a little palpitation is excited,—what should I not have suffered if I had not had the benefit of your friendly correction and revision? To-morrow I shall be busily employed in distributing the copies which my friends have kindly bespoken: and among the rest I shall not fail to send the ten which you have desired. But of this copy I must request your acceptance as a present 'from the Author,' and a token, however inadequate, of the deep sense which he entertains of the services you have rendered him. I prefer sending it, though in so humble a guise, that I may at least have the credit of losing no time in discharging a very small part of the obligations which I owe. Believe me to be, with the truest regard and gratitude,

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[n] The History of the Establishment of Christianity, compiled from Jewish and Heathen Authors only. Translated from the French of Professor Bullet, by Salisbury. 8vo., 1776. See Boyle Lectures, Notes on Serm. IV.

"Your ever obliged and affectionate Friend,
"WILLIAM VAN MILDERT."

Within two years after the publication of the Boyle Lectures a second edition was called for, to which the author added some copious notes, proving what a number of writers he had read and digested for the illustration of his work. It went through four editions in the course of a few years, and effectually established his reputation as a divine, a writer of comprehensive mind and memory, a calm, unwearied reasoner, who never trifled with the weighty argument which he felt constrained by the love of truth and duty to sustain. In making himself master of the things which had been well said by others, and retaining a complete recollection of their labours, his power was something extraordinary. It was so remarkable, that it is said some of his familiar friends would sometimes amuse themselves by bringing any rare volume of theology which they had casually met with, open it in his presence without shewing him the title, read a page or paragraph, and ask him whether he recognised the author; a question which he seldom failed to answer. And in later years, when he was Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, he was so ready to pour out from his stores on so many subjects to satisfy all enquirers, that his friend Charles Lloyd said of it, "Van Mildert, I believe if I were to talk to you in your sleep, you would mutter divinity in your dreams."

A second volume of the "Churchman's Remembrancer" was now made up of three treatises, published between 1807 and 1810. The first was a reprint of Dean Stanley's "Faith and Practice of a Church of England-Man." The editor was probably H. H. Norris, who had a great esteem for this plain old treatise, which he published again in the form of a Manual for young people—a little pruned from its original quaintness, and adapted to more recent times—a few years later. The second was "A Dissertation on Episcopacy: by Laurence Jackson," an author commended among the opponents of Dr. Middleton in the Notes to the Boyle Lectures; and the third, "A Discourse concerning Conventicles," by John Norris of Aldbourne, father of the Platonic Norris of Bemerton. To this a biographical notice was prefixed by Van Mildert.

In the meantime, in the year 1807, he had ceased to reside in London on being presented by Archbishop Moore to the benefice of Farningham, in Kent; a change which we may suppose to have been grateful to so diligent a student, but which led to some temporary embarrassment, owing to a miscalculation or abuse of trust on the part of the contractors for rebuilding the house of residence. It is due to the subject of our Memoir to mention that in this difficulty he shewed himself a friend born for a season of adversity. A few of those who shared his regard for Van Mildert, among whom Thomas Sikes deserves to be especially mentioned, privately agreed to take the debt upon themselves, and pay the requisite sum in such a way as to spare his feelings, and leave him in ignorance of the mode in which it was effected. This, however, was not long possible; and the following letters from Farningham will be read with interest by those who remember how the gratefully conscientious writer lived to be a few years afterwards the munificently charitable Bishop of Durham:—

"*Farningham, March* 7, 1811.

"My dear Friend,

"I have applied to our friend J. C. P. for information as to the parties to whom I stand obliged for lately extricating me from my embarrassment with Messrs. W. and W., and was somewhat surprised to find the list so numerous. To two of the number I have already expressed my sense of the obligation; and to the rest I mean to do so, either by letter or *vivâ voce*, at the first opportunity. None but myself I believe can adequately conceive what I feel on this occasion. Yet—shall I confess to you?—this feeling is in some respects a very painful one, and occasions a frequent depression of spirits, which I am unable to overcome. There is a pleasure, an exquisite one, in having such friends; but the wound given to the spirit of independence, by being obliged to make such a use of them, is not easily healed. It has been my misfortune to be more or less embarrassed ever since I have been a beneficed man; and every additional benefice has brought its additional burdens, and made me poorer than before. So that, in spite of all the friendly helps I have met with, I still am, and to all human appearance ever shall be, a necessitous man. But it may be the will of Providence that these trials should be sent to correct that pride which perhaps you will think these sentiments discover. Be it so; and may I be enabled so to apply them! May you, my good friend, never know anything more of these troubles than by your ability and disposition to remove them! Such is the hearty prayer of

"Your affectionate Friend,
"W. V. M."

The nature of the answer sent to this letter can only be guessed by the reply, which is dated a week later, March 14:—

"My dear Friend,

"Many thanks for your kind letter. I expected reproof, and am sensible that I deserved it: but you have administered it in the most lenient and soothing way, and I trust it will produce the desired effect. If not, I am unworthy of your kindness. It comes, however, too late to prevent my pouring forth certain effusions of acknowledgment to those other friends who were associated with you. Yet I trust I have said nothing which may lessen their satisfaction in doing me this friendly service. If I have, they, like yourself, will attribute it to momentary feelings, difficult to suppress, but which do not make me less sensible of their kindness. I am determined henceforth to think of the matter in no other way than you and they wish me to do."

At this period of his life, when his occasions brought him to London, his lodgings were usually with Joshua Watson at his house in Mincing-lane: and this arrangement was so grateful to both, that a few years later, when he was become Bishop of Llandaff, the two friends became joint tenants of a house in Great George-street, Westminster. It is needless to add that, when at last Fortune had seemed to "mend her error" in keeping such a generous spirit amidst the shallows, the obligation, which he strove not to feel painfully, was most honourably discharged[x], and his liberal soul was then indulged with full power to execute the liberal things which his large heart was not slow to devise.

In the following year he was elected Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, after a contest with two other candidates,—Peter Elmsley, the distinguished Greek scholar and critic, and Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford, who, like his brother, Edward Nares, was a writer of some literary reputation. From this time his rise was rapid. In 1814, after being selected by the Oxford authorities to preach the Bampton Lectures, on which he again consulted Joshua Watson, he became Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church. In 1819 he was promoted to the bishopric of Llandaff, to which in 1820 was added the Deanery of St. Paul's. In 1826 he was translated to Durham, which he nobly filled till his death, ten years later.

There will be other occasions to refer to his acts and correspondence in the later portions of this Memoir: but these particulars of his early life will not be without a lesson of the patient continuance in well-doing, and dutiful service in comparative obscurity and narrow circumstances, by which, under the Divine blessing, this good and great man was trained for higher functions in the Church.

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[x] When the sum was replaced in Joshua Watson's hands, it was, with the consent of the surviving contributors, and with some little accessions, transmitted to Bishop Broughton, to buy up the lease of the house which had been bequeathed to the see of Sydney.

It was at the house of Van Mildert, while he lived in Ely-place, that Joshua Watson was first introduced to another good and single-hearted man, Christopher Wordsworth, then Chaplain to Archbishop Manners-Sutton, subsequently Dean of Bocking, then Rector of Lambeth, and afterwards for many years Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. "We met," he used to say of it in later years, "and became friends at once." He who said this was indeed one to whom to be once a friend was to be always a friend; but if pure integrity and disinterestedness, a spirit abhorrent of all disguise or guile, and a kind of joyous zeal in all works of charity and brotherly kindness, could attract a discerning good man's love, these qualities were seldom more eminently seen than in him whom his Cambridge friends delighted to call, *par excellence*, "the old Master." Such exuberant benevolence united with such Christian simplicity could only have been taught by the perfect Law converting the soul, and making it find its chief treasure in the service of holiness and truth. It may be that these qualities were not always sufficiently discerned by those who should have profited by experience of their influence; and he may sometimes have felt mournfully the reflection which his brother the poet once addressed to him, dictated, perhaps, from a knowledge of his private thoughts,—

"O brother, I revere the choice
  That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
  Though public care full often tills,
(Heaven only witness of the toil,)
A barren and ungrateful soil."

But if the inner graces of his character were known only to an inner circle of his acquaintance, they will not have yet passed away from the remembrance of many survivors, who cherish his name with honour in many a retired corner of the land. And the one friend, who understood him best, from the day of their first intercourse to his death in his home of retirement at Buxted, was all along bound to him by a bond of almost perfect sympathy.

To this list of his earliest friends we might add the names of two excellent ones, George Owen Cambridge, afterwards Archdeacon of Middlesex, and John Inglis, for many years Bishop of Nova Scotia, of whom some account will be given in a later chapter. The circle was enlarged as he became more known, and included Chief Baron Richards, Judge Park, the late Lord Kenyon, Serjeant William Frere, Master of Downing College, and his brother, George Frere, and other good men, whose memory remains in their charitable deeds and public services. But these will be best introduced to the reader in the progress of this narrative.

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CHAPTER IV.

Public disquietude at the close of the eighteenth century.—Danger of the King. Trial of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall.—The Loyal Associations.—Joshua Watson's alliances with Bowles, Gifford, and Reeves.—Troubles of Bowles with the Dutch Commission.—William Cobbett.—The Church Societies.—Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—District committees.—Dr. Hales of Killesandra.—Removal to Hackney.—Letters of H. H. Norris.—William Kirby.

THE aspect of public affairs in the closing years of the eighteenth century was such as no loyal-hearted subject of the British Crown could contemplate without concern. It is only natural that we should find the subject of this Memoir, in the earliest years of his public life, associating himself with other active minds in labours for the public safety. The danger to which the life of the King was exposed on the 29th of October, 1795, as he was proceeding to open the Houses of Parliament, finds a place in H. H. Norris's youthful journal:—

"*Nov.* 14. At Guilsborough. Watson received a letter from his brother, which contained an anecdote so strongly marking the character of our good King both as a religious and a brave man, that it deserves to be remembered. It was told him by a lady who had it from Lady Onslow, whose husband was in the coach with his Majesty when that daring attack was made upon his person as he was going to open the Parliament. When the window was struck by something that broke it, the King was leaning back, but immediately came forward, and addressing himself to Lord Onslow said, 'My lord, that is a shot.' 'Good God!' exclaimed Lord Onslow, 'what shall we do?' 'What shall we do!' said the King; 'go forward, to be sure; there is the same Providence to protect us here as there is anywhere else.' A noble example this to all his subjects."

The published accounts of this scene of tumult and violence do not always record this remarkable particular.

A little before this had occurred the trial of John Horne Tooke and his associates, Hardy and Thelwall. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, in his interesting "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb [y]," has some remarks on the character of Thelwall, whom he finds to have been one of Charles Lamb's early acquaintance. He says he was an honest man, whose life before this event had been one of self-denial and purity, remarkable in a youth who had imbibed the impulses of revolutionary France; that he was possessed of an acute and vigorous but narrow mind; and that, though his flaming orations had infected the poor with dangerous anger, he "never meditated any treason except such as was accumulated in the architectural sophistry of Lord Eldon." The subsequent life of Thelwall, whom some who are yet living will remember as a harmless teacher of the science of elocution, may in some degree justify this lenient judgment: but in times of public discord the orators of revolution are by many sound precedents dealt with as the trumpeter in the fable, and if no restraint is imposed on seditious tongues, violent deeds will follow. It would be well if the readers of Judge Talfourd's apology would refer to some existing records of the popular madness of that time. We have in H. H. Norris's journal this characteristic sketch of a scene enacted by the chief of that singular triumvirate:—

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[y] Vol. ii. p. 150.

> "*Jan.* 24, 1795. Mr. Pickbourne called. He told us that, dining with Horne Tooke at the Revolution Society, shortly after the French had abolished all nobility, he saw him get up and say he had a toast to give and a motion to propose. His toast was, May the trial of Mr. Burke last as long as the trial of Warren Hastings! This was drunk immediately. He then prefaced his motion with observing that he did not see any of those noble lords present who used to attend their meetings; and moved that, When any peer came to the Society, they should waive their titles for the day. This was rejected by the whole company, but he persisted in it; and mounting upon the table, harangued for it a great length of time."

In short, it was not the fear of visionary or remote danger which led to the formation of the 'Loyal Associations.' The spirit of the friends of order was roused, and exhibited itself with a combined force, which had no slight influence in determining the fate of the country. Among those with whom we find Joshua Watson now acting in concert, were John Bowles, a magistrate for the county of Surrey, residing at Dulwich, an unwearied and successful political writer, John Gifford, editor of the "Anti-Jacobin Review," and John Reeves, a barrister, a learned and virtuous man, whose abandonment by Mr. Pitt to a prosecution instigated by Fox and Sheridan was not altogether creditable to the great minister. In a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the English Government," he had made use of some figures of speech which were construed to be libellous, though he was acquitted of any malicious intention[a]. Four years later, in 1799, he obtained the appointment to be one of the patentees of the office of King's printer, and dedicated to Pitt a "Collation of the Hebrew and Greek Text of the Psalms" in 1800, the work of a well-read Hebrew scholar. He also brought out an edition of the Bible arranged in paragraphs,—a plan which has sometimes been followed since, and of which Joshua Watson commended the design, in spite of some defects in the execution. At this earlier date he was one of the chief agents in promoting the Loyal Associations.

Gifford appears to have been occasionally in difficulties, under which pressure his friend Bowles did much to support him; and a letter of Bowles to Joshua Watson in 1804 thanks him also for "his noble, and the more noble because spontaneous, exertion in his behalf." There seems an infirmity of judgment in matters of practice, which besets persons who make literature their profession without engaging in the duties of more active life; and something of this kind may be supposed to have occasioned the following good remarks, which we find in an early letter of Van Mildert's. It would not be worth while to enquire further into the immediate occasion of the remarks; but they deserve to be preserved for their own value:—

"1804. Mr. G. evidently misapprehends his friend's meaning when he supposes him to interpret Phil. iv. 8 so as to make the opinion of the world the proper principle of conduct. The opinion of the world, however, is not to be contemned; nay, it is to be attended to, consulted, and even conformed to, where it is not incompatible with the laws of God or man. Else why are we directed to 'abstain from all appearance of evil,' 'not to let our good be evil spoken of,' and the like? Mr. G.'s arguments, therefore, drawn from his own interpretation of the passage in question, would only be valid, supposing that what he had done was actually a point of duty or moral obligation; in which case, unquestionably, he would have acted right in disregarding the opinion of the world if it were against him, and even encountering its utmost censure and reproach; for we know that a Christian's road to perfection lies 'through evil report' as well as 'good report.' But has he attempted any proof that his conduct under all the circumstances of the case was really an act of duty? I see no such thing. The precept, therefore, of following what is of good report seems to be still in full force as to his particular case, unless he can shew that his compliance with it would have clashed with some other precept, which it was equally his duty to obey. As to the conjecture that St. Paul, by adding 'if there be any virtue and if there be any praise,' meant that we must only think of things of good report, if they are really virtuous and praiseworthy, it seems to me to destroy the effect of the passage; for if a thing is already to be followed because it is virtuous and praiseworthy, (which is an absolute truism such as nobody can dispute,) what occasion for previously enjoining that it should be followed because it is of good report? The meaning of these words I rather conceive to be, that if there be any other virtuous and commendable things, they are to be followed in like manner as those duties which had been already mentioned."

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[a] Earl Stanhope, in his recent Life of Pitt, speaks of Reeves as having written foolishly in his pamphlet, (vol. ii. 364). Still one does not see the magnanimity of the minister in abandoning a man to his enemies, whose crime in their eyes was his loyalty, and whose error was no worse than foolish honesty. A truer estimate may be found in the Pursuits of Literature, pref. to Dial. iv.

The conduct which gave occasion to these remarks had already drawn from Joshua Watson a remonstrance characterized by all the patience and sincerity of Christian friendship, and exhorting the person addressed to remember how his position as an advocate of high principles required him "to provide things honest in the sight of all men."

With John Bowles there was a closer intimacy; and the chequered circumstances of his later years were such as to try the stability of any friendship that was not governed by a law too firm to be shaken by the fear of men or changed by the favour of the world. Joshua Watson and he had first met at the house of Boucher; and Bowles speaks in his letters many years afterwards of the debt he owed to "that over-ruling Providence which, from a casual three weeks' residence at Epsom and consequent acquaintance with Boucher, had supplied him with the friend who proved his principal earthly support under his most severe trial." There must have been qualities, however, in the man himself which attracted the regard of the good and wise; for we find among his associates incidentally mentioned, the names of Van Mildert, Lord Kenyon, Baden Powell of Lankington, near Tunbridge Wells, Thomas Sikes, John James Watson, and Christopher Wordsworth. His correspondence, as far as it has been preserved, in earlier days relates chiefly to his frequent publications, on which he seeks counsel from Joshua Watson, especially when he touched on theological questions, as from one "who stood at the head of his list of judicious friends." On one of these occasions he speaks of the warning clauses in the Athanasian Creed, which he calls "not anathemas on unbelievers, but parental admonitions to those within the fold." He was zealous also for the reformation of public morals, and wrote earnestly in defence of the Christian strictness of the law of marriage when, in 1801, the House of Lords had proposed, and afterwards withdrawn, a clause introduced into a divorce bill prohibiting the intermarrying of the adulterer with the adulteress. Without such a general prohibition, he was strongly persuaded the public safety would be hazarded, while what was becoming a common practice was an outrage upon the religion which was the source of all just law.

Here, indeed, was the strength of the cause in which these active-minded men were labouring. The advocates of the new Gallican liberties, whether such clerks as Horne Tooke and Edmund Cartwright, or such laymen as Charles James Fox and Francis Duke of Bedford, were wanting in regard to some essential properties of life and conduct for which the English people had not lost their esteem. When a preacher in a funeral sermon had exhibited the great man lately departed as one who lived only to do good, and whose soul's predominant passion was to benefit mankind, it became necessary to ask whether such exalted aims were consistently pursued by the practice of playing at tennis with his friends on Sunday during the hours of divine service. And it might reasonably be suspected that the hostility to Christianity lay deeper than the surface, when one who had received the rite of ordination in the Church could speak of it in terms of ironical buffoonery, in an address to the electors of Westminster, as "something mysterious, miraculous, and supernatural, operated upon him half a century before in this Protestant country, which had deprived him at the close of his life of the common rights of a man and a citizen." In fact, when a public thanksgiving-day had been appointed on the ratification of the peace of Amiens, on the preceding night a licentious masquerade was held in one of the largest places of public concourse; and at the hour when the solemn services were about to commence in the churches, the streets of Westminster were thronged with the strange dresses and varnished faces of the children of folly returning from their nocturnal revel. There was a moral strength in the protest which Bowles, with the friends of virtue and order, made against these profanations.

It was in 1809 that the cloud which darkened all the remainder of his life first cast its shadow on his path. He had the misfortune to be one of the commissioners for the distribution of Dutch prize-money; and in the discharge of this function he and his colleagues were accused of appropriating to themselves something more than the sum to which they were legally entitled. The question was long in dispute, and eventually was decided in the Court of Exchequer. It is certain that Joshua Watson examined the matter most closely, and never doubted either his friend's personal integrity, or that the commissioners were justified in their claims. This was equally the persuasion of Lord Kenyon and Van Mildert; and there are aged persons yet living who look back on the obloquy and persecution which he had to encounter as provoked by political animosity, the man being one of whose uprightness none who knew him could entertain a doubt. But for a time, at least, he found that evil report had alienated the minds of some of his old associates; and the effect was a loss of influence, and exclusion, on account of the prevailing distrust, from counsels in which he would otherwise have taken a prominent part. It was a trial which he felt most sensibly; and his unreserved letters shew the conflict in his mind between a sense of wrong and Christian submission.

"I cannot doubt your prayers for me," he writes in April, 1809, "at this time of severe trial. My integrity is known to the Searcher of hearts, and, I trust, has not been doubted for a moment by any of my friends. Indeed, I hope my friends give me credit for something more than integrity,—for a perfect disinterestedness of character. Yet it is impossible for me not to feel most acutely in the circumstances in which I am now placed. My trust is in that God whom I hope I have sincerely, however imperfectly, endeavoured to please and serve. I have put my cause into His hands, and I think He will not forsake me, nor suffer my enemies to triumph over me. What stores of comfort against a time of trouble are provided in the Book of books! what a consolatory companion in affliction is the holy Psalmist! I have found much support in the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh Psalms; and again in the thirty-first, thirty-second, thirty-fifth, thirty-seventh, and forty-second. These are, indeed, cordials to the drooping spirits."

Joshua Watson hastened to him immediately on receiving this letter; for Bowles writes again the next day at some length, expressing his thankfulness for the visit, which, he says, was made more valuable by his having paused to master the case, and so to be able to justify him in the eyes of others and preserve his powers of usefulness. It is plain that he considered the reputation of his friend in the City, as at once one of the most upright and able men of business, to be likely to serve him essentially in establishing his innocence. While others suffered themselves to be carried away by the prevailing misapprehensions, he was still more impressed with the persevering kindness which he found in this quarter. "One such friend," he says, in the July following, "is more than the just claim of any one in a world like this." Subsequently he apologizes for having mentioned his name in confidence to his fellow-commissioners, for which he had drawn upon himself a remonstrance: "Surely it is right, though on a nobler principle, that men should know their friends as well as their enemies. And never had men a more valuable friend than the Dutch commissioners have found in you."

It was some relief when, a short time afterwards, an unexpected champion arose. A pamphlet was published in vindication of the Dutch commissioners by a writer who was a political antagonist of Bowles himself, and an enemy to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, of which Bowles had been an active promoter. A copy of this pamphlet was sent by Bowles to Joshua Watson: "My satisfaction in it," he says, "is inexpressibly heightened by the reflection that I am sending it to a friend, whose penetration detected, and whose affection led him to expose, and that instantaneously, the subtle and mischievous fallacies which this author, after a long investigation, has successfully pointed out." "A friend," he wrote again, "who actually stemmed the torrent, when its apparently resistless force seemed likely to overwhelm me."

It was an act of delicate kindness when, at this period of public distrust, Mr. Sikes invited him to join in the subscription for the parsonage at Farningham, of which the story has been told in a former chapter[a]. The following was his answer in a letter addressed to Joshua Watson:—

"*Dutch Commissioners' Office, Nov.* 23, 1810.

"My dear Sir,—

"Be so good as to take charge of my contribution to Mother Church in the person of one of her most faithful, able, and zealous ministers. I cannot adequately describe the satisfaction I feel in such an opportunity of indulging at once my public and my private attachments. At the same time, I hope our friend will not feel himself under the least weight of personal obligation; for though, in common with all who join with me in the present measure, I entertain for him the most sincere and affectionate regard, I consider what I am now doing as, in the strictest sense of the word, an act of justice. I am ever, my dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

"John Bowles."

During these years, it cannot but be now a strong corroborative proof of the integrity of the man to learn that he was earnestly engaged, employing both his wealth and his personal labour, in the promotion of public charities. None took a more lively interest in the establishment of the National Society, even when, to his severe mortification, it was not thought expedient that his name should appear upon the committee, or accompany any public notice of the proceedings. He comforted himself that his friend's name was not involved in the consequences of friendship with the unfortunate, since he was appointed treasurer. During the following years he was often employed in preparing pamphlets, as before, in defence of Christian and loyal principles: but these were now anonymous.

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[a] Chap. iii.

The question on which it had been early determined to await the decision of a court of law was long in a state of suspense: it survived the war which had given occasion to it. In 1817 the storm, which had been partially lulled, seems to have gathered with increased violence; and his spirits, perhaps from failing health in the decline of life, were more broken by it than before. It was difficult for his friend, in the midst of his manifold occupations at that period, to satisfy his craving for support and sympathy. Yet we find, interspersed with occasional complaints of a week's silence, warm thanks for his reiterated attempts to see him; at other times, for "a most consolatory visit," and for actual assistance in his cause. And on one occasion, for his appearance in court while the cause was in hearing: "I cannot express," he says, "how much the sight of you revived me." Among the advocates who conducted his defence there is grateful mention made of Richardson.

At length, in May, 1819, judgment was given in the Court of Exchequer, and the commissioners were pronounced liable to pay more than £100,000 to Government. Whether this adjudication was so made as at the same time to remove the suspicion which had been the heaviest burden to an honourable mind, or whether it was felt as a relief to have the weary dispute at all events decided, Bowles appears, for the short remainder of his life, to have been more at ease. In the following month of June he writes a cheerful invitation to a family party of Sikeses and Watsons to spend a long day with him at Dulwich; and he speaks more freely about books and plans of church-building, as if able to put his own affairs aside. His last letter to the subject of this Memoir is dated July 24, 1819; and after speaking of the Dutch business, which, though not quite concluded, was then proceeding smoothly, it ends with the words, "How, my friend, is this life found tolerable without the support and comfort of religion?"

A tablet to the memory of John Bowles is to be seen in the Abbey church at Bath; the inscription was furnished by Archdeacon Daubeny. Among the letters of condolence received by his widow was one from Van Mildert, full of kindness for the memory of one whom he calls "her late invaluable husband," and claiming to be exceeded by none in "high appreciation of his public and private worth."

During the first years of his acquaintance with Bowles we find also some notices of Joshua Watson's association with William Cobbett, then better known by his first political name of "Peter Porcupine." He came over from America at the beginning of the present century, bringing a testimony from our ambassador that he had stayed the tide of republicanism across the Atlantic; and the prosecution which he had incurred in Philadelphia had invested his character with something of the attributes of a martyr to loyalty. He was soon introduced to Bowles, Reeves, and Gifford, and for a time was received as an ally. By degrees, however, the less worthy peculiarities of the man became apparent, his self-sufficiency and unscrupulousness in seeking to repair his needy fortunes. His coarse and forcible style and spirit qualified him for a keen assailant rather than a defender. There was no public man for whom he had then a tittle of respect except William Windham, whom he used to couple with himself, somewhat in the mood of Wolsey's *Ego et Rex meus:* "I hope you understand me: I and Mr. Windham have alone saved this country." He perceived after a time that Joshua Watson sought gently and gradually to shake him off; and in his resentment he published what is supposed to be the only malicious abuse which was ever attached to the name of Joshua Watson. Among the papers which have remained to us there is a rough draft of a remonstrance, which he was moved to pen by the false statements made by Cobbett about his brother's preferments; but it bears upon it the words, "Never sent." He would sometimes in later years look back to the short experience he had made of this singular acquaintance, and speak of it in a tone of apology: "We were then young, and his violence was rather a recommendation to us than otherwise; he was so hearty in hating what we hated." Nor did he forget to tell with evident pleasure, in doing justice to a redeeming feature in his character, how, at a time when he was struggling for his own bread, Cobbett generously took upon himself the whole charge of a brother's orphan family.

But it was to labours more directly in the service of the Church and of the poor that Joshua Watson's energies were now to be permanently devoted. There is evidence of the number and variety of these services, even at this early period, in the collections of papers, which were not disturbed from their admirably arranged order till he quitted his London home in 1840. He himself attributed his introduction to these most important labours of his life mainly to the partial kindness of his friends; first Boucher and Stephens, and afterwards H. H. Norris and Christopher Wordsworth, through whose representations Archbishop Manners-Sutton was first induced to place confidence in him. Of the degree in which he afterwards enjoyed the confidence of that prelate he would often speak with unfeigned wonder. His part, he would say, was simply to lay information before him of things which, in his higher sphere, he could not see with his own eyes. The faithfulness and ability with which this was done advanced him, without expectation or seeking of his own, to an authority in counsel which his humble spirit could hardly realize to itself, though to others who witnessed such discerning diligence it appeared the most natural thing in the world.

He had, with H. H. Norris, become a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a little before the close of the last century. In recalling those times he used to say that "they were both reformers," so much so, that a worthy dignitary of the London diocese predicted that their schemes would ruin the finances of the Society. However, its income was shortly trebled by the formation of district committees; and from this measure, of which he used to attribute the chief credit to Christopher Wordsworth, a further most beneficial result followed, as an organization was prepared which greatly aided the establishment of the National Society. These district committees had the effect of making those operations, which had been almost confined to London, then first felt in remote corners of the country; and the impulse from without was not long in being communicated to the centre.

"You are again wanted," he writes to Dr. Wordsworth in January, 1811, "and we depend upon your aid. I write to request that you will appoint a time for summoning a council to take into consideration the proper steps to be pursued at the next monthly meeting in Bartlett's Buildings.

"At the Board to-day a communication was made from the Colchester District meeting, which awakened all the fears and all the prejudices of our worthy Secretary[b]; and Mr. Agutter was employed to put an extinguisher on the rising flame. This attempt to get so summarily rid of such important matters in a thin meeting provoked me, who have never before been moved to interfere in any public discussion, to submit to them both a resolution for instructions of a very different cast from Mr. Agutter's, and also a notice of a motion next month for the appointment of a special committee, to whom should be referred the consideration of the several suggestions sent up by the district committees for the furtherance of the great objects recommended to them last summer from the general meeting. Thus I am unexpectedly, but I trust not prematurely, committed; for I rely upon your renewed exertions in the good cause for my extrication from the scrape into which I have fallen, and cast upon you the whole conduct of the matter, from which my entire unfitness for public business obliges me to withdraw. My notice is, I believe, of too general a nature in any wise to embarrass your future proceedings, and the resolution adopted to-day so simply inoffensive, that I trust it would have had your concurrence, as it had the sanction of your friends Norris and Bowles."

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[b] Dr. Gaskin, Rector of Stoke Newington.

"I rejoice to hear," Dr. Wordsworth immediately replied, writing from Lambeth Palace, "of the proposition which you mean to bring before the Society. I am well assured that everything depends upon it; and you may rely, therefore, on all the little support and strength which I can give."

Meantime there was a negociation carrying on for the recovery of the "British Critic," which was at this time edited by Archdeacon Nares. With the wish to preserve this literary journal, and devote it to the designs intended by its first founders, Jones and Stevens, it was now purchased by Joshua Watson and H H. Norris, towards the end of 1811, or beginning of the following year; and Van Mildert appears to have undertaken the conduct of it, till shortly afterwards his other engagements were too many and important to leave time for reviewing. It was also for a short space under the hands of Middleton.

H. H. Norris had in 1809 undertaken the permanent spiritual charge of the southern portion of Hackney parish, and thus became the coadjutor of his friend and brother-in-law, John James Watson. A small chapel-of-ease had been erected in this district, at no great distance from his family residence in Grove-street. Of this chapel in 1810 he became perpetual curate, and continued constantly to preach and minister there for nearly forty years, till, chiefly owing to his charitable zeal in his old age, the present noble church was erected on a site which he gave for it, the living having been formed into a separate rectory. In 1811, Joshua Watson also took up his abode in his brother's parish, having purchased a house at Clapton, within five minutes' walk of Hackney Rectory. Every counsel and almost every thought was shared with that beloved brother, to whom he was in turn the most trusted adviser in those cares and difficulties which attend the charge of a large and laborious parish.

The following letters from H. H. Norris relate to this period; and they speak also of a remarkable man who during this period was an occasional visitant at all three houses. This was Dr. William Hales, Rector of Killesandra in Ireland, the author of a learned but somewhat fanciful work, a "New Analysis of Chronology." There was a simplicity and humourous shrewdness combined in his character, which was one of great Christian worth and zeal for truth; and these qualities imparted a very lively freshness to his conversation in old age. He was one who loved to speak afterwards of what he called "the Hackney phalanx," and the hospitable kindness with which they had entertained him while engaged in carrying his great work through the press. "The recollection of that kindness," he said, "made his heart warm to every Englishman he met." None who survive to remember the moral influence of the Hackney phalanx, an influence won by the union of men who were bound together by a disinterested love of the best things, will wonder at the warmth of this testimony. It was an influence which for many following years drew to these houses a varying but never-failing band of the wise and good, and from which many a young student in the discipline of life and truth found his aims directed and his youthful vows confirmed.

H. H. Norris to Joshua Watson.

"*Bath, June* 25, 1809.

"My dear Joshua,

"I enclose you a letter I received some days ago from Dr. Hales, and I wish you to engage in that good work for him which he wishes to impose upon me, and for which you know me to be wholly unqualified. You will see that I brought this upon myself by representing to him what I thought of importance to the reputation of the work, that he should divest it of those extraneous matters on which I am very doubtful whether he entertains sound opinions, or whether he will not mount so high into the clouds as to be profoundly unintelligible. Do pray send to Rivington's for the MS., and use your pen without mercy.

"I am working, perhaps, harder than in prudence I ought, to get something in season against the time when the chapel is opened. But, like Pharaoh's, my wheels drive very heavily, though I hope, if not overtaken by time, I shall succeed better than he did. I am investigating the doctrine of holy places, intending to handle the subject didactically, and thus to avoid, if it be possible, all reference to gainsayers, and as much as in me lies, the giving of offence.

"Archdeacon Daubeny is at Bradley, and I am here, his *locum tenens* for this and next Sunday.

"You won't write to me, I conclude; else I should be glad to hear anything good you have to communicate of our friend Bowles. But you are a chamber counsel, never to be either seen or heard of but at home. Thus it is that nature conceals her choicest jewels in the obscurest places, and that brilliants drag poor mortals down from their own pure atmosphere into the bowels of the earth. I shall not say anything better than this if I write till dinner-time, so I will leave it last upon your mind that it may make the deeper impression; and with my fair wife's regards to your little brunette, I remain your affectionate friend,

"H. H. Norris."

From the same to John James Watson.

"My dear Vicar,

"Had I nothing to reply to your last, gratitude would extort a letter from me to thank you for your very entertaining and bountiful despatch. Indeed, I never think of Hackney without being proud of my relation to it, and rejoice exceedingly that I have been anyways instrumental in the celebration of its praises, though your report is the first intimation I have had of having rendered it this piece of service. Rasselas, you know, concludes his researches after happiness with the resolution of returning to his own country, and forming there a society of chosen men; and why should not I engage in the same undertaking? We read yesterday of Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek casting their heads together with one consent; and why are we to suffer our English phlegm to keep us in a state of individuality? I want to see a centre formed, to which every zealously-affected Churchman may resort, and counterplot the numerous and most subtle devices against our very existence which every day is bringing to light. If we but knew our strength as our enemies do theirs, we should all be encouraged and strengthened. Dr. Hales has returned to Ireland thus benefited; he thought himself like Elijah, but now knows that the cause of religion is not yet deserted; that, notwithstanding the prevailing apostasy, there are many who have not bowed the knee to Baal. I have done some good, therefore, by this modest assurance of mine; and so, friend John, I shall proceed, and wherever I can find a sound Churchman, I will lay violent hands upon him if I can. Yea, as David resolves, 'Mine eyes shall look upon such as are faithful in the land, that they may dwell with me.' Kirby you would be much pleased with. He is a quiet, unassuming man, who has thought very deeply upon the most interesting of subjects, and though not loquacious, is easily drawn out. His book is not put to press yet, and he seems in no haste to make it public, knowing himself to be treading on very tender ground. He considers the present a most eventful period, and he has all his eyes about him to catch every ray which is thus thrown upon his favourite subject; and by the help of it either confirms or rectifies all his conclusions. He seems to possess all that caution and hesitancy which so well becomes the interpreter of unfulfilled prophecy; and in this respect excels, I think, all the later expositors of this portion of Scripture who have preceded him. My first introduction to him was not at my last visit: I passed, about three years ago, some days with him at Livermere. We stay here till Thursday sennight, then go to Lynn for a few days. How we afterwards dispose of ourselves depends upon Mr. Lathbury, of whom, I am sorry to say, we have not received good reports. At all events, however, I shall be at home before the third Sunday in September, and very probably much sooner. Wife unites with me in kind regards.

"Your affectionate brother,

"H. H. Norris."

CHAPTER V.

The National Society.—State of education for the poor previously.—System of Bell and Lancaster.—The Society's three founders, John Bowles, H. H. Norris, and Joshua Watson.—Services of Dr. Herbert Marsh.—Its progress and chief supporters in the first three years.—Estimate of its work by Bp. Blomfield.

THE year 1811 will ever be an important one in the annals of the Church of England, for it witnessed the formation of the National Society for the Education of the Poor. There could now be only a few living to remember the state of things in town or country, and what kind of schools there were in populous places or rural districts, before this remarkable institution was founded. It is not to be supposed that the charity of English people had been previously unexercised in efforts for training the children of the poor in the paths of religion and virtue; the multitude of charity schools in London, and many old-fashioned clothing and teaching foundations in provincial towns, attest the contrary. Much, no doubt, was done piously and well by Christian landlords on their estates, and clergymen in their parishes. But there was a lamentable want of any good system of dealing with the numbers who required instruction, a want which pressed heavily on the poorer classes, to whom the means of learning were unattainable; a general and sensible want of any good elementary books and manuals for teaching, and, still more, a want of teachers.

The origin of the National Society is to be attributed to the meeting of three friends at the house of the subject of this Memoir; the resolution to attempt the great work was shared first by only three counsellors, John Bowles, H. H. Norris, and Joshua Watson. It was a time when much public attention had been called to the mode of organizing large classes of children in schools, and using the help of the elder ones in teaching the younger, introduced by Dr. Andrew Bell and Joseph Lancaster. Trifling as this improvement may now appear to those who are familiar with it, the change which it then effected in the general diffusion of the elements of knowledge was something previously incalculable ; and it is no doubtful mark of the discernment of this little knot of friends, that they saw immediately how it could be turned to the best of purposes.

Joshua Watson was the Treasurer of the National Society from the date of its foundation; he watched over its prosperity and efficiency with unceasing and laborious care from the beginning:

and his interest in it survived when, after thirty years of diligent service, he resigned the care of its funds to other hands. There were some of the first promoters of the new Society who would have had it made a department of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and some who objected to the name which was finally chosen, as if it had been borrowed from late Gallican precedents: but its meaning was explained by the principle set forth in its first report, "that the national religion should be made the groundwork of national education," and "that the first and chief thing to be taught to the children of the poor was the doctrine of the Gospel, according to the excellent Liturgy and Catechism provided by the Church of England."

One of the first experiments of the new system had been made by William Davis, Esq., at a school which he had established at Leytonstone: and it is supposed that H. H. Norris's account of a visit which he had made to this school was the means of suggesting to the friends in council the adoption of that useful machinery, which afterwards became general. Mr. Davis was also the founder of the Free Schools in Gower's Walk, Whitechapel, which still remain as a memorial of his Christian zeal and bounty. "After Dr. Bell himself," says Herbert Marsh, in a letter of this period, "perhaps no man is so well qualified to organize schools on Dr. Bell's plan as Mr. Davis[c]."

The following letters will serve to illustrate the character of these early measures, and of the agents most concerned in them:—

From John Bowles to Joshua Watson.

"*Sept.* 21, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I very much wished to see you to-day to concert proceedings which must not now be delayed. You will learn with inexpressible satisfaction, I am sure, that our Society has the countenance not only of the Archbishop, but also of the Prince Regent, who, speaking of the Church, calls it an establishment interwoven with the constitution of the country. The Archbishop has declared his readiness to attend the first meeting of the Society. A preliminary meeting will, however, be necessary, and I wanted to arrange such a meeting with you and Norris. Dr. Marsh[d] expresses a hope that we may be able to meet the Archbishop and all other bishops in and near London, next Thursday, at Bartlett's Buildings, by which day he hopes to have answer from most of the bishops. I will come to Town on Monday expressly on this business; and I entreat that you and Norris, with anybody else you please to invite, will give me the meeting here at half-past twelve.

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[c] Mr. W. Davis died at an advanced age in the same year with Joshua Watson and George Lord Kenyon, all three among the first supporters of the National Society.

[d] Herbert Marsh, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

"I am ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN BOWLES."

From John Bowdler the elder to H. H. Norris.

"*Hayes, Sept.* 25, 1811.

"I thank God, and I congratulate you and all good Christians.

"I hope you are not weak enough to be puffed up by my praise; if you are, recollect all your faults and failings, for I must say that you appear to me to have managed this matter most ably, and to have done what may prove of the most essential service to this Church and kingdom. Go on and prosper.

"I can do little to help you. The Attorney-General[e] is absent till Saturday. I must go on Tuesday, I guess, to Widley near Portsmouth with John[f], who has had a relapse, and, though again better, must go abroad by the first opportunity. But as far as I can, I feel it my duty to assist this great cause. I entirely agree to all you say. Much, very much, depends on the first impression, and therefore on the first meeting. When a subscription is set on foot, pray let my name appear, but with such a sum as becomes a country gentleman of very small estate.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN BOWDLER."

From James Allan Park to Joshua Watson.

"*Oct.* 8, 1811.

"MY DEAR WATSON,

"I will do anything. I would give the world to see you. I shall go to Bartlett's Buildings at twelve on the chance of seeing you. The prospectus must be altered as to being members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; it is amazingly misunderstood, and gives much offence to excellent people. I have just had a second letter from his R. H. the Duke of Gloucester, desiring he may be one of the first subscribers, leaving it to me to decide whether fifty or a hundred guineas.

"Yours ever,

"JAMES ALLAN PARK."

Among the most zealous labourers for the cause was Dr. Herbert Marsh, then Lady Margaret's Professor at Cambridge, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, who was in almost daily correspondence with Mr. Norris, and most effectually recommended the design to the bishops and leading divines of his own University by letters and personal applications. And it is very pleasing to find that in these labours he did not hesitate to seek, and was not disappointed in expecting, the willing aid of his well-known literary antagonist, Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and President of Queens' College, whom he generously vindicates in one of these letters from an objection made against the smallness of his contribution:—

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[e] Sir Thomas Plumer.

[f] John Bowdler the younger, of Lincoln's Inn, whose "Theological Essays," published shortly afterwards by the father, after his son's death, are still among the treasures of meditative Christian readers.

> "What right have you or I to remonstrate in respect to voluntary contributions? I really think that fifteen guineas from Dr. Milner is as much as £100 from a man of larger fortune. His mastership is very small; he has no living; his deanery not above a third of either Canterbury or Lincoln: he has no private fortune whatever, and has nephews and nieces who are wholly dependent on him. I *cannot*, therefore, urge him to subscribe more; and I only hope that this letter will arrive in time to prevent the omission of his name from the first list."

Such a diligent ally was necessarily desired in London as the time approached for the public announcement of the new Society. He writes from Cambridge, Oct. 13, 1811, to Joshua Watson:—

> "Dear Sir,
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> "As it is so much your desire, and the desire of Mr. Bowles and Mr. Norris, that I should attend the meeting, I will certainly come. And as we shall have many propositions to arrange and discuss preparatory to the meeting, I propose that we should dine together in a private room of some coffee-house near the Royal Exchange about half-past five on Tuesday, and that Mr. Bowles and Mr. Norris be of the party. In this interior cabinet we can arrange the propositions which are to be brought forward at the cabinet council."

That same day Archdeacon Cambridge writes from Twickenham, expressing his readiness to answer Joshua Watson's call to the approaching meeting; and suggesting some little alterations in the prospectus, so as to take avowedly a more distinctly national ground, and to make Dr. Bell's system appear in its true place, as only the best means of working out the great objects of the Society. "Our proper basis," he says, "is that of the national Church, and our proper patrons are not only all the dignitaries of the Church, but all others placed in high authority under the constitution of which the Church forms an integral part, as well as every other person distinguished for station, character, and consequence." And then he adds, that the improvements in the mechanism of education being recognised, "it will follow, as a matter almost of course, that Dr. Bell's system, which makes religious instruction an essential and necessary part of the plan, shall be adopted in preference to Mr. Lancaster's, which confines itself to the mechanical part alone."

Of Joseph Lancaster, a name of some consideration at this period, but one that has since shared the fate of those who are raised to undue notoriety, there is the following account in a letter written a few years later by H. H. Norris:—

"While here at Bath, one of my walking companions in the pump-room has been Hoare Barclay; from him I learnt this morning Lancaster's origin. He came from Bristol; his mother kept a small shop there, was a Baptist, and bore a good character. Lancaster was an unsettled boy; and Fry, I believe, found his mother in great distress about him, as he had run off and enlisted himself as a common seaman in a ship of war. An interest was excited about him by Mrs. Fry, the lady now in Newgate, with the Thorntons and their friends, and a subscription was raised to send about thirty children to school to him. So he continued for some time,"—probably some years if this account is correct, —"till one day he called on Mr. Barclay, and said that a new light had broken in upon him in the science of education, and he could teach a hundred scholars. He went on progressively, till at length he came and told Mr. Barclay he could teach a thousand. Barclay, who had distrusted some of his former assertions, now thought him crazy, and told him he must depend no more upon him: upon which Lancaster slammed the door in his face, saying as he left the room, 'If you will not assist me, there are others who will.'"

In earlier years he had travelled about England and Ireland, accompanied by a Moorish friend, Ombark Boubi, of whom a lively account is given in the correspondence of Alexander Knox[g]. It is now known and acknowledged, and it was indeed acknowledged by Lancaster himself, though for a time he seemed willing to appropriate the credit as his own, that whatever originality there was in the system was due to Dr. Bell, who had learnt it, while employed as one of the East India Company's chaplains at Madras, from the practice of the Hindoos, and had given an account of it in different publications some years before Lancaster began his lectures and experiments. That which finally made it impossible for Church-of-England men to continue any negociation with him was his own presumptuous intolerance. He was endeavouring to establish a school at Rochester, when the old Archdeacon, John Law, put this question to him, "Will you, if you establish your school here, suffer your pupils to learn the Church Catechism?" His answer was emphatically, "No." This is related by Andrew Downes at the time to H. H. Norris.

We cannot consider this part of our narrative complete without adding the following characteristic letter from Sir John Richardson:—

"*Wanlip, Oct.* 3, 1811.

"MY DEAR NORRIS,

"I am very happy to hear that your plan is in such forwardness, and that the Archbishop is disposed to take the lead, and act the part that belongs to him. We seem to be agreed that the co-operation of all good sort of people is necessary to give full effect to this important measure; and I think we are also agreed that the best way to induce them to co-operate with us is not to upbraid them for their past errors. I myself should be disposed to coax them a little; and this with me would be no stretch of charity, because I am easily persuaded, and encourage myself in that persuasion, to think very favourably of those who mean to do well, and actually set about doing it, although they may not at first have adopted the most judicious way. The fault of most good sort of people is, that they confine their goodness to meaning well without doing anything.

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[g] Letter 44. See also Knox's Remains, iv. 199.

"Now I am afraid you will be disposed to class me among those who come under this description when you find how little I have done for you. However, I think it better to answer your letter, though I have as yet little to communicate. I wish you to accept my own name to a place in your list with a donation of ten guineas. The Rev. W. R. Tyson, Rector of Thurcaston, wishes to become an annual subscriber. This gentleman is a magistrate and an active man, and highly approves of your plan; he has founded Sunday schools in his parish. I am living here at present very privately, and seeing very few people.

"Ever truly yours,

"John Richardson."

The meeting for which all these preparations were made was held on Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1811. Archbishop Manners-Sutton was in the chair, as he also was on the following Monday, Oct. 21, when the Prince Regent's offer of patronage was communicated, and the Regulations were made by which the newly constituted Society was to be governed. There was no fear or suspicion on the part of the promoters of this salutary measure lest too much power in council should be given to the bishops; they were to be *ex officio* vice-presidents, and members of the committee. How the other members were to be appointed will appear from the following circular, printed from a copy which is signed with the autograph of Archbishop Manners-Sutton:—

"*Addington Park, Nov.* 1, 1811.

"Sir,

"At a meeting at Bow Church on Monday the 21st of October, holden for the purpose of instituting 'A National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales,' the Archbishop of Canterbury, President, in the Chair; it was resolved,—

"That a Committee of sixteen, besides the President and Vice-presidents, who are Members *ex officio*, be appointed to manage the affairs of the Society: and that the appointment of the sixteen for the present year be left to the President, the Bishop of London, and such other Bishops, if any, who shall be in Town. . . . .

"In consequence of the above Resolution, you are earnestly requested by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Ely, to become a member of the said Committee.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your faithful humble Servant,
"C. Cantuar."

What was thus avowedly done at the outset was effectually for many years the rule of appointment for the governing or managing body of the new Society. The bishops had the chief part in the nomination of those who were thus associated with them, whether of the laity or clergy. It may be that the personal dignity and authority of the then Archbishop made it easier for him to do this than it would have been for another in the same position: but it is impossible not to regard with some regret the contests which have sometimes arisen in that and other Church Societies since that deference to authority has been impaired.

The first Vice-presidents who were associated with the bishops were the Lord Chancellor Eldon, the Earls of Shaftesbury, Hardwicke, and Liverpool, Lords Grenville, Kenyon, and Redesdale; the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir William Scott, and the Right Hon. Richard Ryder. Admiral William Lord Radstock, a very active friend from the first, Sir John Nicholl, Sir Vicary Gibbs, Dr. Gerrard Andrewes and Dr. Vincent, Deans of Canterbury and Westminster, Dr. Wordsworth, Dr. Weston, and Dr. Barton, Archdeacon Cambridge, Francis Burton[h], George Wharton Marriott, Quarles Harris, William Davis, and James Trimmer, Esqrs., and the Rev. R. Lendon and H. H. Norris, were the first-appointed members of the Committee. Richard Richards, afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer, long known to the subject of this Memoir among the friends of William Stevens, and of whom he was wont to speak as "the inimitable Chairman of Nobody's," and Sir Thomas Plumer, sometime Master of the Rolls, were associated with this board as Auditors.

Within a few months James Allan Park, Dr. Ireland, C. H. Turner, Esq., and John James Watson, became members of the Committee, in the room of the two Deans, of Dr. Weston, and Sir Vicary Gibbs.

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[h] "I have already promised my arm to my friend Mr. Burton, who, notwithstanding his loss of sight, will be found not only one of the most intelligent, but one of the most active and useful of our members." Archdeacon Cambridge to H. H. Norris. This good man was one whose history might form a chapter in the wonders of Providence displayed towards the blind.

Up to the time of the regular organization of the Society, H. H. Norris had been the acting Secretary; and it is believed that his advice guided the Archbishop to name Joshua Watson as the first Treasurer. The Rev. T. T. Walmsley, afterwards Vicar of Hanwell, was by the same recommendation appointed Secretary; an appointment which his zeal and devotion to the work amply justified. "Let me congratulate the National Society," writes Dr. Marsh, "that you are elected Treasurer. Norris has informed me of it, though you have not: probably you did not know it yourself. You cannot conceive how much I rejoice at it." During this interval Mr. Bowles wrote to H. H. Norris:—

"*Tunbridge Wells, Nov.* 8, 1811.

"My dear Norris,

"In consequence of your letter I have determined to quit this place to-morrow, that I may attend your summons on Monday. I own I regret losing my potations for two days, especially as I did not begin quaffing till yesterday, having left home only on Wednesday, but when the Church calls I hope I shall ever obey.

"I rejoice to learn at last that an approving answer is come from the Prince. I wish our application had been specific, and then the answer must have been so too.

"I am glad that you are nominated on the Committee, though it could not be doubted that this would be the case. As to myself, I shall say nothing, but that the man does not live who is more anxious to serve the cause; as I trust has been already shewn: but I deem it *impossible* that my friend Joshua should be passed over. Such an omission would be unpardonable, and is not supposable.

"Your affectionate friend,

"John Bowles."

The Reports shew that no time was lost, when once the machinery was complete. On the 9th of May, 1812, a purchase was made of premises in Baldwin's Gardens, near Gray's Inn-lane, which in a very short time were ready to receive six hundred boys and four hundred girls; a temporary school on a smaller scale having been previously at work, at which Dr. Bell assisted in the direction. Provision for the training of teachers was one of the first cares. A worthy clergyman from the Lake District, the Rev. W. Johnson of Grasmere, afterwards Rector of Bishop Pearson's Church, St. Clement's, East-Cheap, undertook this special charge, with the appointment of Head Master to the Central School.

We must not estimate the means which were then placed at the disposal of the new Society according to our present standard, when a long peace, little broken for more than forty years, has poured the wealth of the world upon our shores. The nation in 1811 was struggling on to support the long exhausting war with France. There was a dawn of hope from Sir Arthur Wellesley's brave and skilful defence of Portugal: but the field of Salamanca had not yet been fought, and Napoleon was arming for his gigantic contest with Russia, his spell of success as yet unbroken. At such a time it was something if a sum of £15,000 was at once contributed, in the course of about a month from the first advertisement of the Society's formation. The two Universities contributed shortly afterwards a sum of £500 each from their public chests, and several of the colleges voted sums of £100 or £50 from their separate bodies. Oxford was effectually excited by the correspondence of Dr. John Randolph, Bishop of London, with Dr. Parsons and Dr. John Eveleigh, the then excellent Heads of Balliol and Oriel. Cambridge was already prepared by the exertions of Dr. Marsh. District Societies were formed in several parts of the kingdom, particularly at Exeter and Winchester. Lord Kenyon was labouring like a schoolmaster in Shropshire and on the borders of Wales. And in the following spring Mr. Sikes was able to report a most successful meeting in the county-hall at Northampton, where the eloquence and zeal of Lord Lilford were so well seconded as to command contributions on the spot to the amount of £1,200.

Among the remarkably gifted women whose powers had been displayed in the service of religious education before the close of the last century, Sarah Trimmer had been already called to her reward about a year earlier; but her influence survived in the Countess Dowager Spencer, a name familiar to the readers of Mrs. Trimmer's Biography, and which appears among the first contributors. Her daughter, another Sarah Trimmer, did much to recommend the cause to pious Church-of-England persons in the circles where her mother's worth was known; and her kinsman, William Kirby, was no idle correspondent in Suffolk. "How often," he writes to H. H. Norris, "do I now think of Mr. Jones, and wish another would arise." Hannah More was one of the first to answer the call of Lord Radstock with a donation of £10.

Mr. Norris did not confine his labours to his voluntary duty as Secretary; but when he was on his summer tour in July, 1812, he did not forget to seize all opportunities of advancing the good design. He writes from Cromer in this month:—

> "I have been visiting my correspondents all the way down; and to-morrow I return to Norwich to assist in adjusting matters for the diocesan meeting, which is convened for the next day to establish the National Society in this county."

Joshua Watson writes in reply:—

"Clapton, July 27.

"At the last Committee little was done but to adjourn until the 19th proximo, and take into consideration a very interesting letter I laid before them from the secretary of Sir E. Pellew[1], now commanding in the Mediterranean. It was addressed to Park, (from whom I got it on his departure for the Northern Circuit,) enclosing a subscription and donation to the National Society. And it promised to take charge of and provide for a master, (if we would send him one,) who might establish the system in the flag-ship, whence the example might spread naturally throughout the fleet. The door thus opened to us, I found no difficulty in persuading the Committee to give the necessary powers for our profiting by it; and the business will, I hope, go forward. There are, I know, differences of opinion on the subject in the navy; but surely in the present state of society our duty is a clear one; and we must, at all events, obtain the direction of a power, whose tremendous force is capable of too much good or evil, according to the hands in which it is placed, not to be called into action by the enemies of all that is good or great, if it be neglected by their friends from any fear of its abuse. Archdeacon Cambridge rejoices with me to hear that you are thus going about doing good, and is himself most actively and usefully employed in supplying the absence of our wandering friends. I met him again to-day at Bartlett's Buildings, where I strained a point to attend, lest, whilst the main pillars of the Committee of Correspondence were wanting, any mischief should be done to the establishment.

"Wordsworth has been called home, and has taken his work with him; for he was so laboriously engaged in attendance upon dirty books and papers in the back office at Bartlett's Buildings, that I could not help interfering, and requiring for him assistance from the front office, in the drudgery of selecting materials, and in the forwarding them, when selected, to Bocking, that he might at least have the convenience of examining them at his leisure at the deanery. And hard enough, after all, in the way he sets to work, will his task be. With our united regards, and best wishes for the full benefit of your excursion, yours ever affectionately,

"J. W."

What Lord Exmouth thus proposed to do for the navy had been previously designed for the army, the Prince Regent himself ordering that a serjeant should attend every battalion in the service as schoolmaster, and General Calvert, by the Prince's command, desiring the Chaplain of the Forces to obtain Dr. Bell's opinion as to the best mode of instructing these serjeants in the use of the new system. Such a measure, emanating from royal authority in the course of a few weeks from the institution of the National Society, is a strong proof of the rapid success of the work in which the friends were engaged.

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[1] Afterwards created Viscount Exmouth.

It could not be that so great a design should be accomplished without some difficulties arising from the varying views and tempers of those with whom the promoters had to do. There would be no need to record them, even were there materials for so doing; but the following allusion to such things, in a letter from Archdeacon Cambridge, is not without interest:—

"I try to forget all that passed at our meeting to-day, but I find it very difficult to do so, or to forgive those who have laid schemes to sow schism among us. Let us, however, cherish the hope that it may produce ultimate good, as it certainly gave rise to some important explanations. And the manly, firm, and judicious manner in which our President spoke, will perhaps prove a sort of rallying-point among us."

And there is also some interest in another extract which we give from a letter of his written in 1814:—

"At Gloucester I had a great triumph, as I called on Mr. Raikes to see his school, which is Lancasterian, just as he was returned from a visit to the Bishop of Hereford, and much impressed with the superiority of the Madras system. I found his school full of parade and military movements, but the reading very bad, and no spirit of emulation. By examining the children I made this fully appear, to the great mortification of the master: but Raikes was too candid not to acknowledge it. 'I am convinced,' he said; 'the one mode is the *manual*, the other the *intellectual*.'"

The Bishop of Hereford at this period was Dr. John Luxmoore. His lady's efficient services at the Central School for Girls are mentioned in one of the early Reports.

One of the first cares, as the system extended itself, was to prepare terms of union for district committees and the trustees of provincial schools. These were prepared and adopted as early as February, 1812. They are supposed to have been framed by Joshua Watson conjointly with Dr. John Parsons, then Dean of Bristol and Master of Balliol College, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, an able and upright man, whose death the subject of this Memoir afterwards especially regretted as a public loss. Instruction in the Church Liturgy and Catechism was made an essential requisite, and attendance at the Church services, unless satisfactory reasons for non-attendance were assigned to the managers of the school. And the choice of books was restricted to those approved by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

To exhibit in the early Reports the progress of these unions was part of the cares of Mr. Norris:—

To Joseph Addison, Esq., of the Temple.

"My dear Sir,

"I think the important results to be brought together in the synopsis you have kindly engaged to draw up, are, in the first place, where it can be stated, the number of parishes which have made no returns; 2. those which have made returns, but have no schools; 3. those which have schools, but on the old system, and resolve to continue so, if this can be ascertained; 4. those which are prevented from adopting the national system in consequence of temporary obstacles, present teachers not having mastered it, or being averse to it; 5. those prevented in like manner from want of means; 6. those who have adopted the system in part; 7. those that have entirely adopted it.

"By casting our eye over the returns, I think you will at once perceive that the answers resolve themselves into these heads; at least, from the inspection I have given them, these are what, upon recollection, suggested themselves to me. We wish the specifications to ascertain generally where education is inefficiently, and where schismatically, given; both which points would be very useful to us, (see Durham Report,) and may progressively be acquired through our committees if we can once form our points of observation, and infuse energy into them. But *festina lente* is a good apophthegm. What we have achieved is a good earnest that in due time we shall accomplish our object if we faint not.

"Yours very truly,
"H. H. Norris."

There was one branch of the National Society in which Joshua Watson always took an especial interest. It took the name of the City of London Auxiliary School Association, was founded in 1812, and immediately began its operations in the very heart of the City. There are not wanting indications in Joshua Watson's correspondence of his anxiety for the prosperity of this branch or off-shoot through a long period of years, shewn both in his own personal exertions, and also in his desire to distinguish and reward the services of those who laboured in the arduous work, by recommending them to the notice of his friends upon the Episcopal Bench, transgressing his usual restraint upon himself in all such matters.

In 1813 the Treasurer had to acknowledge the receipt of £3,766 in donations and subscriptions; the names of contributors to the parent Society are near two thousand; and there is an index of diocesan and district societies and schools which there had been occasion to notice in the Report, containing not much fewer than six hundred names of places. The number of children in schools connected with the Society was now stated to be 40,484. In twenty years more they had increased tenfold, and are now supposed to be beyond a million. It cannot be too much to say that the work begun in 1811 has withstood for half a century the anti-Christian struggle to deprive religion of the support of education. The following extracts from Bishop Blomfield's letter to the Secretary in June, 1856, seem to define in a few emphatic words the important benefits that have been the result, through the Divine blessing, of this great effort:—

"Of the National Society it is but justice to say, that the great educational movement, which for nearly half a century has been pursuing its steady course, and diffusing more and more from year to year the blessings of civilization and religious truth throughout the land, originated in a great degree with that Society, and has ever since, under Providence, been sustained by its influence. Hence we find that the number of children at this day in National Schools alone amounts to 988,276.

"Besides contributing to extend instruction, the Society has done much in various ways to improve it,—to make it real, and not visionary; intellectual, and not mechanical.

"And above all, the Society, as our Church at large can testify, has been essentially instrumental in connecting sound religious principle inseparably with useful knowledge in the education of the people. The Society has, by God's help, contributed to resist successfully the multiplied attempts of philosophical or political theorists to introduce their systems of merely secular teaching, or of a religious teaching so restricted and so generalized as to be comparatively inoperative."

CHAPTER VI.

Peter Lathbury, Rector of Livermere.—Dr. Wordsworth's services to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—The Family Bible.—Review of Tracts.—Use of district depositories.—Correspondence with Van Mildert, Sawbridge, and H. H. Norris.—Mr. Norris's cathedral preferments.

AMONG the country clergymen who took a lively interest in the first institution of the National Society, a brief tribute is due to the name of Peter Lathbury, Rector of Livermere in Suffolk. Mr. Norris had become acquainted with him in the course of his summer visits to his friends in the Eastern Counties a few years earlier, and had introduced him to Joshua Watson by the following characteristic letter:—

"*Walsingham, Sept.* 28, 1803.

"DEAR JOSHUA,

"I have been passing two most profitable and pleasant days in a village, where I have seen realized what hitherto I had thought to be but ideal perfection,—the whole of it the domain of one proprietor[k], who resides in a most noble mansion surrounded with most highly ornamented grounds, and who is not merely the lord of the soil, but the father of his tenantry, and at the same time the most dutiful son of his parish priest; which parish priest has been for three generations appointed by himself and his ancestors from the same family, and has been, and still is, a living representative of Herbert's Country Parson. There are no poor-rates; for the 'squire and the clergyman supply all their people's wants, as well physic and food, as instruction. But it was not to describe the place to you that I took up my pen, but to introduce to you Mr. Lathbury, who is the happy pastor of this happy flock. He is continually going about doing good, and will be in Town, I believe, next week, upon a very charitable errand, and one which, I think, requires and deserves the co-operation of others. And as I know you are ever ready to lend a hand on such occasions, I have given him an introductory letter to you. The present object of his charitable exertions is Tabart, the children's bookseller in New Bond-street, whom several of the trade are endeavouring to ruin, because he steadily resists the receiving into his shop any books of an evil tendency, and is a regular attendant at his parish church. Mr. Lathbury happened to hear of his case, and wrote him word that, if he could find good security, there was a person who would advance him some money. His next-door neighbour immediately came forward, and on being asked what he knew of Tabart to induce him to become his security, he answered that he knew nothing, but that he observed that his neighbour was an industrious man and a regular Churchman, and such a one he had no hesitation to trust, for he was persuaded he would, if supported, do well. Mr. Lathbury has advanced him £400; but more is wanting completely to extricate him, and Mr. Lathbury's object in coming to London is to intercede with a stockbroker, to whom, I believe, Tabart is heir, to advance him what is wanting on security. You will probably know this stockbroker when you hear his name, and may be of some service by your recommendation.

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[k] Acton Lee, esq., of Livermere Hall.

"If you have time to hold a long conversation with Mr. Lathbury, you will hear from him some very important facts respecting Sunday schools and Methodism; you will find him thinking just as we think; in short, you will be much obliged to me for introducing him to you.

"Believe me, your affectionate friend,
"H. H. Norris."

From this introduction, to the close of Mr. Lathbury's useful life in 1820, there was amongst these friends an unfailing interchange of kind services and co-operation in works of beneficence and piety. The man was worthy of their friendship. With no abundance of worldly wealth, and with a weakly frame of body, he did his duty as a parish priest, and also as a magistrate in troublous times, more effectually than many have done with an ample purse and robust constitution. And there was in all he did the charm of right-aiming simplicity of purpose, and a transparent sincerity which gave a natural grace to his words, and won confidence and affection. "If you ever meet with a Peter

Lathbury," Joshua Watson said long afterwards to his nieces and his daughter, "you have my free consent to take him without a pound in his purse; for he will have what is much better, he will speak of heaven, and shew the way." "His indefatigable and clear-sighted exertions in the best of causes," as Mr. Norris characterized them, were continued consistently to the end. When he knew himself to have the first visitings of the disease upon him, from which he could not recover, he ascended his pulpit for the last time, and addressed his flock in such earnest words as could only flow from one with whom the hope which had sustained his life burned brighter from the nearer prospect of eternity.

During a fortnight which he spent at Joshua Watson's house, his days were devoted to the closest attendance at the Central School, striving to correct the ill results of some temporary mismanagement. A little diary kept by him at the time shews how high was his standard for discipline and real efficiency, while it also testifies to the diligent and habitual visiting at the School practised by those whose guest he was. He spoke of the National Society as a system designed "to restore to England her true-born."

Dr. Wordsworth was all this time labouring as earnestly in the cause of education, as he was also in the service of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It was about this time that the Society's edition of the Bible with notes, commonly called the Family Bible, was projected. It is believed to have been chiefly the advocacy of Joshua Watson with his friends in counsel, Christopher Wordsworth, Van Mildert, and Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, afterwards first English bishop in India, which excited the members of the Society to the work. But his plan was not altogether followed. What he had designed was a double commentary, one for the student, the other for cottage-readers. The first was to have been prepared by Van Mildert and Middleton, the other by Richard Mant, then Vicar of Coggeshall in Essex, one of Archbishop Sutton's chaplains. The rule proposed to be observed in the selection of notes was to confine all authoritative exposition of texts to divines of the Primitive Church, or of the Church of England since the Reformation: other writers were to be used more sparingly, and only when the Church had given them some sanction by adopting them into common use. The plan was, however, in some degree baffled by the Archbishop committing the task to his own two chaplains, Mr. Mant and Mr. George D'Oyley,—an arrangement with which Joshua Watson would not attempt to interfere, though he did not lose sight of his original purpose, and many years afterwards made another effort to set on foot a Cottage Bible. He often regretted the failure of this design; but, to use his own words, "it was not easy to find the right persons for a work which required great and extensive learning, and the rare talent of giving the results of much knowledge in the simplest form."

It is certain that the first promoters of the Family Bible were not altogether satisfied with the change of plan, or the mode in which the task was executed. The sources from which the commentary was compiled were not always the best; some of the authors used were of doubtful orthodoxy, and had but a low conception of the Christian scheme; and their imperfect views sometimes found a place in a note on St. John or St. Paul, expressed in terms little satisfactory to the disciple of Augustin or Chrysostom. But the general acceptation given to the work must redeem it from the indiscriminate charge of failure; it had access at once to the homes of pious Church-of-England persons in very different ranks of life; it has continued to be welcome to many readers in the middle classes, and to help the schoolmaster in his Sunday school. Bishop Mant, who was probably the principal labourer in the work, was encouraged a few years later to send out after it an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with notes selected on a similar principle; and this work was also well received.

There was one portion of the task which devolved on the subject of this Memoir, aided by his friend Archdeacon Cambridge; and many letters are preserved which attest the care and thought bestowed upon it. They conferred with the artists, and directed the preparation of the plates for the illustration of the Family Bible; in which it will probably be allowed that they manifested a reverential spirit, combined with much taste and judgment. In one of his letters Joshua Watson had suggested that the subjects of the engravings should be taken from the Sunday Lessons. This, his correspondent replies, he had found to be impracticable; because thus some of the most striking miracles and typical events recorded in the Old Testament would have been left out. He specifies two, which he desired to introduce in the books of the Prophets, as, to borrow a phrase of Dr. Marsh's, "embodying prophecy." These were introduced as illustrations to the book of Isaiah, "The Virgin and Child," and "The Man of Sorrows."

"Nothing," he says, "is more suited to impress these important passages on the minds of children, than such representations."

Again he writes: "Your short note needed no apology. I am always glad of a word from you, because it is always to the purpose. You wish to change that beautiful subject of Poussin, 'The Golden Calf,' and I should wish to do so too, for Raphael's, of 'Moses giving the Law.' But I wish you to turn to the passage, and see if there is any moment when we can venture to shew Moses turning to the people without his veil. The shining of his face might be represented by a faint glory; but a veil, in our manner, would hardly do."

On another engraving, which seems to have been one of the "Adoration of the Shepherds," he says: "A shepherd, kneeling in the foreground, holds up his hand to keep off the brightness of the light which comes from the Infant. This action is not to my taste; it is too ordinary, too corporeal, and not suited to the character of that divine effulgence of the Saviour who had been announced to them. Pray consider this."

It appears that some of the plates were contributed by different benefactors; one is mentioned as "the gift of the Norfolk Clergy."

Again, this correspondent speaks of the care taken in preparing the maps which accompany this edition of the Bible: "You have, indeed, been indefatigable in your pursuit of excellence in the map-department, and bid fair to satisfy even the nice and critical wishes of the Speaker."

Evidently the zeal of these friends, to make the work appear to advantage, and to be in every way as useful as possible, was not abated by the feeling which they from time to time acknowledge, that it was not to be altogether what they had designed.

In the meantime, the new interest awakened for the furtherance of the designs of the Society engaged the band of friends in many conferences on the publications which were proposed to be issued with the common approval. The following portion of a letter from Dr. Wordsworth may serve to prove, what some later currents of opinion have tended to call in question, that while he and his fellow-labourers were zealous to maintain "the Establishment," valuing our national ecclesiastical institutions with all the earnestness of true patriotism, they never confounded this civil position of the Church with the enduring realities of the Church itself:—

"*April* 20, 1815.

". . . I do not see that I have any remarks to make further on any particular passages beyond what will occur in an observation to which the pending subject leads me, viz., that you should not omit to notice a species of phraseology almost new to the Society, in which these papers somewhat largely indulge. We have, 'members of the Established Church,' 'well-affected to Church and State,' 'the friends of the

Church,' 'all friends of the Established Church,' and 'members of the Established Church,' again repeated.

"Now I will venture to express myself freely: there is a great deal too much of all this. First, the habit of our Society has been to act, and not to talk: these professions are beneath its dignity. Its principles are well known, its character does not need these ostentatious testimonies. Pray, let us continue, as much as may be, grave and sober, and catch as little as is possible of the character and temper of this pragmatical, factious, and professive age. These are serious concerns; and much depends on the example and dignified deportment of our Society.

"Secondly, with regard to the expression, 'Established Church,' the worthies who first joined together our Society, and who have constantly had sway in it, were, I believe, little in the habit of knowing or thinking that there was any other Church in this country, but *one:* and therefore any distinguishing expression, particularly such an one as leads the mind to rest on temporal concerns, was to be used, they thought, (and so they practised,) very sparingly; to be kept down rather than encouraged or obtruded.

"Thirdly, the times do and will force us, on occasion, to talk and think of Establishment and Dissenters, and Test-laws, &c., but too much and too painfully. Only, on that very account, let these things be kept the more to their proper places and times. Inopportune talk shews confusion and alarm, and weakness. Our high theme and argument is religion, and Christian knowledge. That will lead us, I do not deny, to establishments, and more to the opposition of schism; and so we have our division of tracts on those subjects. But I am persuaded we should be far better pleased to know and think that there were no such persons as Dissenters in the world; which if there were not, the main work of our Society would still remain. You have gone quite far enough in requiring that the persons attending committees should all be members of the Established Church; further, I am persuaded, than the Society itself meant to do, so low down as the time of Archbishop Secker. Gladly, therefore, would I have you stop here, and let all those expressions, 'friends of the Church,' 'Established Church,' &c., be changed into 'the laity,' or other more general terms. The subject is important, and ought not to be treated lightly."

It was about this time that a new Society was proposed, which was to have borne the name of "Friends of the Established Church." There had been a movement at Norwich for such an association, whose office should be to circulate books or tracts to counteract those of an opposite tendency. Dr. Wordsworth dissuaded it. "Some storms," he wrote, "will sooner spend their force by being a little yielded to, or, as it were, less accounted of, than by being encountered and opposed, especially if by newly devised obstacles and resistances. These often do but exasperate the fury of the time, and by their own counterblasts increase the hurly-burly." His feeling was that even the Church had more societies than it knew how to manage well;

and he wished, as many have wished in those days and since, that there might rather be one society sanctioned by public consent, to aid in the work of Christian education, and promote the knowledge of the doctrine and discipline which we have received from the beginning.

In writing for the poor or lower orders, he said it was a man's duty to lower and simplify his style: but he adds, with a feeling worthy of the good poet's brother, "I own I think also that, in writing for these classes, one ought, in point of substance and sentiment, to write one's very best. Whatever is laid before them, especially by our Society, ought, as far as it goes, to be as good in every quality as it can well be made."

It appears that Dr. Wordsworth was at this time engaged in revising many tracts, which it was proposed to reprint; and he was desirous that a systematic revision of them all should be effected, though it might occupy two or three years. There were some complaints, such as were made with more justice at a later period, about the alterations of an author's original text, which were found in the Society's reprints. Joshua Watson writes to his friend in October, 1814, to inform him of these complaints, as if the editions "gave rather what the Society's editors thought the authors should have said, instead of honestly printing what they had said. The charge," he says, "is a serious one, and gives too much sanction to a practice of which we reasonably complain in some of our opponents. It is but common justice to the author to relieve him from responsibility, where improvements are made in his text; such altered pieces should be dealt with and published as new works, bearing in their front the name of the editor, who alone will remain fairly answerable for the contents." Dr. Wordsworth advises this rule to be followed with some distinction of cases: "Where any book or tract requires any extensive alterations, such as to affect its identity, the revising committee should recommend that it be not reprinted: but where, from any incorrectness in fact or impropriety in sentiment, a sentence or clause may need to be qualified or omitted, let omission be allowed rather than alteration; yet even alteration, rather than that the Society should sacrifice to any subordinate considerations its first object, the promotion of Christian knowledge. Where, as in older tracts, a learned phraseology is prevalent, explanatory words may be added for the help of the unlettered reader: a practice justified by an authority which all will reverence, as any one may see who compares the first edition of our Liturgy and Book of Homilies with subsequent editions of the same under superintendence of the like authority." And the ground of objection might be removed, if the fact of any such alterations being made were avowed in prefatory notices to the tracts, as well as records of them preserved in the documents of the Committee.

As long as these prudent precautions were observed, they seem to have satisfied the supporters of the Society. It was not till more than twenty years later that the complaints were renewed, and the unadvised alterations made in Nelson's "Festivals," and other books of standard value, rendered it necessary to put a check to a discretion which was no longer in safe hands.

Dr. Wordsworth was not well satisfied with the mode of electing members of this Society by ballot, particularly of country members, as a mode that checked and discouraged the co-operation of quiet people. He also wished to have a rule added, recommending some scheme of annual or periodical collections; and he foresaw, what has been proved true by late experience, that such an expedient was wanted to give efficiency and permanency to the operations of the District Committees:—"In my own parish I have made a collection annually for the last four years, by which I have raised between £90 and £100; and hence, without any dis-service to the Society, I have had at my disposal £60 worth of books—estimated at their reduced prices—an advantage which I need not stop to enlarge upon. I wish your wealthy parishes in London and its neighbourhood would try the scheme and manifest its potency."

It appears that a correspondent of Joshua Watson had complained of Dr. Wordsworth for making his district depository available for Dissenters. He refuses to be troubled at this accusation. "If we have a depository, whether for Bibles, or for Tracts, or for Liturgies, or for all these, would I not give a Dissenter any one of them that he might require? And would I not also permit him to purchase one? Yes, and for these two reasons: first, because I would wish him to have the books; and, secondly, because I would have my fountain so bounteous and large, that none other should be known or heard of in all the land." He would also have advised the admission of books and tracts on the Society's catalogue which were not written by members of the Church of England, if they were otherwise worthy of approval. This, at least, seems to have been one of his proposals in a letter which Joshua Watson answers in 1816: "I have done as you bade me; I began Gilpin, and could not help finishing it, and scarcely know when I have been more delighted. It is indeed an exquisite piece[1]. But what can we do with

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[1] This seems to be the old Life of Bernard Gilpin by Bishop Carlton, reprinted afterwards by Dr. Wordsworth in the "Eccl. Biography."

Bunyan and Alleine? I could admit them, but the Society never can, never ought[m]."

Shortly after the date of this letter, Dr. Wordsworth accepted the offer of the Archbishop to exchange the living or Deanery of Bocking, for the Rectory of Lambeth, to which was added also the Rectory of Sundridge in Kent,—an occasion which drew forth the following warm congratulation:—

"*Clapton, Saturday night,* [*March* 2, 1816.]

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I presume you hold your conversation with Norris a sufficient notice to me, and that I may not look for a more formal redemption of your promise. Without waiting, therefore, for a regular notification of your purpose to accept the Archbishop's offer, I do hereby most heartily thank you for your acquiescence in a change, which we all see must bring with it a great surcharge of personal exertion and anxiety.

"But these are times in which, surely, one would much rather wear out than rust; and whenever your labours are at any time overwhelming, you have only to think of what you said to poor Johnson under similar circumstances, and to take comfort from a consideration of the varied usefulness of your services, and the importance of the interests for which you are sacrificing yourself.

"On this subject I will say no more. You, who know how deeply I deplored your former secession from Lambeth, may guess a little at what I feel on your return: but I do wish that the Archbishop could know how much others, who love our Church, will feel at his thus recalling to his side the tried friend and enlightened counsellor, whose services would at any time be of great worth, but in this day of rebuke and blasphemy are by his well-tempered zeal and practical knowledge set above all price, and leave us only to desire that they may be long continued to us.

"Forgive me, and believe me with unfeigned affection yours always,

"JOSHUA WATSON."

This return of his friend to the neighbourhood of London was the beginning of new labours in the cause of the Church and her missions, of which some account will hereafter be given.

It may readily be supposed that William Van Mildert was no indifferent spectator of these labours, though he was now removed from his London parish, and called to a different and more congenial sphere of action in Oxford. We find him writing to Joshua Watson, soon after the appearance of the Family Bible, expressing much anxiety that its circulation should be extended, and active steps taken to meet the demand for a cheap edition. He recommends the increase of local depositories, and suggests a measure which has lately been tried for good purposes with some success, the employment of licensed hawkers.

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[m] See a letter from Joshua Watson on this subject further on, in chap. xv.

As was before mentioned, from the time when this excellent man became preacher at Lincoln's Inn, his rise was rapid. His character as a learned divine was already known from the Boyle Lectures; but his discourses in the pulpit, full of calm religious reason, were exceedingly valued by the audience, chiefly composed of members of the Inns of Court, which he found at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. And as he became privately better known, his native grace of manners and refined sense of Christian duty greatly commended his doctrine. Sir Vicary Gibbs spoke of him to Lord Liverpool. That virtuous minister was on the watch for men who would discharge the higher offices of the Church with ability and faithfulness; and he made a purely disinterested choice when he recommended Van Mildert for Regius Professor at Oxford. He was then at his country living at Farningham, and his domestic economy, under the pressure already related, was so strictly maintained, that the Premier's private messenger could find only one servant—a female presiding at the churn. She was willing to seek her master, who had walked out into the garden, if the messenger would take her place, and keep the churn in motion.

In September, 1814, the Professor writes to Joshua Watson, who was then at his brother's parsonage, at Diggeswell, Herts., sending six of his Bampton Lectures, asking for them "his strictest criticism." He speaks as if he was himself by no means content with his own work in these Lectures: "I often think what a castigation I could give them if I were a reviewer; therefore be you my reviewer beforehand, and let me see the worst of it." "I have cast my eye over your notes," he says, in another letter, on receiving back the MS., "and I see enough to know that I am, as usual, very much your debtor." And on another occasion: "You have a happy talent of making a man satisfied with himself, even when he imagines that he has failed in his object. I have only again to thank you for applying to my nervous frame so very efficient a corroborative as your letter has proved to be."

It would be of some interest if any means remained of recovering some of these critical remarks, but the delicate sense of the sacred privacy of friendship, which governed the conduct of Joshua Watson in all such relations, suffered no record of them to remain save in the hands of the friend to whom they were addressed. In these letters Van Mildert speaks as if he knew his friend to be engaged in more public services, probably with reference to the bishopric of Calcutta, which was founded the same year: "I am glad, for the good of the public, if not for your own, that the Prime Minister occupies so much of your time; and in this rejoicing I am clearly disinterested, as you acknowledge that I am a loser by it. But I am accustomed to think of you as one of whom it may be said, *Look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.*"

The following letter from the Rev. John S. Sawbridge, while it exhibits a striking picture of the piety and zeal of a country clergyman in a more retired sphere of duty, may also serve as one proof among many of the encouragements which such efforts found wherever they were known to Joshua Watson:—

"*Stretton, Aug.* 16, 1812.

"My dear Watson,

"You have taken such an interest in my parish, and participated so much in my parochial gratifications, that, before I inform you in what stage the repairs of the chancel are, I must notice the result of this day. It was the celebration of the additional Communion which I commenced last year, and am truly gratified to find the continuance improving on the commencement. Several new communicants attended, as indeed there have at all the intervening Communions. The number this day was eighty-five: upon looking over my list I find sixty-eight more who are in the habit of attending, but in most houses the man or his wife must stay at home. This makes the whole number of communicants 153. But a further inspection of the list of my parish shews me ninety-one more who ought to attend, to whom I shall open the subject, and express my opinion and advice as opportunities offer. Many, perhaps most, will listen, and be brought to attend. If I am blessed with success in this further attempt, the whole number of communicants, *Deo volente*, may be 244 in a population of 610.

"So you see, my dear friend, what you have done: you have animated and assisted the pastor, and must and shall take credit for bringing into the safest part of the fold many of his scattered and wandering flock. May the good Shepherd of us all look upon you for good, for all that you have done for the house of our God, and for the offices thereof!

"We are at length proceeding, or beginning to proceed, to put in effect your kind intentions to the chancel. The old ceiling is pulled down; the new beam for a covered ceiling put up. This allows us to add a foot and a-half to the window, which gives the Gothic arch more point, and improves the appearance very much. . . . . . The middle compartment of the window is made to fit the painted glass which Norris gives us; to which a Gothic head is added, and I have just ordered the words explanatory to be inscribed, *He was known of them in breaking of bread.* . . . . The pews in the body of the church are completed, the seats for the women under the gallery are in hand, the benches for the men at the lower part of the new aisle are done; and when the chancel is ready, I shall place the Sunday School boys in the back part, and the farmers' servant-lads, reserving two rows in the front near the desk for the deaf and infirm. So, thank God, I have the comfortable prospect of accommodating all my flock, and may hope, by His blessing, to be thus promoting the progress of our holy faith; for your kind assistance in accomplishing which be assured of the true regard and sincere acknowledgments of yours very truly,

"J. S. SAWBRIDGE."

It was with some reference to the welcome which he continued to find at the house of this good parish priest, with whom he had first served as curate, that Mr. Norris writes in one of these years: "Frequently have I been constrained to acknowledge, and, I hope, not without gratitude, that few men can have so many delightful homes open to them, and such friends to greet and cherish them." These were almost the only recreation which he sought, and from which he returned to his suburban charge with renewed spirits and vigour. But he was now also concerning himself earnestly about the catechetical instruction to be supplied by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He would have proposed a resolution to be adopted by the Society in these terms: "That uniformity of religious instruction being a point most essential to the integrity of Christian doctrine, so deemed by our Reformers, and specially provided for by the Church Catechism which they put forth, the same character ought scrupulously to be preserved in all the aids used for its further illustration." And therefore, "That the department of the Society's tracts relating to catechetical instruction ought to be kept to one uniform plan, and to comprise a series of the best Explanations, rising one above the other, which the labour of our divines in that elementary branch of Christian knowledge can furnish." He complains that the Committee had frequently to wage battle on this point, "as often as a young sprig of divinity, pleased with his own performances, the first in all probability in which he will engage, wants the *imprimatur* of the Society to procure them more extensive admiration. I have a Catechism, with which, when newly finished, I was monstrously pleased, but which I am now sure I shall destroy, and only defer doing so because it makes me a Catechetical Common-Place-Book."

Dr. Herbert Marsh, having been promoted in August, 1816, to the bishopric of Llandaff, attested his value for the character of Mr. Norris by offering him the first preferment which fell vacant in his cathedral, the prebendal stall named after St. Dubricius, the ancient British founder of the see. The pecuniary value of this dignity was so small, that there could scarcely be any imputation made on his disinterestedness if he accepted it. But he felt some reluctance: "When I take preferment," he said, "I cease to be a volunteer in the service of the Church; and perhaps it is conducive to the effect of my services that I should not lose this character." He therefore referred the decision to Joshua Watson: "I am your yoke-fellow, and therefore you have a right to turn the scale which nearly balances." The advice appears to have been to accept it, and "give to St. Dyfric one true Briton more:" for he held the honour till his death. And it is not improbable that some of his friends may have represented it to him as a step that was likely rather to increase than to impair his useful influence. For some, who had less sympathy with his aims, had publicly objected to the marks of confidence bestowed on him by persons in high station, when he was no more than a subaltern. They wondered at the effect of the labours of the curate of St. John's, much as a Roman cardinal is said to have been surprised at the stir made by Martin Luther: "It was all very well that the Church should be reformed; but what had a paltry friar to do with it?" For the same reason probably he afterwards accepted from Bishop Howley in 1825 a non-residentiary stall in the cathedral of his own diocese. The dignity gave him a claim to a voice in public counsels.

CHAPTER VII.

Joshua Watson's retirement from mercantile life.—Retrospect.—Benefits of his influence and ready benevolence as a London merchant.—His increasing engagements in religious and charitable labours.—Fund for the relief of sufferers in the war in the North of Germany.—Waterloo fund.

IT was in the year 1814 that Joshua Watson, at the age of forty-three, retired from the mercantile business, to which he had been consigned so early in life by his father's choice, and which, pursued at first under the obligation of filial duty, had lately become successful enough to have strong attractions for a spirit less engaged in a more exalting service. Several years later he speaks of the event in a letter to one of his subordinates, who was then leaving the country, not without some substantial proofs of mindful kindness on his former employer's part, for a situation in Canada:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I had some expectation of being in Town before your departure, and of delivering the inclosed into your own hands: but this seems now out of the question, and I must therefore entrust it to the post. It shall not, however, go unaccompanied with the expression of my good wishes for the success of your present enterprise, and of the satisfaction with which I heard you declare the spirit in which it was undertaken. I have no taste or talent for preaching; but the occasion leads me to add a hope that the just view you took of the dangers and difficulties of the life, from which you were withdrawing, will become clearer and stronger as you are more and more removed from their influence. Whilst engaged in all the hurry and bustle of business, and in a daily struggle perhaps for the very being of one's family, many an iniquity in buying and selling is lost sight of in the dust our own contentions raise about us, which, when we are away from the field of action, will begin to shew itself in its true light. Many a thing, which perhaps the custom of trade never allowed one to scruple about, or which the arts of competitors in a market seemed to make a necessary part of self-defence, may then possibly appear in more questionable colours. I know pretty well the temptations to which your mercantile career from its commencement to the present hour has exposed you. In my own case I rejoiced when 'the snare was broken;' and I can truly add that the wish to make my escape, and to be secure against the risk of being 'again entangled therein and overcome,' prevailed much in my early retirement from the profits of Mark Lane, which, however they have since failed, were certainly at the time not a little tempting.

"You will not wonder, therefore, if, though late, and under different circumstances as *your* change is made, it still seems a subject of congratulation; for though without doubt every state and condition has its own peculiar temptations and trials, yet those with which one's own experience has made one most conversant must always make the strongest impression. Most sincerely, then, do I hope that you will derive solid and substantial comfort from the change, and find that you have improved your chance for happiness, not only in this world, but what is of incalculably greater moment, in that which is soon to follow, and then endure for ever. And here I should certainly have done; for I see I am in danger of being led on into a little sermonizing, spite of the disclaimer with which I honestly began. But I find it hard to stop *here*. And really, when I consider this as the last intercourse we are ever likely to have, and call to mind that, as your commercial life began under my father and myself, you may perhaps have been first led into temptation by a desire to recommend yourself by what might naturally enough appear good service to him and to me, I can hardly help falling into a graver tone than befits either ordinary correspondence, or the relation in which we now stand to each other. You will however, I trust, excuse it, and not think I am taking too much upon me if, at such a time and under such circumstances, I add in conclusion an earnest intreaty, that, before you are plunged again into new cares, in your entry on a new and untried state of life, you would fairly and honestly examine into the past, and, judging yourself by very different rules than the world prescribes, give thanks wherever you have overcome the temptations to which your condition exposed you, and repent wherever they have surprised or been an overmatch for you.

"But in adding this I am probably suggesting only what has already often passed through your own mind, and am certainly far from supposing any particular need of the suggestion in your case. Such a supposition is not to be admitted after the conversation of the other morning. Yet still the examination can scarcely be at any time out of season, and under the circumstances referred to you will feel, I am sure, that I am but delivering my own conscience. Repeating every good wish for a prosperous voyage, and a happy establishment to yourself and family in the new world you are seeking, and above all, for the best blessings in that which is to come, I am, &c.

"J. WATSON."

There are many proofs of his conscientious vigilance, in the midst of his life of business, to encourage any good which he could find. But we must content ourselves with one which is perhaps more striking as coming from a quarter which is not commonly deemed accessible to either charitable or good moral influences. The writer was the keeper of a spirit-shop in Shoreditch, who, in his dealings with Mark Lane, had learnt to value and to emulate in his degree the Christian merchant, of whom he speaks in terms bordering on veneration.

"SIR,

"Had I not accidentally heard that you had read my former letter, and intended honouring me with a call, I should certainly not have troubled you with this, which shall not be repeated, if you think it not worth a reply. But I think I cannot be mistaken in your disposition to embrace all opportunities of doing good. And being thoroughly aware how much I am indebted to a kind Providence and a generous public for my success in this world's affairs, I now beg leave to solicit your assistance in advising me in what way or manner you think I may now be best capable of acknowledging those obligations.

"I humbly hope I am not destitute of benevolent feelings, and I have almost persuaded myself I could leave off working for profit, if I could get employment worthy of a rational being without any. But I feel quite incapable of exposing myself to a life of total inactivity, and do not see in what way to set myself about anything useful. Could you give me any occasional employ as a sub-agent to assist in your labours of beneficence, I think that would contribute much to my satisfaction. Since I have known a little of myself, I have discovered that sort of defective judgment, which is not so well adapted to guide or direct in any new emergencies, as it is to be guided by a superior one.

"Be assured, Sir, I have no wish to claim any troublesome familiarity, but beg you will keep me at as great a distance as you please, and treat me as you think I deserve. And, with all due respect, I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOB JEFFKINS."

There had been a period of distress among the working classes in that part of London; and Job Jeffkins had been his coadjutor in some efforts to redeem workmen's tools and clothes from the pawnbrokers. The worthy man was gratified in his humble wishes, and continued afterwards to apply for advice to guide his virtues in their narrow round. "You have in some degree," he says, two or three years later, "awakened my mind and conscience: and I humbly hope and pray that I may not entirely disappoint and deceive you."

As a lay-inhabitant of his brother's parish, Joshua Watson found many opportunities of exercising his discerning spirit in offices of charity. He paid particular attention to the workhouse, sometimes spending whole mornings there, endeavouring to remedy abuses in giving or withholding relief. He made it one of his objects to procure the allotment of separate rooms for the most deserving among the aged married pairs. There are letters of thanks to him from the boys in the workhouse "for their education;" and little lists that were sent to him of boys and girls who had received small rewards for good behaviour certified by their employers.

At the same time he had to satisfy some unusual claims of private friendship. A sudden change of temporal prosperity had involved a family of highly accomplished and amiable persons in painful embarrassments. It was a case that became known to him through his friend Archdeacon Cambridge, and it was one which called for anxious and laborious occupation continued for many years. His skill as a man of business was in this instance the means of rendering material assistance—assistance most affectionately acknowledged—to the good Archdeacon, whose own labour of love in the same cause he delighted to call the most beautiful example of Christian friendship. A visible blessing rested upon it; and a third generation is rising up to continue the same good works, and adorn the memory of so gracious a benefactor.

In another very different case he was engaged with his brother, and with his friends Baden Powell and Judge Park, in a patient endeavour to rescue the son of an old and honoured friend from the downward path which he was treading. There was one time at which he appears to have thought it the part of true kindness to withdraw his aid and countenance from one who had so often disappointed them; but his severity was not proof to the generous intercession of his benevolent counsellors. "You see," writes Judge Park, "how he loves you, and how he laments being deprived of your correspondence. Might not a line from you confirm his good resolutions, and restore him to peace of mind, and to his God?" "I cannot but think," says Baden Powell, with a happy faith in the power of good, "that a man who has had such good principles instilled into him must have an inclination to return to better habits; and this may be the opportunity which, if seized, may be the turning-point in his life." For a long course of years Joshua Watson persevered in lending such aid as the case admitted of to one who was in danger of perishing from "the vile sin of self-neglecting;" and he had at last the comfort of learning from a clergyman who had attended the poor offender in his last moments, that he believed him to have found the peace of repentance at the close. "Providence céleste," says a good Frenchman of the old regime[n], "tu ne désespères pas du vice; et nous n'en désesperons pas non plus!"

It was about the time of this retirement that Dr. Hales wrote to thank him for manifold little services, and to make a new request, for which he pleads in a style somewhat Hibernian: "If you had not more business on your hands than any one else, for your friends and the public, I should not trouble you with this application: but I am persuaded that the more business a man has, the more he can do, confirming Virgil's maxim, 'They can, because they think they can.'"

Dr. Wordsworth hailed the release as a matter of congratulation, "for the sake of everything that is solid and valuable amongst us;" and expressed a hope that he might himself benefit by the greater leisure which it promised for social and disengaged converse on subjects of the highest interest. But the private records of the time exclude the notion of any such leisure: the retirement was indeed only a step to consecrate his whole time and powers to the tasks of religion and charity which one by one were opened to him, and were continually multiplying on his hands. The only feeling to those who have seen the papers relating to this period is one of surprise how so many occupations could be carried on at once, and with such remarkable success to the trusts which he administered.

It was not only the increasing ties which bound him to the work of the Church Societies, though it might be mentioned that in this year he was elected on the Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy, and was no idle member of it, that he was always to be found with his brother and H. H. Norris at every meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, that the National Society, the City Schools, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge were all depending upon provisions which none but he could satisfactorily arrange. But this year, so remarkable in the public annals of Europe, was one which called for and witnessed some almost unexampled efforts made in England to assuage the miseries of the countries which had been most visited by the scourge of war.

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[n] Degerando, Le Visiteur du Pauvre, c. 2.

A committee was sitting in London for the relief of the manufacturing districts; and there were efforts required to lighten the distress of the working classes in Shoreditch and Spitalfields. Joshua Watson had a part to discharge in all such labours. But his greatest public service was displayed in the conduct of the fund for the aid of the sufferers in Germany, after the close of the desolating campaigns which marked the last years of Napoleon. Here he had a noble opportunity, which he is confessed to have used to the grateful admiration of all who witnessed it, of consecrating his remarkable skill as a man of business to the cause of charity, humanity, and true patriotism.

The great misery which prevailed in those districts of Germany had at an early date in the year suggested a plan for its relief. An association was formed with great energy and liberality in the City of London, to which Joshua Watson was a subscriber, and had a seat at the board by which its funds were administered. But he was not content without a further extension of the benefit, under more direct religious influence. He went to Archbishop Manners-Sutton, and represented to him that it was due to the honour of the Church of England in the eyes of Europe that she should not be left behind in such a work of mercy, and at such a time. The Archbishop answered his appeal as he was wont to do; he would consent to originate a subscription in Westminster, if Mr. Watson would manage the details. Eventually it was arranged that Mr. Watson should be secretary, jointly with Rudolf Ackermann, who was a valuable counsellor, equally active and benevolent, in the cause of his fatherland. The plan prospered, and was forwarded by many most influential persons. A king's letter was obtained for a collection in the churches, and Parliament made a grant of £100,000, payable to the Archbishop. But Archbishop Sutton had so great a dread of becoming a public accountant, that he would almost have declined the trust, had not Joshua Watson again come to his assistance, and made such an arrangement with the Bank of England as relieved him from the toil of figures and calculations. By a skilful co-operation with local committees formed on the Continent, the disbursement and distribution of the money was so managed, that Sir George Rose, who was so long conversant with the business of the Treasury, declared that no such specimen of clear and exact accounts as this had ever come under his eye.

Meanwhile the City meetings were not deserted, but a regular correspondence and good understanding was kept up between the two charitable administrations in the east and west. There are preserved two official communications, dated November, 1814; one, a vote of thanks from the Westminster to the City Committee, for some valuable suggestions which their experience had enabled them to make for the distribution of the Parliamentary grant; and the other, a courteous reply, expressing satisfaction at having been able to give assistance, and readiness to be of further use if needed. There is also a private note of a later date from Mr. Martin, the City Secretary, shewing a perfect understanding to have been continued to the last, and concluding with the words, "Accept my congratulations on the brilliant finish of your labours, and my thanks for every assistance."

The Parliamentary grant, by a careful investment in Exchequer Bills, was increased to a sum of £101,185 11s. 7d. A small expense, not amounting to so much as £100, was incurred in postage and other needful provisions of the time; and after this little deduction, the whole was distributed in 211 separate gifts to the foreign committees or persons of trust who acted for the different districts. Of the papers enumerating these gifts a little specimen is here subjoined:—

"Payment of Grants voted by the Committee of the Westminster Association for German Sufferers, out of the Parliamentary Grant of £100,000.

DATE OF PAYMENT.				PAY-MENT.	NUMBER OF BILL.	SUM.
1815.	Jan.	13	Wesel and Buderich	1	7	£500
	,,	22	Dutchy of Halberstadt	2	8	600
			Homberg on the Hohe in Hesse	3	182	600
			Nied, Dutchy of Nassau	4	189	400
			Golnhausen	5	193	200
	,,	24	Wurtzburgh, Northern parts	6	176	800
			Hamburgh	7	128	5,800
	,,	25	Rutzenbuttel and Cuxhaven	8	130	100
			Electorate of Hanover	9	136	3,000
			(And so on to the number of 211.)"			

At the end of the Minute Book of the Westminster Association from March 26, 1814, to May 1, 1816, there is the following 'Recapitulation,' in the handwriting of Joshua Watson:—

		TO SUFFERERS.	TO ORPHANS.
"Prussia and Brandenburg		£6,000	£2,000
Silesia		10,000	1,500
Circle of Weissen	Saxony, £21,900	8,875	1,600
,, Erzebirge		2,125	500
,, Lower Thuringia		3,000	400
,, Wittenberg		2,650	500
,, Leipsig		5,250	500
Lusatia		9,300	500
Hamburgh and District		8,000	
Hanover Electorate		12,200	1,000
Various Towns, &c.		9,400	1,550
Voigtland		2,700	100
Upper Thuringia		7,500	850
Dantzig		2,000	
		89,000	11,000
		11,000	
Total of grants		100,000	

Ent^{d}.—JOSHUA WATSON."

The auditors of these accounts, whose names are subscribed to the closing record on the 1st of May, 1816, were Lord Calthorpe, Right Hon. G. Rose, Sir T. D. Acland, W. Wilberforce, Esq., and Robert H. Inglis, Esq., afterwards Sir Robert H. Inglis. A vote of thanks from the Committee for his able and laborious services was accompanied with the following note from the Archbishop:—

"*Lambeth Palace, May* 3, 1816.

"SIR,—It is not a very easy matter to express the satisfaction I feel in conveying to you the unanimous thanks of the General Committee whose functions are described in the enclosed paper, for your able and gratuitous services as one of their secretaries. This satisfaction I confess is very closely connected with the many personal obligations I owe to you for the assistance you have unremittedly afforded me in the whole of this business; but more especially in the management of the Parliamentary grant of £100,000. It is to you, Sir, that I am indebted for the security I have felt during the distribution of this money, and the gratification I am now feeling from the masterly manner in which you have submitted to the General Committee the vouchers and evidences of the faithful discharge of this important trust.

"I have the honour to be, with great respect, Sir,
"Your faithful and obliged humble servant,
"C. CANTUAR."

It would be difficult to describe the plan of these accounts properly. Every bill, after having done its work in Germany and received the proper signatures, returned to the secretaries, and was pasted in its allotted place, so as to be a visible security of the correctness of the transaction. These vouchers were bound up and preserved in the Lambeth library.

It is equally difficult to select from the letters of thanks which flowed in from the recipients of the bounty thus distributed. Those that remain are probably but a small part, selected by the care of his wife and daughter. There is necessarily a great similarity in them, but the tribute of grateful admiration to our nation is most generously rendered, and sometimes happily expressed. Thus the Central Relief Committee for the Principality of Lunenburgh write as follows to the Secretaries:—

"When they return, in the name of these unfortunate people, their warmest thanks for this gift, by which their misery has been greatly alleviated and lessened, they beg leave to unite to it their truly sincere wish that it may always be the happier lot of Great Britain to be exempt from the ravages of war in the interior of their country, to assist in rebuilding what has been ruined by warfare on the Continent, and that they may never want the power to afford relief to oppressed nations, and the means to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the unfortunate."

The Territorial Councillors, &c., of two districts in Mecklenburg, acknowledging the bills received, and speaking of "the great struggle for the deliverance of Germany from the inconceivably hard pressing yoke of despotism, which had drawn upon their country burdens from which they could not for a long time be relieved," go on to say that they "consider it a sure indication of the return of better times, that nobly-minded men, residing in a distant but happy country, who know nothing experimentally themselves of the misery which desolating warfare spreads over the scenes of its action, are prompted solely by active benevolence to expend large sums for the purpose of relieving the unhappy victims of it. Their silent gratitude, their prayers, will add to the reward which the consciousness of having lessened the sum of human misery has already deposited in your breasts."

From Dantzic there are more details both of the needs, and of the care taken to make the help afforded go as far as possible. As many as 1,761 buildings are said to have been demolished, 4,420 damaged, a great number of inhabitants had lost their all, and were driven almost to desperation. A careful selection of cases was therefore necessary, and the Committee had given a preference to widows with young families, to those who had known better days, to those who could with help rebuild their dwellings, and again pursue their trades, &c. "By this means," the letter concludes, "upwards of 2,000 persons [in that one district] have been comforted, gladdened, refreshed and maintained, of which the accompanying statement will furnish the particulars."

It is evident that the distress was so great and so widely spread, that the British bounties could have been but of little avail had there not been an active spirit of charity at work in the desolated countries themselves, shewing itself in efforts to which the assistance from our island gave heart and hope. This is strikingly shewn in two or three letters about the Orphan-house at Pirna, then established "in the midst of nearly fifty totally destroyed villages and towns." In this establishment, two sisters, the Countesses of Schonberg and Dohna, appear to have taken the most lively interest. The Countess of Schonberg, writing to Joshua Watson in April, 1815, from Dresden, states the need, and what had been done to meet it. Five hundred *orphans* (afterwards the number grew to near 1,000) were received gratuitously into families, while relief was afforded to the mothers of fatherless children, and the home was provided for the sickly or crippled who had no friends. "This relief," she says, "has been owing chiefly to the British generosity." She entreats a further grant, and commends the case to Joshua Watson's care, "praying he would be pleased to be the guardian, and even the father, to these our poor little ones. God may direct you, and give us joy through your means." In the following year she acknowledges a renewed grant of £784 10s. 2d., which "would assure to the orphans a wished-for continuance of their present happy state. God be praised for it, and as for you, Sir, receive our warmest thanks for the philanthropic benevolence with which you take this concern to heart, and our sincerest prayers that God will bless you for the active, steady zeal in which it has been manifested." Francis, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, wrote a similar expression of thanks, and said that in his heart, and in the hearts of all well-intentioned persons in his dominions, the terms of a true philanthropist and a Briton are synonymous.

The minister of Dennewitz, himself a sufferer, having escaped with only the lives of his wife and children, sends an exact account of the distribution in which he had himself shared. "The place had been overlooked," he says, "in the first distribution, to the great grief of the inhabitants; but now they acknowledge that there is not a more generous nation than the British." They had been striving with commendable industry to cultivate their desolated ground again, and the assistance had been most timely to give them fresh vigour. "May you," the writer says, "ever be in the enjoyment of the most enviable peace, and never experience such scenes of horror." Another extract is from a letter dated Hernnhut, March 1, 1815:—

> "We have here likewise conformed ourselves to the rules laid down for us, and it would be impossible to describe the sensations which were produced. We shall only instance a few cases which occurred in the villages. An old man bordering upon eighty said, 'he had seen many wars in his time, and had himself been a soldier in the Seven Years' war, but had never heard of a whole nation, like the English, commiserating the inhabitants which had been impoverished and rendered unfortunate by it, and relieving them liberally and effectually, as the English have done; they must be truly pious Christians.'"

Another said,—

> "Nothing could have made the adherents to the French cause more ashamed of themselves, or refuted their principles better, than this benevolence of the British people. One has often been obliged to hear it asserted that the English were the sole cause of the war and the mischief resulting from it; but a nation which made so many sacrifices for the relief of the unfortunate, and spent so much to lessen their distress, would not be likely to be instrumental in spreading misery and ruin over other countries. . . . .
>
> "May the powerful protection of God and His choicest blessings continue to attend the British nation!"

Another letter is somewhat foreign in its exuberance of expression, but is not on that account less impressive:—

"Let it never be doubted that German hearts are open to every feeling of gratitude and love for such generous benevolence shewn them by that happy country in which you, most noble of men, reside. Even towards myself, the effusions of thanks from all ranks and stations, high and low, rich and poor, are directed without ceasing; and what share have I had in the drying of those bitter tears? None; the work is yours alone! . . . . . Ever will it be the first wish of my heart that God may bless Britannia and her exalted folk!"

This letter also speaks of much and grievous misery remaining.

Another correspondent, Hillmer, privy councillor to the King of Prussia, writes to his friend Mr. Ackermann in the warmest strain of gratitude, saying how a letter just received from the two Secretaries had comforted, rejoiced, moved, and put him to shame:—

"No thanks to me," he says, "no thanks to us on this side the sea; but thanks, ardent, unceasing thanks and blessings from us to you beyond the ocean; to you, noble Britons! to you, my dear and never-to-be-forgotten friend!"

He then speaks of the encouragement he had received in his own office of distributor, and continues,—

"What is more like God, and also more pleasing to Him, than to relieve our suffering fellow-creatures! And I was only the hand of the donor, not the donor himself. But to the disciples of our Lord it was a great happiness that through their hands He provided the miraculous repast for the five thousand."

There was a subscription list opened in Westminster, from which a sum of £11,598 was paid over to the City Committee. And this included about £1,300, the produce of a concert at Whitehall, at which Joshua Watson was one of the stewards, "the only mean man," as he said of it, "among them." The duty of this office led him into a scene of amusing confusion. The veteran Blucher was leaving the concert-room, and coming down the stairs, when a number of footmen in the lobby, whether from zeal or impudence, rushed upon him to shake hands with him. The old warrior seemed almost to suspect mischief in this unlooked-for and novel attack, and the steward with his wand of office came to the rescue, and cleared the way before him, but not till his own lace-ruffles had been torn in the scuffle, and remained a trophy of the exploit.

It was on this occasion, after the royal family and their guests had partaken of the refreshments provided for them, that the Duke of Cambridge insisted on presenting him to good Queen

Charlotte; and the Queen, with an earnest simplicity of voice and manner, pronounced the well-remembered words, "I thank you, Sir, for your kindness to my poor countrymen."

From the King of Prussia he received a memorial of his services in a valuable ring; a pair of Dresden vases from the King of Saxony; and a gold medal and diploma from the Patriotic Society of Hamburg.

Subsequently the Waterloo Fund, a sum of near £500,000, raised for the widows and orphans of those who fell in that short and glorious campaign, was left very much to his management and that of one other member of the Committee to which it had been entrusted.

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CHAPTER VIII.

State of the Colonial Churches at the return of peace.—Bishop Middleton, Bishop John Inglis, and W. G. Broughton.—Treasurership of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—Efforts of Joshua Watson and his friends for the re-construction of Church Missions.—Retrospect of the Indian Missions.—Memorial to Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—Foundation of Bishop's College, Calcutta.—Revival of the Society for Propagating the Gospel.—Retrospect of its North American Missions.—H. H. Norris and Bishop Hobart.

AMONG the earliest cares which followed the return of peace, in the mind of Joshua Watson and his friends, was the condition of the Colonial Church and its ill-provided episcopate. It is due to the truth of history, no less than to the memory of his services, to place on record some particulars of his labours in this field of widely-extended interest.

The three remarkable men who were sent out to preside over the Church in India, Nova Scotia, and Australia, Middleton, Inglis, and Broughton, were all bound to him by more than common ties of Christian friendship. The first was indeed removed from his great mission after a few years of noble aims and excellent services, of which the fruit has ever since remained; but with the other two he continued to maintain a lively correspondence to the close of life; and the continued demand of all three for aid, for comfort, and counsel, were such as to strengthen an affection long cherished and sustained by such willing and constant exercise.

To those to whom the name of Bishop Middleton is now a name of a generation passed away, it may be necessary to introduce it with a brief account of his earlier life, of which a fuller memorial has been given by his able and eloquent biographer, the Rev. C. W. Le Bas.

Thomas Fanshawe Middleton was the son of Thomas Middleton, Rector of the little benefice of Kedleston, near Derby, where he was born in the month of January, 1769. He was sent at an early age to Christ's Hospital, for which he had in after-life that warm attachment which is so remarkable in Blue-coat boys to the school of their childhood. Thence he went with a school-exhibition to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and took his degree of B.A. in 1792, and M.A. in 1795. Soon after he had first graduated, he became Curate of Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, and then undertook for a time the charge of tutor to the sons of Dr. John Pretyman, Archdeacon of Lincoln; through whose recommendation he obtained the Rectory of Tansor in Northamptonshire, to which was shortly afterwards added the Rectory of Little and Castle Bytham. He had established for himself a lasting reputation as a scholar and divine by his memorable critical work, "The Doctrine of the Greek Article," which first appeared in 1808; when he was made a Prebendary of Lincoln, and shortly afterwards, in 1811, Rector of St. Pancras, and, in 1812, Archdeacon of Huntingdon. On his removal to London his Christian zeal made him a diligent member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; where we have already seen him in counsel with Joshua Watson and Van Mildert on the design of the "Family Bible." He also undertook for a short time the editing of the "British Critic;" but his active mind found more direct practical employment in his efforts to obtain a new church for his populous parish. These efforts were not at that time successful; it was a time at which a sense of the need of new churches had yet to be awakened in the hearts of English people: but his noble self-devoted character was seen and acknowledged in the progress of the struggle. Meantime his intimacy with the subject of this Memoir, with J. J. Watson, and H. H. Norris, was continually growing firmer; and when at first his diffidence had shrunk from the charge proposed to him in the newly-founded Indian diocese, it is supposed that their words were not without weight in persuading its acceptance. For the rest of his life these three friends were, as they are truly called by Mr. Le Bas, "the chosen and devoted friends of Bishop Middleton, and his confidential auxiliaries in every design for the advancement of the Christian cause in India; to whom he wrote on all great questions which occupied his heart and mind, and by whose help and sympathy his spirits were mainly supported under the multiplied difficulties incident to his new and almost overwhelming charge."

He was consecrated on May 8, 1814. On the seventeenth of the same month a special meeting of the Society at Bartlett's Buildings was held for the purpose of bidding him a solemn farewell. An address gratefully recognising his worth, and expressing the confidence of the members in the appointment, had been prepared by Dr. Wordsworth. But it was then that Joshua Watson saw that a time was come to venture on what was previously a step without a precedent, though it has happily led to many similar acts of bounty from the same source, "not only to recapitulate their past services" to the Missions in India, "and to promise future exertions; but to make a positive grant of money, to be placed at the disposal of the new bishop, for such objects within the scope of their designs as he might feel anxious to promote." The proposal was at once received; a sum of £1,000 was unanimously voted: and this was the humble beginning of the aid by which hereafter the Bishop was encouraged to found his noble college at Calcutta.

John Inglis, who was consecrated third Bishop of Nova Scotia in 1825, was at this time a missionary of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, employed in the diocese of his father, Charles Inglis, the first bishop. On the death of that excellent father, who had done his duty well, first as a loyal English clergyman at New York, and then for nearly thirty years in the episcopate, 1787—1816, it is probable that the government at home, had they followed the public wish, would have appointed the son as his successor. But the practice of the age of Gregory Nazianzene was not yet to be a precedent for Downing-street to follow. They selected a Dr. Stanser, a bishop whose infirm health detained him in England for the greater part of his tenure of the office; and it was not till nine years had been nearly lost to the colony that John Inglis was made its chief pastor. In that higher station he was, as has been well said by the historian of our Colonial Church, "equally faithful and blessed in the fruit of his labours[o]:" but his true worth will be further manifested in his long communion of counsels with Joshua Watson, John James Watson, and H. H. Norris.

Of William Grant Broughton, it will be less necessary to offer any imperfect account to the reader of this Memoir, as his memory is more recent, and the principal facts of his life have been lately collected by one who has discharged the task with a fidelity and zeal worthy of the upright and single-hearted character whom it commemorates[p]. At the date of Bishop Middleton's consecration he was a young writer in the East India House, but with a strong desire to obtain a more sacred occupation; which, after some years of patient duty, he was enabled to satisfy. In the autumn of that year he removed to Cambridge, becoming a resident member of Pembroke Hall; and after graduating there in 1818, when his name appeared as sixth wrangler, he was ordained deacon, and subsequently admitted to priest's orders in the same year. He had held the Curacy of Hartley Wespall, in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, from the time of his ordination, and through the friendly offices of Mr. Briscall, the Duke's Chaplain, he became known to the Duke of Wellington, who nominated him to the chaplaincy of the Tower; and under the same discerning patronage he became in 1829 Archdeacon of New South Wales, the colony being then considered as annexed to the see of the East Indies. It was not till early in the year 1836 that he was consecrated first Bishop of Sydney, the first English Bishop who was permitted to exercise his functions on the shores of that new continent; which, as he foresaw from his first acquaintance with it, was likely to be peopled in all its habitable extent by British settlers. It appears that he was made acquainted with Joshua Watson before his appointment to his first charge in Australia; but it was chiefly from the date of his consecration to his death that this indefatigable missionary priest and prelate was in continual confidential correspondence with him and the friends who shared his counsels.

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[o] The Rev. James M. Anderson, Hist. of the Col. Church, iii. 434.

It seemed right in some measure to anticipate the order of time by mentioning these three names here together, as their relation to the subject of this Memoir was so remarkably sympathetic, and their services to the cause of Christian truth in their respective positions maintained in a spirit so congenial. But we must now return to the date from which we have made this brief digression.

The same year which was distinguished by Bishop Middleton's consecration, was that in which Joshua Watson was elected Treasurer of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Those who did not know the man, could be little aware of the refined modesty of feeling with which he seemed to shrink from the honour, but not from the toil, of an office to which he was invited, in the words of Archdeacon Cambridge, "by the universal request of archbishops, bishops, priests, and deacons," and in which the Church witnessed for many years his constant and untiring services. He was publicly elected at a very full meeting of the Society, June 3, 1814, held at the old house in Bartlett's Buildings. Archbishop Manners-Sutton presided, and in proposing the question, which had been previously moved by Archdeacon Pott, enlarged in an address of dignity and grace on the character of the treasurer elect, "whose talents and unwearied zeal for whatever was most dear and valuable" had been long known to him from the charitable labours in which they had been associated together, or in which he had sought and obtained his counsel, or profited by his experience.

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[p] Prefatory Memoir to Sermons by W. G. Broughton, D.D., late Bishop of Sydney; by Archdeacon Harrison.

This appointment was shortly followed by a measure which, together with his friend Dr. Wordsworth, he had long earnestly desired, the reconstruction of the missionary institutions, which this Society had previously fostered as a kind of deposit consigned to us from the Danish Government, in the East. It was in the year 1706 that the excellent and indefatigable Bartholomew Ziegenbalg began his labours as first Protestant missionary on the continent of India. The Dutch East India Company had before the close of the previous century established a missionary college in Ceylon, and the missions under their care are said to have numbered eighty thousand native converts: but it is to the honour of Frederick IV. of Denmark that he was the first of Protestant sovereigns who became the patron of a like design. By his aid Ziegenbalg founded his mission at Tranquebar. The friendly relations between England and Denmark in Queen Anne's reign were such as to facilitate the means of support to this Christian enterprise almost from the first; and collections were made for it in this country as early as the year 1710. When in 1716 Ziegenbalg had for a time returned to Europe, he was presented at the Court of George I. by Archbishop Wake, and received some pecuniary aid both from the Christian Knowledge Society, and from the East India Company, who appeared, with their then inconsiderable power or patronage, not so much afraid, as they have been at later times, to acknowledge a sympathy with the Christian cause. The company at that time had no conquests to govern or account for: their possessions were confined to a few forts and factories in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, and their dependants among the natives are supposed to have been about 200,000 families. The Dutch Company was richer and more flourishing than the English. For it must be remembered that the Mogul Empire was as yet consolidated. Aurungzebe was still living when Ziegenbalg landed in India, and it was not till many years had passed that the expedition of Nadir Shah, and the anarchy which followed that breaking up of the great empire, made way for the marvellous changes of a later century.

The Danish Mission, therefore, from the first was a kind of joint-trust with us and the Lutherans of Denmark and the north of Germany. But it naturally fell more and more into the hands of the English Society, which had first held out a helping hand toward it: and, as it had now been for many years chiefly supported by the Church of England, it was neither ill-timed nor unreasonable to desire that it should be transferred in all respects to the control of an English board of governors, and regulated on the English ecclesiastical system. This was of more special importance now that Bishop Middleton's mission would give the missionaries their duly constituted head and source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in India. But, in recommencing the work on a new and sound foundation, it was by no means the wish of Joshua Watson or his friends to do anything that might appear to throw a censure on those who had first cherished the Danish mission, or had continued to sustain it faithfully, in times when funds were not easily provided even for one such field of labour. It could be no disgrace to have assisted a mission which began with Ziegenbalg, and ended with Schwartz; and among those who may be inclined to feel surprise that the Church of England should have remained so long without a mission of her own in India, there will yet be some who will understand the enlightened liberality which forebore to impose conditions on the meritorious recipients, and scrupulously abstained from changing the terms on which the aid had been so long bestowed.

The measure by which the change was effected, was now proposed by the new treasurer, and was carried, not without some opposition, but with the approving support of Archbishop Sutton. By a resolution passed at a full meeting, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge handed over its Indian fund to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, reserving only what was sufficient to provide for the existing missionaries, and their widows, who might survive.

The Society for Propagating the Gospel was at this period indeed rather an ecclesiastical board for furnishing aid and administration to the funds which the Government supplied to the clergy in the North American Colonies, than a Missionary Society for the Church at large. Its annual subscriptions and donations did not amount to a thousand pounds from voluntary sources. It was the earnest desire of Dr. Wordsworth at this time to have obtained the consent of the first promoters of the Church Missionary Society to such modifications of their system as he considered to be essential to the full exercise of the episcopal rule of government. "Norris would tell you," he writes in

December, 1816, "I talked to him immeasurably on my favourite scheme." But these treaties were not successful. Had his design prospered, it is possible that the aggregate of the Danish missions might have been consigned to that Society, and the partial inconvenience might have been obviated of having two Church Societies occupying the same ground, while they profess the same object. But it is the common lot of British colonies to represent all the sectional distinctions of Christianity, English, Scottish, or Irish, which are found nearer home; and certainly the Indian missions have hitherto been no exception to the rule.

What these two friends now saw to be required was, that with the consignation of the Indian Mission to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, an effort should be made to extend the Society at home, and obtain such support and public recognition of its claims, as might be in some degree commensurate with the greatness of the work proposed for it. The time was not yet come when the eyes of the State of England, like the eyes of a well-painted portrait, were to look with equal favour on all shades of Christian opinion. It was still a cherished principle that Church and State were too far identified for the Church to move without the sanction of the State. Dr. Wordsworth therefore proposed that some special effort should be defined, and a royal letter procured for a general collection in the parish churches. The subject being thus recommended to more general notice, diocesan committees might subsequently be formed, and the extension become permanent. To this Joshua Watson seems to have assented:—

"Tell me," he writes to Dr. Wordsworth, Nov. 28, 1817, "tell me, my good friend, where we are to work, and especially tell me where we are to find our workmen; for we cannot use the same instruments with others less scrupulous. If this be done, I have no fear of moving our Corporation, or of stirring up auxiliary committees to action with it in every quarter of the kingdom."

It was probably in pursuance of these counsels that he shortly afterwards drew up the following careful memorial to the Archbishop on the subject of the Tranquebar mission, and the state of Christianity in Ceylon. It was prepared at the Archbishop's desire, for the purpose of being shewn to Lord Liverpool; and was sent in December, 1817, accompanied with the letter which we copy:—

"*Clapton, December*, 1817.

"My Lord,

"When your Grace allowed me the honour of engaging your attention to some suggestions for extending the operations of the Society for

Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, you were pleased to direct that I should reduce to writing those specific propositions which, your Grace was of opinion, might be most safely entertained. In pursuance of this direction, I have now to request your Grace's indulgence towards the imperfect sketch here inclosed; which I should have been glad to withhold, until I was at liberty to take counsel and assistance from those friends who would have enabled me to lay it before you in a form more worthy of your Grace's consideration, and of the importance of the subject. But I felt it my duty to lose no time in fulfilling my instructions; and I have the high satisfaction of stating, not only that the paper herein submitted has already passed the ordeal to which you desired it might be subjected, the Ecclesiastical Department of the Board of Control, but that there is good ground to hope that any measure taken up in the same sober spirit, and having equally the security of your Grace's superintendence, would be as favourably received.

"The overbearing necessity of providing sound religious and moral instruction for the Anglo-Indian population of our Eastern Empire, and that without delay, is deeply felt by the governments at home and abroad[q]. And it is perhaps equally felt, that this provision can never be so safely and so surely made as through the agency of the Church of England; which in its well-established order subjects each individual minister to the control of his ecclesiastical superior, and places the whole in proper connection with the State. And though your Grace's judgment as to the present improved prospect of success, from well-regulated missionary and ministerial labours, needs not any confirmation, it is not amiss to observe how the sound thinkers on the conversion of India in former years agree with the Society's learned and eloquent preacher of the present year[r] as to the facilities to be derived in 'the arrangement and prosecution of their beneficent schemes for the advancement of the Gospel' from the formation of an ecclesiastical establishment on the genuine model of antiquity in the capital of our Eastern dominions.

"Dean Prideaux says, 'that so soon as a bishop be settled, a seminary should be erected in India for persons to be bred up to supply the missions[s].' 'For,' he says, 'experience had shewn that it was not possible to carry on the work of the ministry either in the East or West Indies with any good success, unless there might be bishops and seminaries settled in them, that so ministers might be bred and ordained on the spot[1].' Dean Vincent not only says as expressly, 'Christianity cannot take root effectually, till there are native priests and ministers,' but confirms his words as it were by Apostolical authority, adding that in Greece, Asia, and throughout the Roman Empire, we scarcely read of any successors to or fellow-labourers with the Apostles who were of the Jewish nation; Titus of Crete, Timothy of Lystra, Dionysius of Athens, Clemens of Rome, Polycarp of Smyrna, &c., &c.

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[q] We find a testimony to the truth of this statement in the following note from James Cumming, Esq., Secretary to the Board of Control, to Joshua Watson, on the subject of this Memorial:—

"India Board, Dec. 23, 1817.—My dear Sir, I have read your Memoir with much attention, and have made in the margin the only alterations and remarks which occurred to me. I consider it a valuable paper, and I heartily wish you every success in the prosecution of your important design. Of this I am sure, that there are few men in whose hands it is more likely to be brought to a practical bearing than yours.

"I send you for your perusal a most interesting letter from Sir E. Hyde East, Chief Justice of Calcutta, to the late Lord Buckinghamshire, which relates to the matters which now engage your attention.—I am, with true esteem and regard, yours, JAMES CUMMING."

[r] Archbishop Howley, then Bishop of London.

[s] Letter to Archbishop Tenison, in 1694; Life of Prideaux, 1748, p. 171.

"Still, however, my lord, it cannot be questioned but that our prudence lies in confining the present effort within the limits which, under your Grace's direction, I have endeavoured to trace in the paper I have now the honour to inclose; and that having once put the Church forward in an attitude of readiness to answer any call that may be made upon her by authority, she must be content to wait for further invitations to proceed; and especially, that while everything be done with due deference and respect to the episcopal office in India, care be taken, until time and the sound discretion of the Bishop of Calcutta have abated existing jealousies of the new establishment, that his lordship be not rendered too prominent in our proceedings.

"But in the course which your Grace is inclined to recommend, it is surely a singular felicity that, whilst it is helping to lay wide and deep the only foundation on which the Church of Christ in India can solidly be reared, it is at the same time in a crisis of peculiar difficulty and danger, strengthening the bulwarks of the National Church at home, by using for its purpose the instrumentality of her ancient associations. By thus putting forward the Society for Propagating the Gospel, your Grace cannot fail to direct into a proper channel much of that well-intended bounty which is now, I fear, running worse than to waste, and to furnish a safe employment for that excursive benevolence which is often too much heated in the pursuit of its foreign objects to be very wise in the choice of its domestic agents.

"To give perfection to the plan, it would only seem further necessary to give it unity; and this perhaps might in due time be done by transferring to the Propagation Society, to which they legitimately belong, the missionary trusts of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, whenever your Grace saw the proper moment for the purpose. And then, my lord, the Church of England, strong in her three chartered and ancient Societies, each with undivided energy pursuing its own single and simple object, and having a common centre of union in your Grace's presidency, might, in her Education Society, her Bible and Religious Tract Society, and her Missionary Society, boldly offer to her members all that the most zealous of her communion need desire in the great concern of religious and moral instruction at home and abroad.

"I beg your Grace's pardon for thus long trespassing upon your time, and have the honour to be, &c., &c.

"JOSHUA WATSON."

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[1] Letter to Archbishop Wake; Life of Prideaux, p. 186, written in 1718.

The Memorial was as follows:—

"The spirit in which your Grace has always discountenanced those exertions of irregular zeal in making proselytes which compromise at once the character of our Religion and the quiet of the State, affords the best ground for confidence in your favourable reception of an attempt that seeks chiefly to maintain in its purity and strength Christianity among Christians; and through these means principally, if not entirely, to spread its blessings among the natives of the East.

"It is unnecessary, therefore, as it would be unbecoming, to seek to gain your Grace's attention to the general object by any of those high considerations of duty and policy which on its very first suggestion resistlessly recommend it to notice. These are ever present to your Grace's mind, and leave to me only the task of laying before you, simply and respectfully, the particular object of this address.

"And this is, in the first place, to implore your Grace to save and to uphold the present Protestant Mission of India, the fruitful source of all that exists of native Protestant Christianity in the south of Hindostan. On the former character of the Tranquebar mission it is needless to enlarge. For more than a century its fame has been in all the East: and to prove that it has not yet much degenerated in spirit, though it is greatly wasted in substance, nothing more can be necessary to those who know the admirable discretion and sound judgment of the Bishop of Calcutta, than to learn that he has twice felt it his duty to stretch forth his hand to rescue it from ruin; and to establish at once the necessities and the deservings of this venerable mission, it will be enough to state the fact, that it is at this moment solely sustained by his Lordship's support.

"It is notorious, however, that no funds are possessed by the Bishop of Calcutta for the continuance of this charge, and that without speedy help from England, the Mission must either wholly sink, or fall into the hands of very unworthy successors of a Schwartz, a Gerickè, or a Kolhoff, whose Christian prudence and sober piety conciliated the affections of the native powers, and the esteem of the constituted authorities for the government of our Eastern possessions.

"The maintenance of this Mission, identified as it is with the Christian Knowledge Society by a close connection and interchange of good offices for more than a century, so legitimately belongs to the Church of England, that the duty of supporting it, and thus securing to the most ancient Protestant mission in India the blessing of a good ecclesiastical government, seems to require no enforcement; and the discharge of that duty by a Church-of-England Society therefore can, it is conceived, excite no jealousy at home or abroad. If, then, the mere preservation of the Tranquebar Mission, and the bringing its members into communion with the Church, were the only purpose of this appeal, it might here be closed. But intimately connected with the peninsula, another object of still higher concernment in the same quarter presses upon your Grace's attention, the island of Ceylon, a possession of not more political importance than of religious interest. It is, perhaps, the master-key of Hindostan, and it contains, I believe, more Christian subjects under British rule than all the rest of India put together.

"The claims of six or seven hundred thousand half-taught Christians, it is true, are not easily answered; and the magnitude of the task might well enough, in ordinary circumstances, deter from making the attempt. But the circumstances are not only peculiar, but they are of the most encouraging kind. The authorities abroad are thoroughly alive to the spiritual wants of this people, and at the earnest request of his Excellency Sir John Brownrigge, his Majesty's government at home have promptly appointed an Archdeacon for Ceylon; and in placing them under episcopal direction, have given the best pledge of their concern for their welfare, and afforded one of the greatest facilities for promoting it. No native power hostile to the interests of Christianity exists in any force upon the island. No establishment for the priests of Buddha or Brahma obtains in any part of the country, so that in fact, with the help of duly commissioned and duly qualified missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters, there is nothing here beyond the ordinary obstacles to oppose the propagation of the Gospel even through the Pagan population; in short, none of either the real or supposed impediments to the Christianizing the Continent of British India stand in the way of this happily conditioned island.

"The accomplishment of such an end, the bringing the population of a million and a-half of souls, in such a critical position, to speak the English language under the mild sway of English laws, and to profess, under its purest form, the Christian religion within the pale of that Church which has ever given the best security for the loyalty of its members, is confessedly an object of most commanding interest. And if, from the present outgoings of the settlement, its full attainment be considered as beyond the immediate reach of his Majesty's Government, I submit that it might still be effected by the exertions of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, aided by a small Parliamentary bounty, in like manner as, with due reference to the bishops of the two dioceses, the spiritual wants of British North America are at this time supplied. Nay, even if the pressure of other calls nearer home should disincline his Majesty's Ministers from proposing at this moment any Parliamentary grant, it cannot be doubted but that a well-directed appeal to public liberality, enforced under the proper authority from all the pulpits in the country, would be answered by large voluntary contributions towards its accomplishment. The exertions thus made for the best objects would then be felt to be made in the best way: every step would be taken under the patronage and control of the constituted authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, both at home and abroad; and a measure, thus carrying with it both the feelings and the judgment of every sound and sincere Churchman, could not fail of very considerable success. And if to these two objects could be added the establishment and extension of schools for the half-caste or Anglo-Indian population at each of the three Presidencies, and the grafting thereon a few free scholarships for the proper education of the sons of missionaries, and others willing to dedicate themselves to missionary service, or any other unobjectionable expedient for the due preparation of a native race of missionaries, everything perhaps would be done, that can at present be safely done, towards the attainment of a result most devoutly to be wished, but not impatiently pursued."

The immediate result of this Memorial was, that the Archbishop at the commencement of the following year excited the Society for Propagating the Gospel to vote a sum of £5,000 to be placed in the hands of Bishop Middleton for the cause of Christianity in India. The good bishop received the news in the following September, and it was, as he said, the breath of life to him. By his representations to Lord Liverpool, the Archbishop also was able to announce to the Society, and to send the welcome tidings to Calcutta, that the Prince Regent had readily granted a royal letter. This was the immediate impulse that encouraged Middleton to propose his scheme for Bishop's College. It was received by the Society at home in May, 1819. The contributions made to it from that source were £50,000; and grants were made of £5,000 each, from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Church Missionary Society, and the Bible Society, all being placed at the disposal of the Bishop, but the last being for the translation of the Scriptures into the Asiatic languages.

It will be readily supposed that such a revival of the missionary labours of the Church was not effected without the most unwearied efforts on the part of the friends, who united hand and heart in such a cause. A letter of Joshua Watson's to Dr. Wordsworth, dated Feb. 27, 1818, speaks of a long conference with Bishop Howley, who appears in the earlier days of his episcopate to have been withheld by a kind of reserve, which is sometimes found in highly accomplished scholars, and which ever attended him in public speaking, from affording them as much as they desired of his public support. Archdeacon Cambridge had expressed his regret for this in the previous December. "How to proceed," he says, "in the absence of our excellent Bishop, is not so easy to determine. The cause, effect, and all, we must sincerely lament. There is not a week in which he hides himself from business when his absence is not felt." Now, however, he ended by assenting entirely to the plan which the friends proposed, and promised to advance it with all his power. "Every day," he said, "wasted in further consideration is a day lost to useful action."

The difficulty was, how to persuade the presiding authorities to venture on a scheme of such unusual agitation: for what has since become a matter of constant occurrence, and prescribed under later circumstances alike by necessity and duty, was then regarded as scarcely consistent with the respect due to the Government. The prudent caution of Joshua Watson was rather severely taxed in overcoming this difficulty, as will be evident from the following letter to the Archbishop:—

"*March* 10, 1818.

"MY LORD,

"I have the honour to forward the inclosed in obedience to your Grace's commands, and in the full assurance that you will do me the justice to believe it is submitted with the sole view of exhibiting at a glance the whole extent of proceedings contemplated, and not with the presumptuous intention of indicating in any degree the course to be pursued.

"On this subject your Grace is aware of the anxiety I feel; yet if after the kind attention which you have given to every suggestion I have ventured to offer, your Grace does not at this time see fit to bring the measure forward, it will not be less my duty than the inclination of my judgment to desist from any present prosecution of my plan.

"But if, as I am rather encouraged to believe, you approve the spirit of the resolutions, I would then take the liberty of asking whether something in the shape of the second paper inclosed may not be expedient as a prefatory minute or preamble.

"In my view it is indispensable to the proper character and full effect of the measure, not only that your Grace do actually and formally originate our proceedings, but that it be shewn, and always appear on record in our transactions, that they did so originate. I beg leave therefore to submit the whole to your Grace's consideration, and to express my hope that the deep interest I have taken in this concern has not at any period led me to transgress by undue importunity."

One of the suggestions which he appears to have offered was a scheme for inviting an increase of annual subscriptions to the Society, without multiplying the number of corporate members. His opinion of the principle of the old constitution of the Gospel Society may be worth recording:—

"It cannot be concealed," he says, "that the object of the royal charter was, not to incorporate an association of subscribers, but by giving to certain high ecclesiastical officers and other persons of consideration, and their successors, a corporate character, to ensure the maintenance of a permanent body of stewards and managers for the administration of their contributions, and 'for the better and more orderly carrying out of their charitable purpose;' a purpose which, most warmly engaging the feelings, demanded more than most others the exercise of a sound discretion and well-tempered zeal in its conduct, lest by any means the great object for which the Society had been instituted should be brought into danger."

Another object was to request the president to communicate these proceedings to the Irish Church through its primates.

Mr. Norris aided these counsels by a careful research into the old records of the Society, to find anything that might guide them in reviving what had fallen into neglect:—

"Down to the period of the American war," he says, "the Society's exertions were kept up to their original standard. There is a remarkable characteristic in the abstracts for the ten years preceding this period, that they seem to have drawn forth from their missionaries statements of the harmony subsisting between them and the Dissenters, and to lose no opportunity of stating it: whilst surely in a general way the reverse to this might have been the case. I should say that the failure of our exertions in America was judicial. The people themselves put the Gospel away from them, and God's Spirit would strive with them no longer. The disinterested munificence of pious men in this country, to an immense amount, was devoted to the propagation of the Gospel among them for near a century, and they persevered in their ruthless animosity against it. The country was lost to us by the non-establishment of episcopacy. All the machinery but this *primum mobile* was formed and forced into action, for it was the exertion of the Society which kept Christianity in action; but the measure failed from the want of episcopacy."

"I have carried my enquiries," he wrote in another letter, "as far as the year 1760; and I have no hesitation in saying that to this period the Society can make out such a case as will place it upon a level with any body of men engaged in the great work of diffusing the Gospel of Christ. . . . . The labours of the Society are uniformly spoken of as having three objects in view. The primary object was the re-evangelizing of the colonists who, for want of religious instruction and the means of public worship, were in a state a few degrees better than heathenism. The next object was the conversion of the Negro slaves; and the ultimate object was the conversion of the native tribes, not merely of America, but of all our colonies, and of the whole world in regular progression.

"With regard to the first object, the Society found in America, exclusive of Virginia and Maryland, five Church-of-England congregations, and left them, at the termination of the rebellion, two hundred and fifty. With respect to the second, they overcame violent prejudices, which at first seemed insurmountable; had several Negro schools, besides generally commending the Negroes to all missionaries, and at the above period some 100,000 of them were regular attendants upon the Christian congregations. With respect to the third, they made at a great expense several unsuccessful attempts, being opposed alike by Papists, sectaries, and infidels. They were not, however, discouraged by this opposition; but wherever an opening presented itself, they ardently embraced it. The Mohawks, however, seem to have been the only Indian tribe amongst whom they made much progress; and this tribe requited the Society's exertions by steady adherence to our Government during the troubles."

He mentions the name of Philip Quague, a missionary on the Gold Coast, who had been for fifty years in the service. He was one of three negro children sent over to this country for education by Thomas Thompson, a preceding missionary, and kept till thoroughly instructed for holy orders, when he was ordained by the Bishop of London. From such instances Mr. Norris desired his friend to see the inference, that in earlier days the designs of the Gospel Society were co-extensive with our foreign settlements, though practically little was done out of America.

This Thomas Thompson was afterwards Vicar of Reculver in Kent. He was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and went out as a missionary of the Gospel Society to New Jersey in the spring of the memorable year 1745. After passing about five years in that colony, he was at his own request sent on a missionary voyage to the Coast of New Guinea, where he employed himself for nearly five years more, zealously endeavouring, and not without some success, to make converts among the natives and mixed race of people near the European forts and settlements. The Society listened to a proposal of his to send as many as six negro boys, if he could procure them, to be educated in England at their charge; and eventually he was able in 1753 to send three, who were carefully taught and trained in Christian principles by a Mr. Hickman, a schoolmaster at Islington. Philip Quague appears to have been one of these three. Thompson afterwards published an account of his missionary labours in a plain and unpretending style of narrative. It is the work of an intelligent and zealous-minded man, and is one of the most interesting records of the Church's missions in the last century[u].

From the success which had attended the appeal made for India, Joshua Watson now felt that the difficulty was not so much to procure money, as to find missionaries. In the correspondence with H. H. Norris, the latter had suggested that the National Schools might be made serviceable. "In the immense number that we now educate there, some specimens of shining talent will be brought forward, and some who will not willingly sink into the multitude. If we do not make use of them, our enemies will. Might not a fund be formed for educating them to be sent out as missionaries?" Joshua Watson was unwilling, without more urgent necessity, to lower the standard of qualification for such an important service. The difficulty has since been met by the foundation of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, towards which institution in his old age he shewed his hearty good will by other proofs, and especially by giving to the College the greater part of his valuable library.

It was about this time that, through the introduction of John

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[u] Account of Two Missionary Voyages, by Thomas Thompson, A.M., Vicar of Reculver in Kent. Lond. 1758, 87 pp.

Inglis, the excellent and energetic John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York, had become a correspondent of Mr. Norris [1]; and a Christian friendship grew up between two original and congenial minds, though the American was as firm a republican, as the English clergyman was devout in his admiration of George III. One of Hobart's great efforts was for the establishment of a theological seminary, for which Mr. Norris was ready to obtain him aid from England. Joshua Watson's sympathies were at that time more strongly engaged in behalf of Windsor College, in Nova Scotia, then suffering from some public injustice; and he gently remonstrated against losing sight of the prior claim of an unrevolted colony. His friend admitted that claim in the fullest degree:—

> "Still," he says, "I do not quite go your length in saying that it should put by the New York appeal altogether. The enlarged view of the subject appears to me to be the correct one; that view, I mean, which comprehends reformed episcopacy wherever existing, as within the sphere of its succour and encouragement. It is only Mr. Pitt's policy applied to religion. How did he lay his plans for arresting the strides of France towards universal tyranny? Was it not by succouring legitimate government, wherever it shewed a disposition to withstand the encroachments of the enemy? And did not this eventually succeed? I think the course of Christian policy is the same. You have in Bishop Hobart all you can desire in an agent to act in America in complete unison with your proceedings here; and you can secure at a comparatively small sacrifice all his talents and energy to raise the necessary barrier there, which you are endeavouring to raise here and in all our dependencies."

Such declarations of the great aims and multiplied beneficence of these friends, in so many different quarters of the world, will perhaps suffice to give the reader a little insight into the character of their lives and employment in the first eventful years which followed the restoration of peace to Europe. The fruit of such labours has not perished with them.

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[1] See Dr. Berrian's Life of Hobart, pp. 213, 214.

CHAPTER IX.

Public labours.—System of Royal Letters, when and why adopted.—Dr. Wordsworth's return to Lambeth.—His brother the Poet.—Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—The first days of the Church Building Society.—Public Commission for new Churches.—Influence of Joshua Watson's personal character.

IT is scarcely possible for those who have not had access to Joshua Watson's papers and correspondence to form any estimate of the amount of his public labours, and the multiplied demands made on him for aid and counsel at this period of his useful life. Nor is it at all an easy task to select proofs of these labours out of the mass of evidence which these papers supply. His most constant ally was his excellent brother-treasurer, Archdeacon Cambridge, whose brief notes addressed to him on all occasions from year to year, often full of grateful sentiments most gracefully expressed, shew the perfect harmony of two minds brought together with the purest aims and purposes:—

"My dear Friend,

"Your arrangements are always right. You will be best at Bartlett's Buildings: I will do what I can at St. John's Wood. Does the audit continue *de die in diem?* Or shall I find you at St. Martin's Library to-morrow?

"Yours ever, G. O. C."

"You need never apologize to me for any delays in our correspondence, as I have too firm a reliance, founded on invariable experience, that your valuable time is first given to whatever is most urgent; and that under no circumstances shall I find myself, or anything of interest to me, unheeded or forgotten."

"The list of quarterly payments is not the least useful part of your arrangement. It will save me a wonderful deal of trouble, and my brother treasurer I hope some little time and thought. For, heavy as the office is on me, I have yet some shame, and still more regret, for the time and trouble it costs him; and, had I the abilities, most gladly would I relieve him. But he never touches the subject without convincing me that I had better be quiet and not interfere."

The following words from a letter of Dr. Wordsworth will explain the views of the associated friends in seeking those Royal Letters, which for forty years afterwards continued to recommend the channels in which the alms of the Church were likely to flow with the best effect. Dr. Wordsworth desired these letters as preferable to any Parliamentary grants; not only, as he said, to avoid the unseemliness of Parliamentary conflicts on such questions, but much more, to quote his own words, "because I am persuaded that the raising of the money by an appeal through the clergy, and afterwards the laying out and superintendence of money so raised, would both of them conduce much better to the introduction of the system generally throughout the kingdom, and to the maintenance of it when so introduced. If you employ the clergy to raise money, we are laid in some degree under an obligation to understand what it is for, and to shew that the object is a good one. And afterwards also we are laid under another obligation of responsibility, that the money shall be well disposed of. In short, the getting at the gold is but a small part of the business."

These words may serve in some measure to explain the views which led to what may be called the system of Royal Letters, and collections under the authority of Royal Letters. It was not then considered right or lawful to collect alms for such public designs without this form of public authority. This is not the place to discuss the political or prudential reasons which have led a later assemblage of men in office to refuse to continue a system for so long a period productive of so much public benefit. It is only to be hoped and believed, that though the winds of State doctrine may sometimes blow against it, the stream of enlightened charity will keep its course.

In the autumn of 1815 Dr. Wordsworth became a widower; and his bereavement, leading him as it did to seek in the fulness of affectionate confidence for the support and comfort of Joshua Watson's friendship, was thus, through God's mercy, the means of knitting them together in a closer union; so that, when after the lapse of many years he also was left alone, it was to Dr. Wordsworth, more than any other friend, that his heart turned for sympathy. Those who have experience of the offices of Christian friendship, and know the power of it under such trials of mortality, will understand the warmth of gratitude with which the solitary father speaks of his friend's acceptance of the request to become an executor to his will, a trust involving the possible guardianship of his three sons, then of the age of boyhood:—

"*Deanery, Bocking, Oct.* 25, 1815.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"If I have not yet thanked you for your last letter, it was not because I am insensible to its contents. On no occasion of my life did I ever feel that I had received from any man so great a favour; and I can truly say that my heart and tongue have overflowed with thanksgiving to the Author of every good. The blessing of him that seemed almost ready to perish has been upon you; and you have made my widowed heart to sing for joy. Your consent seems to give me a hope and strength for life, beyond what any other human event now could have done."

In the following year the Archbishop's offer of the Rectories of Lambeth and Sundridge, "in terms which could not be set aside," recalled Dr. Wordsworth to a position of greater influence. How cordially his friend rejoiced in the event, has been shewn in his letter printed in a former chapter. They were soon closely engaged together in cares for the National Society, the preparation of books and tracts for the Christian Knowledge Society, and those designs for extending the Church's Missions, of which some account was given in the preceding pages.

The Reverend William Johnson, afterwards Rector of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, was the able and diligent viceregent of Dr. Bell, and manager of the Central National School, an office of some trial to the temper, when many varying influences were at work; and he seems at one time to have contemplated retiring from it:—

"Pray entreat him," said Dr. Wordsworth, "and from me, if that will have any weight, to do nothing hastily. His is a situation of such vital importance, that a man, conscious in the strength of his own mind that he discharges its duties, might be well content to be reviled, and envied, and persecuted, and almost martyred at his post. But he need not doubt that in due time justice will be done him; and forbearance and patience will be then among the most valuable of his invaluable laurels."

In the December of the same year we find the first direct reference in his letters to the name of William Wordsworth:—

"I wish you could have been here," he says, "during my brother's visit. I think you would have approved, and not a little prized, his conversation; and not the least on those subjects on which you are yourself so strenuous a labourer. Health and success! Your ever affectionate friend,

"CHR. WORDSWORTH."

It appears from a memorandum in a private diary of Joshua Watson, that he dined at Lambeth with Dr. Wordsworth and his brother on the 6th of December, 1817. From this introduction a friendly mutual regard was maintained between them, which went on increasing to the close of the honoured lives of both.

It was of course inseparable from the post of influence which he had now attained, that Joshua Watson should be often called to guide and restrain, as well as sometimes to animate, the exertions of others. His zeal for the best of causes, and his brotherly charity, seemed to have worked together in due proportions, and made him at once forbearing towards the weaknesses and indiscretions of good men, and skilful in bringing into action their nobler and better qualities. The letters of many correspondents bear witness to this trait in his character. To bring forward instances of such temperate restraint might be less convenient, as it might exhibit in an unfavourable light the infirmities of some whose names are worthy of honour. But it is impossible not to feel how blessed this influence was, when we see the immediate effect acknowledged by those who came into contact with it, and how he could change a tone of impatient and forward activity, which had been a source of annoyance to others and himself, into one of kindly deference, submitting to a more practical wisdom the decision of schemes which the promoter had at last found to be unmanageable.

There is a satisfaction to every honest mind in doing justice to the memory of those who in a former generation did acts of duty and praise in an exalted and responsible station. In a letter of H. H. Norris, written May 1, 1817, there is this feeling tribute of respect to Archbishop Manners-Sutton. He had a toilsome office then upon his hands in preparing the reports of the National Society, a voluntary labour which he sustained, as we have already seen, with a characteristic energy of love :—

> "I feel myself bound," he says, "to the Archbishop, as having been the internuncio to him, and in that capacity have contributed to his coming forward. And most certainly, while I can hold a pen, or compose a sentence, he shall not be without such a detail of our proceedings as will do justice to the great sacrifices he makes to give full effect to the Society's exertions. But, indeed, the letters should undergo a more solemn consideration than they have hitherto received in my study; and as soon as I return, I shall be glad to put-to my hand in concert with my new associates."

It so happens that a fuller record is preserved of Joshua Watson's daily labours in 1817 and 1818 than of almost any other period of his life, in a little manuscript book containing a kind of diary or account of his time, kept for about twenty months successively. There is nothing of a private nature in this relic; but it is of interest as affording proof and confirmation to the details of his history gathered from other sources; while it shews how unreserved was the devotion of his outer life to the service of the Church and of his friends. The very first notice happens to be much fuller than subsequent ones, and deserves to be given here. It is in April, 1817 :—

> "Breakfasted at Rectory, Lambeth. Called at the palace by appointment. The Archbishop most graciously declaring intention to give

St. Dunstan's to Mr. Hesketh, upon the public grounds I had submitted [y], having neither personal knowledge, nor other recommendation. His Grace thanked me for the opportunity of shewing what he wished to be known, that great exertion in a good cause gave a fair claim to patronage."

A few days later there follows;—

"Attended examination and anniversary dinner of City Schools. After the examination the Archbishop desired me to introduce the Rev. R. Hesketh to him, for the purpose of receiving his Grace's appointment to the Rectory of St. Dunstan's."

It was his frequent habit at this period to be present at the service which was held in the schoolroom for the children of the Central School, before it was found possible to obtain space in any parish Church for the regular attendance of so large a body. He spoke in later years of this congregation as one possessing a thrilling interest, rescued, as many of the children were, "almost from the kennel." A friend remembers accompanying him to this service, when he went with his wife and daughter on Sunday, Sept. 21, 1817. The master, the Rev. W. Johnson, having read the Sunday Lessons, and not those for St. Matthew's Day, one of the boys shewed some token of surprise, which did not escape the notice of Joshua Watson. After the service he called the boy to him, and by a few simple words explained to him that his master was right. "Whose day is this?" he asked. The boy readily answered, "The Lord's Day." "Then," rejoined Joshua Watson, "the servant cannot be before his Lord."

The Society which has now been employed for more than forty years in contributing to the multiplication of churches in our land, had its origin about this time, and appears at first in the private diary and correspondence under the name of the Church-Room or Free Church Society. The following is one of the first entries respecting it:—

"July 4, 1817. Church-Room Society. Appointed to prepare an address to the public, to precede rules, &c."

The same day goes on:—"Received Duke of Wellington at Waterloo Committee;" that trust continuing some time longer.

There is evidence that he was instrumental both in the formation of this Society, and the drawing up of its original regulations. On this subject he seems to have taken counsel with Archdeacon Daubeny, who was perhaps the first Churchman who had made a public step to provide free accommodation in a new

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[y] Mr. Hesketh's labours had been in the establishment of the City Schools.

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a donation of £500 to the new Society, though he had many scruples against incurring the charge of ostentation by announcing it with the publication of his name[z].

Early in 1818 a letter of Van Mildert announces a grant of £1,000 from the members of the Christ Church Chapter to the first formation of this fund for Church-building; while his prudence suggested that "there seemed to be wanting some security for the endowment as well as for the erection of new Churches."

Meanwhile the public Commission for the same object had been formed by Lord Liverpool's Government. It was now only natural, that Joshua Watson's name should be announced as one of the commissioners, and that Archdeacon Cambridge should be one of those associated with him. While yet uncertain who would be in the Commission, the Archdeacon had said, "My main hope is that I shall find myself by your side, and then I shall know how to act."

It is probably to one of the preliminary meetings of this body that the following letter of Archdeacon Pott refers:—

"*St. Martin's Vicarage, Dec.* 26.

"My dear Friend,

"If you think we can do without you, you are the only person of that opinion; for though we met at our post, and the poor Bishop came on horseback, we resolved, *nem. con.*, to do nothing till we had your aid, and therefore broke up, concluding that the fog had deprived us of your presence, and much applauding your prudent care. I persuaded the Bishop not to ride back, for in Westminster the fog was very thick."

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[z] See the Memoir of Archdeacon Daubeny, p. liv., prefixed to the last edition of his writings. 1830.

Details of Church Commission are henceforward of frequent occurrence in the letters between Joshua Watson and Dr. Wordsworth. We find the former invoking his friend's aid in obtaining a clause in an Act to authorize parishes to borrow money upon rates for the enlargement of existing churches, as well as for building new chapels. The notices in these letters, like others already quoted, mark how constant was his attendance on these new duties. Thus Dr. Wordsworth writes:—

"It is so rare a thing not to find you at the post of duty, that I cannot be easy without a line sent to enquire after you, and without saying that we wanted such help as yours at our meeting to-day."

We cannot wonder that in the October of this year, one of Joshua Watson's notes to his friend, who was then at Sundridge, after specifying some of the work in hand, should conclude with these words:—

"And now I depend upon you who come fresh with unclouded faculties, to take a heavy load off my addled pate: for in truth I am so *distrait*, that I know little more than that I am always your affectionate friend,

"J. W."

Or that Archdeacon Cambridge should have urged him to take some necessary rest both of body and mind, adding, "In aid of which I demand to take your place, wherever I can, with all the confidence of a Radical."

The same over-abundance of work appears in the following note to Dr. Wordsworth, in Jan. 1819:—

"My dear Friend,

"Your hasty intimation of your visit to Lambeth, and intended call in Bartlett's Buildings, found me just set down to home business, (a luxury I can rarely indulge in,) and, with an alacrity which entirely missed its reward, I put by all my papers and put myself into the carriage, posting to the office in the hope of a short conference with you on the many matters of common interest which then engaged my attention. You may guess, then, my mortification at losing you by a few minutes, and finding no encouragement to expect your return. Some of these matters, however, still survive, and I long much to talk them over with you.

"When and how can we meet? If you leave Sundridge in time, pray push on to Holborn on Monday, for there I expect to be imprisoned for three or four or five hours at least; and on Tuesday we are not likely to come together, as you will think your strongest call to Great George-street[a], and I certainly feel mine to be to Bartlett's Buildings, and will not therefore at any time sacrifice it to my new occupation in Westminster[a], which I assure you demands sacrifices enough.

"On Tuesday, from S.P.C.K. I go down to Twickenham, and on Thursday I must be at St. John's Wood.

"Affectionately yours,
"JOSHUA WATSON.

"Will you meet our friend the new judge[b] on Monday the 18th?"

Thus again he replies to an earnest entreaty from Dr. Wordsworth to come and counsel him in the Church Building affairs of Lambeth, after the attendance it was presumed that he would give in Westminster:—

"The consolidation of our S.P.G. concern is of too much moment to give way even to Church Commission, and here (at Bartlett's Buildings) I must remain till the business is done, and, *par consequence*, till it be too late to see you in Westminster."

It was in this same month, January, 1819, that he received from Dr. Wordsworth a letter from which the following extracts are taken, for the gratification of those who can see in them something much more than a brother's partiality. Dr. Wordsworth had seen in the "British Critic" a notice of the poet's writings, which he thought both flippant and unfair; and his whole soul seemed stirred to justify him. And believing that it might be in Joshua Watson's power to convey a wholesome and needful check to the reviewer, he addressed himself to him. He allowed that a reviewer had a full right to undervalue William Wordsworth, either as a poet or a prose-writer, and to proclaim what he thought:—

"But being myself, on the other hand, of opinion," he continues, "that my brother is among the greatest men that this country has produced; being of opinion that it would be one of the greatest happinesses of the present age that they should understand his value; and not doubting that England in future ages will regard his name with a gratitude something like that which she pays to her Milton and Shakespeare; considering myself also perhaps more indebted already to his writings than to any other except the Scriptures, I think myself bound in gratitude, and in regard to the good of others, to look upon any unfair attack upon him as an injury to the truth and the public good, which I am bound therefore to disapprove of, and on proper occasions also to express my dissatisfaction. Besides, considering that my brother's writings are of prime importance, not only to the general interests of mankind, but also to those special interests in Church and State which it is the aim of the 'British Critic' to uphold, I the more regret that in matter or manner towards him they should imitate that other review, whose editor hates his beams at the very time, and because, he knows their influence."

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[a] Church Commission Office.

[b] Sir John Richardson.

Dr. Wordsworth's first impulse had been to say all this to another friend:—

"But he perhaps would not so well enter into my reasons for this interposition as you will do, though even you do not know the extent of my veneration for my brother. He, too, has had, I know, many vexations about the 'British Critic;' and I would not add to their number; while you, as an acknowledged point, are born to be troubled.

"I leave the matter in your hands. If this reviewer will but think twice, and if he has the power of thinking, I have little fear for the result. Let him be assured, however, that my meaning is good, and that I know hardly anything that I could wish better for my best friend, or my worst enemy, than that he should study and prize my brother's writings."

The generous feeling which pervades this appeal sufficiently marks the writer's confidence that it would meet with a congenial response. He to whom it was addressed was blessed with a brother, who watched over his own growing fame and influence with a like ardent affection. It will hardly be doing a wrong to the memory of Joshua Watson or that brother, to place on record the following letter. It was written on Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1818, a day on which the Archdeacons of the diocese of London used to meet for the distribution of some public charity:—

"My dear Sister,

"I cannot, even on this day of self-denial, refuse myself or you the gratification of communicating to you the very high testimony borne to your good husband's invaluable services this day by the company in which I have been sojourning since two o'clock, and who are better able to appreciate their worth than almost any one, (yourself and me always excepted). Archdeacon Pott said that the audit the other day was the surprise and admiration of *all* present, who had never seen anything in the least approaching to it before, and could not have believed it possible. Archdeacon Cambridge joined cordially in the praises of his brother treasurer, and said that still more in the German contribution the accounts drew forth yet greater admiration; and that old George Rose declared that though so much conversant with business and figures as he had been for the last fifty years, he had never seen anything like it! It was quite beautiful! Then they went on to other matters, and agreed not only that all the best interests of the Church were infinitely more indebted to Joshua than to any other individual who could be named, but that all the highest authorities in it felt and acknowledged as much; and that though so complete a man of business himself, the Archbishop always appeared at a loss, and without his right hand, when Joshua chanced to be absent. They then instanced the admirable manner in which he generally contrived to carry his points, which were at all times important ones; and among other proofs instanced his last victory on Tuesday over the proud Lord ——, who gave up his opinion to him, and even expressed his conviction of having been wrong, when they were sure he would have done so to no one else.

"I have sent this for a little chit-chat between you and my father; and need not say how heartily *I* joined in every feeling and sentiment expressed by my brother Archdeacons. Good-night to you. These are some little sets-off against all Joshua's hard fagging; and though I want not to be reminded of the much higher principles which influence and animate his unexampled labours in the best of causes, yet I trust that the testimony of two such men as the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex, given in the manner and to the effect above stated, will not be unacceptable to him and you. As such I send it, and again subscribe to it most cordially in its largest acceptation.

"Your affectionate brother,
"J. J. W."

"Pray tell your husband I will start with him at his own hour in the morning."

Those whose words the affection of a brother had thus preserved in memory, were among the few whom all revered as numbered with the wise and good of their generation. Their praise he knew to be sincere, and he could not but regard it as, humanly speaking, well-merited. But he knew also that it was safely to be confided to the keeping of one who was most nearly interested in it, and might be reported without danger to one whose habitual self-discipline had made such words as these to be his own: "They praise me; but they know nothing: Thou art silent; but Thou knowest all [c]."

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CHAPTER X.

Van Mildert's elevation to the Bishopric of Llandaff.—His services at Oxford.—Joshua Watson's honorary degree there.—Letters upon it.—Purchase of Ely Chapel, Holborn, for the Central National School.—Bishop Ryder.—Clergy Orphan School.—Vaudois Clergy.—Dr. Wordsworth made Master of Trinity College.—Church Building.—Public disorders on account of the Queen of George IV.—Her visit to St. Paul's.—Private Charities.

IN the month of March, 1819, William Van Mildert was raised to the episcopal bench as Bishop of Llandaff. He had not suffered his post of Regius Professor at Christ Church to become a sinecure. Besides his most direct duties with Lectures, he had written to Joshua Watson on subjects which engaged his attention as a delegate of the Clarendon Press, and at one time to give a commission about an Homeric MS., which had appeared to be offered for sale at some literary market. He speaks also of having engaged Mr. Peel, afterwards Sir Robert, to oppose some provisions of a church-building bill introduced by Mr. Vansittart, afterwards Lord Bexley. Through this concurrence, "the excrescence," as Van Mildert speaks of it, "was separated from the main body of the tree," and the salutary portion of the measure was preserved.

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[c] See Jer. Taylor's Worthy Communicant.

It was about the same time with his own promotion that he was the medium through which the offer of an honorary degree in the University of Oxford was made to Joshua Watson. When announcing the intention of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads to propose his name in Convocation, as the Treasurer of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of the Clergy Orphan School, and of the National Society, Van Mildert assured him that it had originated entirely on public principle; in a just sense of the value of the services he had rendered, and was still rendering, to the best interests of the community at large, and of the Church in particular, by his unwearied labours, and his munificent support of all those institutions which give stability both to Church and State. "I have long known," he writes, "that your worth in these respects has been here well appreciated, and I rejoice that this public testimony of it is now resolved upon."

It was evident that Van Mildert had no thought of the hesitation and reluctance which his friend would feel, and which restrained him at first from answering the communication. Van Mildert had written again and urgently, deprecating the possibility of any doubt as to accepting the offered honour from "a Body for which he knew he entertained sentiments of more than ordinary regard;" when J. W. sent the following letter, (of which he preserved a copy):—

"My dear Friend,

"The kindness of your letter is really quite unanswerable; and I find my pen at this moment refusing, as much as my tongue would do if you were present, to tell you how I feel the subject of your communication, and the affectionate warmth of expression with which it is made. Between us, however, this is of little consequence, as I am sure you have known me far too long not to guess pretty well at the sensations with which it has been received; and, in truth, for a right notion I had much rather depend upon your acquaintance with my mind and its old associations, than upon anything I could say in acknowledgement of an honour from Oxford.

"But if I may make a confessor of the friend, to whose partiality alone, (disclaim it as he will,) I feel I entirely owe the offer of a distinction to which services of a very different order from mine can rarely aspire, I would gladly disclose so much of another feeling as, you will see, makes your counsel and advice on the occasion of much value to me. Taking credit with you, then, without scruple for a proper pride in the proposal, and consequently with a pride much above coquetting with it, I confess to you I cannot but shrink from accepting it. To have been so thought of in Golgotha is to me, who, thank God, am not indifferent or insensible to the praise of the great and good, of itself a reward as much out of all calculation as beyond desert, and of itself far more than enough for my ambition. And furthermore, if I may take the vote in question as an evidence that I have been really useful where I chiefly desired to be so, I am, indeed, richly recompensed for all I can do, and ought to be abundantly grateful for the opportunities which a good Providence has afforded me of promoting in any degree those interests for which it is now, I am sure, especially every man's duty to spend and be spent. But I must, moreover, confess, (odd as it may seem from the mouth of such a pluralist, if you did not know how much has been *jussu superiorum,* and how personal objections have been required to give way to alledged calls of duty,) that the kind of public character which an accumulation of office gives to private labours is to me, who have not a real taste for the thing, one of the greatest sacrifices they demand. So that if, with becoming respect to the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses, the matter might rest where it now is, and I remain in quiet possession of the knowledge of their good opinion, and of the presumption it affords that I have not laboured in vain, I must say it would better accord with my personal feelings and love of privacy than any more public expression on the subject.

"You see, then, my dear friend, how the case stands. If the previous question had been put, there had been no difficulty in deciding. My present perplexity arises out of a doubt as to the manner in which it becomes me to deal with it in the present stage of the proceeding, lest I seem ignorantly or insensibly to throw back an honour which they have gone so much out of their way to propose. Into your hands, therefore, I commit myself, assured on the one hand you will indulge my personal feelings, if it can with propriety be done; and on the other, effectually preserve me from all suspicion of lightly regarding the honour, when in truth the very high value I set upon it is one very weighty reason for desiring to decline it. I say, therefore, only be candid, and give your advice without reference to your own friendly share in the business, and I will obey.

"In adverting again to your share in the business, I beg not to be misunderstood in what I have said either here or in a former part of my letter. I must not be supposed to imagine that the University have regard to personal considerations in these matters generally, or even in the case in question have proceeded upon any other than public grounds. But what else than the partial colouring with which your friendship has from time to time delighted to paint my little services, can have led the Heads of Houses in Oxford for a moment to conceive any public principle involved in the notice of them? You need not affect to disguise them; nor will I at present say more on the subject, but with kindest regards from all here, waiting your answer, remain as ever your affectionate friend,

"J. W."

This letter drew from Van Mildert on the 3rd of April a repeated assurance that the proposal was purely from the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Frodsham Hodson, and had been met by the whole body, not merely with acquiescence, but with individual expressions of the warmest approbation; and that, so far from his own private friendship having given the bias, it had in truth caused him to check a former proposition from the Vice-Chancellor, lest it should be surmised that any gratification of a personal feeling on his own part had contributed to forward the design.

"To lessen, however," he continued, "the weight of personal feeling which so much oppresses you, I must also add that a desire of bearing public testimony of the regard the University has for all those institutions which profit so much by your services, has had especial influence in this proceeding. The daily increasing necessity for upholding these institutions, and raising them by all proper means in the general estimation, is a motive which has prevailed in the present measure. And since there is no one who appears more decidedly than yourself as their accredited representative, how can this desire be more appropriately or significantly manifested?"

Other letters followed, shewing that he was still desirous, if possible, to rest in the quiet testimony of the vote, without being obliged to appear in Convocation. But when it was represented to him that the refusal would embarrass his friends, and be liable to misconstructions which all would regret, he at once yielded. And on the 10th of April the Vice-Chancellor addressed to him the following letter:—

"*Brasenose College, April* 10, 1819.

"DEAR SIR,

"I proposed to our friend, Dr. Van Mildert, well knowing that I should thereby give him pleasure as well as increase yours, that he should be the first to communicate to you the resolution which had been passed by the Board of Heads of Houses and Proctors. But I cannot forego the satisfaction of informing you officially that it is our unanimous wish that it should be proposed in the Convocation to be holden in the Theatre on Wednesday, June 23, to confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law. I earnestly hope that this mode of testifying our respect for yourself and our sense of your various services to so many institutions connected with the Established Church may be acceptable to you; and that it may afford you as much pleasure to receive it as it does me to communicate it, and as I am confident it will the whole University to confer it. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the sincerest esteem, your obedient humble servant,

"F. Hodson, Vice-Chancellor."

To this J. W. answered:—

"*Clapton, April* 12.

"Dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor,

"I have the honour to thank you for your obliging communication of the resolution of the Board of Heads of Houses and Proctors, and gratefully to acknowledge the renewed expression of their regard for those Church Societies which their Treasurer is, however unworthily, considered on the occasion to represent.

"In offering these acknowledgements, I beg to assure you that it is to me a matter of high personal gratification that they have chosen to make this fresh declaration of their good-will to the Societies in question by a vote which proposes to unite me in membership with the University of Oxford, who have always been regarded by me as the most zealous assertors of those principles which lie at the very foundation of the institutions with which I am officially connected.

"If anything could add to the value of an honour thus endeared by the sentiments of affectionate respect with which I have, from early associations, long looked up to the venerable Body from whom it proceeds, I hope you will allow me to say that it is not a little enhanced by the channel through which it comes, and the manner in which it is conveyed.

"With the highest esteem, then, believe me to be, dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, your obliged and very obedient servant,

"Joshua Watson."

He accordingly went down to Oxford for the ensuing Commemoration, and received his degree at the same time with Lord Hill, Sir W. Grant, Sir H. Hardinge, and Robert Southey.

Towards the close of the year 1819, J. W. succeeded in completing a purchase of a long lease of Ely Chapel, Holborn, at a cost, it is believed, of about £3,700 cash, or £6,000 stock, and presented it to the National Society for the use of the Central School. He thus accomplished, as far as circumstances would allow, that which had been a cherished object with him for a considerable time, although he could not induce the proprietors to part with the ground. For the purchase of this also he made provision, and received the contributions of friends, investing the small dividends regularly until the close of his life, and making repeated but ineffectual attempts to obtain entire possession.

His views in this transaction may be best explained in his own words. A rough memorandum in his own writing declares that the Society was to receive the produce, and defray all such charges as the Bishop might think fit, but was to exercise "no interference, direct or indirect, with any of the appointments of the chapel,"—"the whole control being left to the Bishop in all and every point and particular."

J. W. (the memorandum says) would have had no hesitation in taking upon himself the risk of the chapel, and merely giving the room, &c., to the school; but his great object was to divest himself of it entirely, and leaving it no private proprietary character, to place it under the bishop of the diocese. It had been exempt and extra-parochial, and it was not possible with only a lease to make it a parochial chapel of ease. Among the acknowledgments which he received on this occasion, one from Bishop Ryder, of Gloucester, may be selected, which evidently gratified, if not himself, at least his brother, who in returning it said, "I cannot but love him for it:"—

"*Dec.* 2, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I could not remain, in consequence of a sudden call of business, to add my feeble testimony to the general feeling of gratitude and respect which pervaded our meeting on Wednesday at St. Martin's Vestry, and was, no doubt, ably and worthily expressed in the letter drawn up by the Bishop of Ely.

"Your noble gift has, however, often recurred to my mind, and I could not be satisfied without individually assuring you of the high sense I entertain of its motives and value. May the service of the chapel prove, under the Divine favour, the seal and support of every sound and religious impression which may be made at the Central School, and produce in the succession of youthful hearts which will pass under its influence such a warm, practical, and permanent attachment to the Church, as may withstand the temptations of a corrupt nature and an ensnaring world, the assaults of infidelity, and the lures of dissent! May the devisor of such 'liberal things' find himself the blessed promise true, that by 'liberal things he shall stand!' Believe me, my dear Sir, your obliged and very sincere, humble servant,

"H. GLOUCESTER."

"*Clapton, Dec.* 9, 1819.

"My Lord," was the reply, "I am very greatly obliged by the kindness of your lordship's letter; and rejoice in the stability it gives to the opinion I have all along entertained, that the principle which you exerted yourself at our outset to establish in the plan of union, is really the corner-stone of our Society; and that it matters comparatively little how much, or even how well, we teach our children in the week-day, if we do not carry them to church on the Sunday.

"With esteem and respect I have the honour to be, my Lord, your lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"JOSHUA WATSON."

Though praise thus followed after him, he certainly did not sound a trumpet before him. It was four or five weeks later, Jan. 12, that Archdeacon Cambridge wrote from Bath:—

"Was there ever anything like your doing all you have done with Ely Chapel, and my knowing nothing of it but by the 'Christian Remembrancer?' Oh fie! And why did you not encourage me to come up to the National Society meeting the day after we met in Great George-street, when I should have heard what I should so much have liked?"

In the spring of 1820 there is evidence of an endeavour to give a fresh impulse to the Clergy Orphan School; and a note from Bp. Howley to Joshua Watson of rather earlier date shews how earnestly that prelate endeavoured to promote it. He had recommended the charity in his Charge, so that in one instance the whole company had resolved after his departure to subscribe, and had paid their subscriptions on the spot.

"I have engaged," he wrote, "to use my endeavours to raise the establishment to its full complement; and as I see there is to be a meeting on the 13th instant, it is my intention to attend and propose some effective measure. I wish you would consider whether donations or increase of annual subscriptions would be most effective. I am ready to contribute in either way, feeling the present incomplete state of the charity to be a reproach on the clergy at large."

Joshua Watson was associated with Wm. Wilberforce as joint members with the Rt. Hon. J. Villiers of a sub-committee of S.P.G., in an endeavour to improve the condition of the Vaudois clergy; and there are several proofs of his seeking information about their history and claims.

He was, however, prevented from taking his usual share in such works during the earlier months of the year 1820 by a severe illness. We find him on the 9th of June returning to the use of pen and ink, and devoting his first effort to an enquiry addressed to his friend at Lambeth, who was also ill, whether he could in any way serve him or his churches; "for in a feeling of interest for the well-being and well-doing of both these he would yield to no one except the rector himself." Dr. Wordsworth was engaged in building, or at least in preparing to build, four new churches in his great suburban parish; and Joshua Watson was a frequent referee in all the difficulties that arose in the prosecution of so great an undertaking.

"*Hampstead Heath, June* 13.

"I grieve to find," Dr. Wordsworth wrote, "that though you give no proof of it to me, you have still so much occasion to complain of the weakness of your head. What shall I say? When I see you with the many and important demands upon your attention, and that in things which no other man is able to do, I am a thousand times tempted to say, How can he do less! And yet on the other side again, when I look at the multiplicity of these demands upon you, and the evident delicacy of your frame and constitution, I again say, How is it possible that he can do, or how can he be justified in attempting to do, so much? In this dilemma I am driven to have recourse to the highest tribunal, and to pray earnestly that you may have strength given according to your own need, and to the measure of the needs of the mighty concerns that call for and want your aid. I remain, my dear friend, ever most affectionately yours,

"CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH."

Dr. Wordsworth was still very far from well when, on the 28th of June, he received, through the Archbishop, Lord Liverpool's offer of the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge. Joshua Watson was immediately applied to by his friend for counsel, and by the Archbishop as the person to persuade him to accept the appointment, which the Prime Minister was seeking to dispose of on the highest principles. The next morning found him at Hampstead, in his friend's sick-room, and the matter was at once determined. For the same evening he wrote:—

"*Clapton, June* 29.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I cannot despatch the enclosed without expressing my anxious wish for an early assurance that the important discussion of to-day has produced no inconvenient excitement; and that the decision is fully confirmed by your own further consideration, and the concurrence of your incomparable friend[d], who, I think, will understand better than most people how much personal feeling was sacrificed to higher considerations when I unhesitatingly recommended your removal from Lambeth, and the transfer to Cambridge of all those powers of usefulness which must here be so continually missed by yours affectionately,

"J. W."

"Mrs. J. W., who remembers how greatly you were desired at Lambeth, sends you every good wish, but can hardly bring herself yet to send you congratulations on the occasion."

The next letter stands alone, and refers to a church-building plan at Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells, for which his correspondent, Mr. Baden Powell, was gathering funds. It was written from Diggeswell Rectory, his brother's pleasant home in Hertfordshire, where at that time old Mr. Watson was also residing:—

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[d] His hostess, Mrs. Hoare.

"*Aug.* 20, 1820.

"DEAR BADEN,

"Your letter, by an awkward kind of *detour* having visited both Guilsbro' and Clapton before it found its way hither, must now be answered immediately, lest inferring from my silence something like consent to your proposition, you precipitately carry it into effect, and erase our names from your friendly list of contributors,—a measure which can only cost us more than you have at present charged us with; for unless you have found it prudent to keep down subscriptions in order to increase subscribers, I should certainly deem the sum you mention disproportionate to its object, and request the amount to be doubled at least. In truth, as you hint, these are not times for hoarding; for the hour may not be far distant to any of us, in which we may feel that of all which we possessed that only remains to us which we have well spent; and sure I am, if in mercy far beyond our deserts the hour be averted from us, we shall have a debt of gratitude to discharge which ought to pledge deeply whatever is left to us. So that in any case, and without any croaking, you will, I hope, consider us not only as committed for the trifle you mention, but as cheerfully answerable for another call if your necessities require it. Prosecute vigorously, however, your suit before the public, and I trust you will find you have no need of us; which is better still, as an evidence that the signs of the times are not wholly without their effect even on the visitors of a watering-place."

Such was the spirit in which he met the occasions of doing good, and encouraged the promoters of good works. An aged person, who had been a friend of his wife's, was conversing with him in the year 1853, when mention was made of Mr. A. B. Hope's munificent charities, and the different spirit which had arisen in this particular from that which had formerly prevailed: "Ah, Mr. Watson," she said, very earnestly, "you did more to give an impulse to such charities amongst us than any other man, particularly in the city of London. Where we gave £2, you gave £50; and there is no knowing the good it did. You have been a Wellington in your way."

In the letter which has just been given, to Mr. Baden Powell, by speaking of "the signs of the times," he seems to allude to the spirit of misrule and faction, which was excited by the proceedings against the Queen of George IV. There are frequent allusions to these troubles in the letters of his correspondents, fears of local disturbances, and sometimes of personal danger. It was a question which in the middle ranks of society for a time divided houses against themselves. His care and prudence were employed in labouring for peace, and aiding the counsels of his brother, who was often hindered by illness from appearing in public, to preserve the quiet of the parish of Hackney.

Among his friends the one who was most exposed to the storm was Bishop Van Mildert. He had fearlessly given his support to the Bill of Pains and Penalties; and his letters shew how entirely he was persuaded that such a vote was demanded of him under a painful sense of public duty. But it may be remembered how some words used by a distinguished opponent of the Bill in the heat of the debate were calculated to act as a conductor to direct the electric fluid of public wrath upon the heads of the bishops. In the county of Oxford, not at that time under very efficient magisterial regulations, there were some disorders. A tumultuous crowd of country-people attacked the house of the Regius Professor at Ewelme, hurled stones at the windows, and were with difficulty deterred from further acts of violence.

Two or three days afterwards it was announced to him as Dean of St. Paul's, by some of those who were in official attendance on the Queen, that it was her intention to visit the Cathedral in public state, to give thanks for her rescue from the prosecution which she had suffered. Fully resolved that he would in no way sanction what he could only regard as "a mockery of religion and an insult to the Church," he was yet somewhat perplexed how to act without danger of exciting a riot, and acts which might desecrate the sacred building. He wrote to the Ministers of State, and to the Archbishop and Bishop of London; but it does not appear that they were immediately able to advise him. Joshua Watson's advice was both prudent and magnanimous; that, since the Queen's rank was now recognised, and the prosecution abandoned, she should be received with all the outward respect due to her title. Something of this kind might possibly have been done, had not some of her more forward counsellors desired some alterations of the service, and more things than could be legally granted. Van Mildert, therefore, determined not to come up from Oxfordshire, but arranged what was necessary by correspondence with Dr. Hughes, the canon in residence, a man as brave and sagacious as himself[e]. Having first informed the Queen's officer of the ordinary times of Divine Service at St. Paul's, he simply refused to make any alteration on account of the Queen's attendance; and as to any ceremonial, the clergy of the cathedral were to be merely passive, referring it to the civic authorities, who had made it their business on former occasions. This passive resistance was not ineffectual. Whether the transaction was one among many proofs of the truth of the poet's saying,—

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[e] Dr. Hughes was the father of the late ingenious John Hughes, Esq., of Oriel College, and grandfather of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

> "For all things are less dreadful than they seem;"

or whether the mischief was really averted by the wise precautions taken, it is certain that, as an attempt at a demonstration of strength or dignity on the part of the Queen or her advisers, this visit to the cathedral proved to be an utter failure.

It was natural that in these difficulties Van Mildert should have had recourse to his early tried ally:—"I have no friend whose judgment I value in comparison with yours; none who know half so well what times and persons and circumstances require or admit in such a case as this." And again, in acknowledgment of Joshua Watson's answer:—"My dear Friend,—I am more obliged and more comforted than I can express by your two kind letters. I never yet found you a broken reed to lean upon, and I am persuaded I never shall."

There is one other subject of public interest in the correspondence of Joshua Watson for the year 1820, which perhaps deserves to be mentioned; not on account of any results from what was contemplated, for it failed, apparently from lack of efficient agents, but because it shews how readily he and his friends were disposed to promote any means for restoring unity in Christendom. It was a scheme for supplying the impoverished Christians in Greece with cheap reprints of portions of their own early Greek Fathers, thereby to revive among them views of primitive truth, and remove somewhat of the barrier of separation between them and the English Church.

It must not be supposed that, among so many public aims, Joshua Watson was ever regardless of the claims of any of his own kindred, even those who were but remotely related to him, whose circumstances were a plea to urge for kindness. He responded to such claims, not profusely, but constantly and systematically, using the agency of those who were most able and willing to turn his supplies to the best account. We find a letter from the cousin who was chiefly employed in such services, dated November, 1820, acknowledging the yearly remittance of a sum exceeding £100:—

> "If I knew how to thank you, I would do it; but I am conscious that no words of mine can adequately express my sense of your great and unremitting kindness and benevolence: neither are your deeds done for the sake of the thanks of men. I hope, however, I feel and shall ever feel it as I ought, and that all possible happiness, both here and hereafter, may be your reward."

CHAPTER XI.

Domestic events: illness of his brother, and death of his father.—Dr. Wordsworth's designs and labours at Trinity College.—The Church Commission, and Bishop Ryder.—Death of John Bowdler: his last cares for the Scottish Episcopal Church.—Joshua Watson removes to Westminster: his residence in Park-street.—Dean Rennell, and his son Thomas Rennell of Kensington.—Other distinguished clergymen of Joshua Watson's circle at this period.—Bishop Lonsdale, Bishop Blomfield, and Dean Lyall.—Public farewell to Bishop Heber.—Bishop Hobart's visit to England.—Van Mildert's Life of Waterland.—Dr. Wordsworth's "Who wrote Eikon Basilike?"—Blomfield, as Bishop of Chester.

THE year 1821 began with some incidents of domestic anxiety and sorrow. His brother was visited with a dangerous sickness, followed by a long period of suffering. It was the beginning of a disease from which he was ordained to suffer for the remaining portion of his life, and by it to shew forth more eminently the meek graces of his character. Mr. Sikes, who visited him at this first time of trial, writes of it in the following words:—

> "I consider the two or three weeks I spent at or about the vicarage of Hackney as some of the most important time I ever passed. I thank you, dear Watson, for some invaluable lessons in true Christian philosophy; the best *clinical*, practical, and experimental lectures that a Christian, willing to improve, could learn. God grant me grace to do so!"

It was a necessary consequence of this illness that a larger share of the attendance on his father's declining years devolved on Joshua Watson; and it was at his house at Clapton that this beloved parent expired, in August, 1821, at the advanced age of 85. It was an abiding principle with Joshua Watson, that no voluntary duties, of however high a kind, can excuse the neglect of those which are appointed us by Divine Providence. And Archdeacon Cambridge knew well his friend's views, when, shortly before, he had demanded, with affectionate earnestness, to work for him in his public offices, while he was engaged in what he termed "the higher duty of filial care."

The feelings awakened by his father's death cannot be better represented than in the following letter of H. H. Norris, who had received the tidings while absent at Guilsborough:—

"My dear Joshua,

"The letter of this morning has, I need scarcely assure you, carried all our thoughts to you, and mingled them with yours in the scene which is now before you. I cannot depict it to myself as a melancholy scene; for, when the pang of nature is over, what is there in it which does not raise the mind to cheering reflections? It is neither more nor less than the ingathering of a shock of corn ripe for the garner: there is no violence in the dispensation, nothing of prematureness to occasion regret at blasted expectations. On the contrary, it is but expectations all realized, the course finished, the battle won, the faith kept, and the crown of victory awarded.

"The discharge of filial duty has been, I know, to you a source of the most exquisite gratification. And whilst the object of your affectionate solicitude had any enjoyment of life, there would have been the loss of this reflected delight to inflict a sense of bereavement upon you. But God in His mercy had led you to the point of temporary separation by the most gentle steps. He had imperceptibly withdrawn those intellectual endowments which take the fastest hold of the affections; and the body alone had remained to receive the final summons. And if you look at your own years and not over-robust constitution, the thought that you have with your own hands discharged the last duties which it would have been most poignant to you to have been constrained to delegate to others, will add another and a very comforting one to your other numerous consolations.

"I wait your summons to offer my last tribute of respect to a memory most highly venerated. The journey will be nothing on such an occasion: so, I pray, let not distance suppress your wish, if my presence, had I been on the spot, would have entered into your arrangements."

Dr. Wordsworth had begun, at a very early period after his appointment to the Mastership at Trinity College, to aim at a great public work in the improvement of the college buildings, so as to double the number of rooms for students. The estimated cost was £40,000. Joshua Watson was his guest more than once at the Lodge while these designs were in agitation; and it may easily be supposed that he entered warmly into his friend's anxiety for their success. "The subscription," says Dr. Wordsworth in one of his letters, "now amounts to about £6,600; and I will beg of my own kitchen-maid but it shall soon mount up to £10,000."

A constant source of occupation in these years was the Church Commission. Many of the bishops seem habitually to have made him their channel of communication upon the wants of their respective dioceses. It would be tedious to enumerate many instances of this; but the following letter from Bishop Ryder may be singled out as recounting the completion of the first church that was erected with the aid of the Commissioners:—

"*Deanery, Wells, Sept.* 17, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The early and kind and unremitting attention which you were so good as to pay to my favourite object, the new church at Bitton, is much too strongly impressed upon my mind to allow me to delay any longer the gratifying intelligence that I consecrated it on Tuesday last. In spite of one or two slight defects in architectural taste, it is a fair Gothic structure. In situation 'set upon a hill' indeed, observed and admired by the people for several miles round. Its internal accommodation is excellent, both for sight and hearing. The day was almost the only fair one amidst a series of gloomy and tempestuous weather. From 1,500 to 1,600 persons crowded the area, which, however, will contain from 1,000 to 1,200 persons, I understand, *conveniently*. Many of the dissenters, and some of the wildest practical infidels of the neighbourhood, were present. Great decorum, attention, and some degree of apparently deep interest were observable in the congregation. I preached upon the text 'Where two or three,' &c. The curate, who is to be the incumbent, bids fair to prove admirably suited to his most interesting but arduous charge. The district contains about 3,650 souls. A Lancastrian school of 100 flourishes not far from the church. Most of them attended on the day, and sung the proper psalms in a very orderly and pleasing manner. There are good hopes that with very wise and conciliatory management they may be brought in time to admit of our rules,—at all events to attend church. The Wesleyan chief has, I understand, shewn a very favourable disposition. But of course much doubt and mistrust as to such plausible appearances must be entertained, and the clergyman will have to maintain his steady consistency of clerical conduct, while he endeavours in the language of the service 'to reduce in the spirit of meekness.' Happily he has had a good deal of experience in such matters. . . . . I am sure that this rather prolix statement will not need an apology with you, and I remain, dear Sir, your obliged and sincere, humble servant,

"H. GLOUCESTER.

"P.S. I believe that, as the application was the first granted, the building is the first consecrated under the Commissioners."

It will be remembered by the readers of the Memoir of John Bowdler, by his son, the late excellent Thomas Bowdler, how some of the old man's latest cares were for the Scottish Episcopal Church[f]. In these last years of his life, his letters to Joshua Watson shew how prominent these thoughts were in his mind, and how assuredly he counted upon the sympathy of his correspondent. But we have little means of tracing in what particulars this sympathy was called into action. There was an old literary alliance between Bishop Gleig and the editors of the "British Critic;" and the good offices of Joshua Watson and Van Mildert were sometimes employed in reconciling differences which arose between English and Scottish writers on questions where metaphysics had as much concern as theology. This mediation had also been called in, in much earlier days, when John Skinner of Forfar was among the contributors to the "Antijacobin Review," enlisted probably by Stevens. It is remarkable how the letters of this learned Scottish clergyman, addressed to Joshua Watson while Stevens was yet living, appeal to him as even in those early days the acknowledged reconciler of disputes, and counsellor who would do impartial justice between complainants:—

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[f] See the Memoir referred to, p. 269.

"I cannot enter on the contents of your note to Mr. Stevens," says Dean Skinner, "without expressing what inclination as well as duty suggest, the respect for your character with which your zeal in matters pertaining to faith and godliness has inspired me[g]."

The same grateful respect, but still more warmly expressed, pervades John Bowdler's last letters:—

"How great an addition it would be to the comfort of my remaining days, if those whom I saw in your parlour yesterday were my neighbours, and had time to converse with me on the subjects which are uppermost in all our minds, and on which I believe we all think alike. But you are better employed, and I have few wishes ungratified, except for such companions."

The worthy man died within a month after he had drawn up his last address in behalf of the Scottish Church, at the age of 77, June 29, 1823[h].

In the winters of 1821 and 1822, as has been previously mentioned, Bishop Van Mildert and Joshua Watson were joint occupants of a house in Great George-street, Westminster, and had therefore much enjoyment of each other's society. To Joshua Watson it was desirable to have a residence in Westminster, on account of the increasing demands upon his time from the Church Commission. While residing near the office, he spent many mornings there in close attention to its business, and particularly in framing the provision of the Acts of Parliament which were required, and surmounting other practical difficulties which remained, from defects too little regarded in the outset. But what was of equal importance in the eyes of the joint tenants of the house, the place was soon made famous by the choice society which it assembled together, some of the best and ablest and most distinguished characters in the sacred and learned professions, who continued to be attracted to the same centre during many succeeding years, while Joshua Watson lived in Westminster. It was about this time that John Lonsdale's name first occurs in the private records of the family. He was at this time Christian Advocate at Cambridge, and had a little while before become domestic chaplain to Archbishop Manners-Sutton. Possibly he was in some degree indebted to the good opinion of Joshua Watson and Dr. Wordsworth for this appointment. It is certain that he was willing to attribute it to their good offices. It was the beginning of an honourable course to one who has lived to fill many honourable posts of public labour, and is now mentioned with honour as the occupant of the ancient see of St. Chad at Lichfield.

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[g] Letter dated 1804.

[h] See a postscript to the later editions of Judge Park's Life of William Stevens.

Another young clergyman of great promise, who was from this time frequently to be found in these circles, was Thomas Rennell the younger, son of the Dean of Winchester of the same name, who will still be remembered by some who listened to his grave and eloquent discourses in the Temple Church, often pointed with learned allusions. The Dean had been in earlier life a familiar friend of T. I. Mathias, the poet of the "Pursuits of Literature," and was supposed to have had a part in those learned notes which contributed so much to its celebrity. Mathias combines his name with those of Bishop Horsley and Bishop Douglas in his poem. The conversation of the old man, full of the Latin learning of all ages, not without Greek when it was wanted, and animated with a strong horror of Jesuitism, was such as to remind the hearer of the notes to the "Pursuits of Literature."

The Dean was one of the most intimate friends of H. H. Norris, often staying at his house in Grove-street, and receiving him to an annual visit at Winchester. He had formerly known the excellent and patriotic Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, and used to relate some of his personal memorials of the memorable Bishop Butler, to whom Tucker had been some time chaplain. He had been walking by the Bishop's side one day in his garden, and observed him to be unusually abstracted. At length he asked what were his thoughts. "I have been thinking," said Butler, "what would be the effect if, instead of madness being confined to individual cases, it should be permitted, for the execution of some design of Providence, that a whole nation should go mad at once[i]."

Dean Rennell died at a very advanced age in 1840, surviving for many years the short and brilliant course of his son, which was brought prematurely to a close on the 30th of June, 1824, in his thirty-seventh year. Elected from the King's scholars at Eton to King's College, Cambridge, he was distinguished both at school and at the University for high classical attainments, and obtained in 1808 Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek Ode. There he afterwards filled the office of Christian Advocate, and in 1816 was presented by Bishop Howley to the vicarage of Kensington. He was for some time editor of the "British Critic," and his pen was unweariedly employed in the service of theology and sacred criticism; as was proved by many publications from time to time. Of these perhaps that which attracted most attention was one entitled "Remarks on Scepticism," in answer to Morgan, and Lawrence, and other writers, who were then obtaining some notoriety by their advocacy of materialism. This work appeared in 1819, and passed rapidly through six editions. It is remarkable that Lawrence, then a young surgeon of extraordinary skill in his profession, and almost without a rival as a scientific operator, found his practice much impeded by the distrust which his sceptical opinions had occasioned. He had imbibed these opinions, as is most probable, more from youthful vanity than any settled conviction: and it is believed that the check interposed had a salutary effect upon his mind; as it was the account of one who knew him and valued him in later years, that he lived to regret the public offence which his writings had given [k]. Rennell's last publication was one with the same scope, a translation of Munter's "Narrative of the Conversion of Count Struensee;" which he had only just completed before his death. His lively powers of conversation and brilliancy of remarks, ready on all subjects, made his society acceptable in many circles, and it was perhaps natural that the consciousness of his power should have given some pleasure to the exercise of it. Whatever excess there was, was of a purely intellectual kind: but it is supposed that the consequences were destructive of the powers of life. After an evening party, he would return home and employ the hours which nature required for sleep in some of his literary occupations, or in preparing for the pulpit; in which his discourses were always energetic and often marked by much persuasive power.

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[i] See the "Analogy," c. iii., where Butler puts the imaginary case of rational and irrational creatures possessing like external shape and manner. [See also the Editor's Preface.]

Among other frequent visitors from this period at Westminster were also Joseph Holden Pott, successively Archdeacon of St. Alban's and of London, a man of learning, and of a most primitive simplicity and piety of life, and Charles James Blomfield, then Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopgate, and in 1822 made Archdeacon of Colchester; where he was, in 1824, succeeded by William Rowe Lyall, late Dean of Canterbury. This upright and sincere good man was, equally with Bishop Blomfield, a friend retained without interruption to the last. At this time also we begin to find the name of the warm-hearted Dr. Warneford mentioned in these familiar records. The advancement of such men was a matter of great satisfaction to their host, or hosts, at Westminster. Thus Joshua Watson writes to Dr. Wordsworth in October, 1823, from Guilsborough:—

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[k] The late Richard Antony Stafford, an excellent London surgeon, who resided for some years in Saville-row.

"You will have heard, in course, of our excellent and amiable friend Pott's preferment to a stall at St. Paul's; but perhaps you do not know that it is one of the very best things in Bishop Howley's gift. It will, I hope, set that good man at ease in his profession. Lyall, too, a capital fellow *for a Trinity man*, succeeds to Blomfield's chaplainship at London House; and T. L. Strong, to the great comfort of Bishop Van Mildert, gains a little living from the Chapter of St. Paul's. And so the party here, which has been enriched by the addition of the Cambridges, is in high spirits, rejoicing that it is well with their friends, (Prov. xi. 10,) and looking forward with increased confidence to new causes of congratulation on the same grounds of general joy."

In the course of this year he had taken up his abode permanently in Westminster, having purchased the lease of a house in Park-street, No. 6, where he continued to reside for the following sixteen years. It was a residence in which hospitality was made to subserve the highest uses of Christian charity; and the remembrance of the spot is still cherished by those who can recall to mind the assembling of the wise and good within those walls, and yet more, the playful tenderness and unreserved confidence which marked the domestic intercourse of their entertainer, the calm thoughtful hours and sacred rest of the Sundays, with which not even such counsels as his week-days were devoted to were allowed to interfere. One who was in those years a constant guest in Park-street, and was to him almost as a daughter, has recorded her impression of this point of character: "I hope I shall ever remember his exemplary manner of spending Sunday. One thing that strikes me is his determination to avoid all discussion of worldly business of *any* kind, while he allows and encourages mirth and even playfulness in the intervals of serious employment."

His feeling of the frame of mind required for keeping the Christian weekly festival was entirely in harmony with the well-known words of Tertullian, "Diem solis lætitiæ indulgemus." He called it the day of Eucharist; and would sometimes say he could wish the daily service to be so restored, that the Litany might be omitted from the public prayers on the first day in the week, and all the service given up to thankful joy and praise. But not only was there more special provision for the times of family prayer on that day, and religious care for the instruction of all who were under his roof, that they might be joined together in the same mind, but there could be no household in which the private hours were more carefully given to devotional reading, and that kind of communing together which devotional reading brings, those joint meditations and enquiries of spirits mutually intent on spiritual things, which are at once so animating to the young, and so full of comfort to the old.

Such was the character of the life within those walls while the familiar circle was unbroken. And again, when earthly trials had changed the first aspect of the cheerful home, there was added to its usual charm the bright example of calm submission, and untiring love and duty, which shone forth in his days of sorrow.

The death of Bishop Middleton in July, 1822, was felt as a public loss to the Church of England and her reviving missions in the East. Joshua Watson was the treasurer of the fund subscribed to raise the monument which records his name in St. Paul's; and as the good Bishop had left a widow with but a scanty provision from an income freely expended in the public service, he exerted himself to procure an annuity for her in her declining years from the East India Company.

There was a brilliancy in the character of Middleton's successor, Bishop Heber, which when he also, after an interval of little more than three years, was to be remembered in a public monument, seemed to have made a wider impression on the mind of Englishmen than had been made by Middleton's firm and solid virtues. The two men were greatly different. Let nothing be said here to detract from the praise of a man of remarkable genius and lively feeling, who died on a mission to which he had been led by the highest motives to devote himself, and for which he gave up ample preferment, and a large social circle to which he was much endeared, on the borders of his native vales in Cheshire and Shropshire. His Indian journal, perhaps the most remarkable production of his pen, has done more than any work which has even yet appeared to help the English reader to a due estimate of that wide and wonderful portion of our empire, its inhabitants and resources. If he had done nothing else, by the observations which he wrote upon this journey through the Indian provinces he would have proved that he had not lived in vain. Still there were reasons to justify the doubts which the friends of Middleton entertained of his fitness for this eminent position of arduous duty. It is certain that his early career was that of a young poet, a traveller, and accomplished gentleman, rather than that of a zealous parish priest or studious divine. And it cannot be maintained that he ever succeeded in establishing any high character subsequently as a theologian or able critic of theology. When the remembrance of his "Palestine" and other juvenile distinctions had led to his appointment as Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, his graceful appearance in St. Mary's, and graceful delivery of eloquent sentences, commanded the attention of youthful hearers; but there was little remarkable in the argument of his discourses, except some crude speculations on the angelic natures, which offended older judgments, and are now deservedly forgotten. When he afterwards wrote his Life of Jeremy Taylor, though his taste and feeling were manifested in a very pleasing manner, his discernment as a critic was remarkably defective. To one so deeply imbued as Joshua Watson with the spirit of Taylor, this Life could not be entirely satisfactory.

However, no private misgivings, whatever cause might have suggested them, were allowed to influence the public counsels. Heber was invited to a meeting at Bartlett's Buildings, where the Society there assembled,—or rather the Church at home speaking by the mouth of Bishop Kaye,—bade him a solemn farewell, and recommended to him the care of the pious works which Middleton had begun. It is probable that this remarkable scene—which will be remembered by all, who are yet living, and then listened to the address, and the eloquent and expressive answer of the newly-appointed missionary bishop—was arranged in pursuance of the advice of Joshua Watson. He speaks of it a few days afterwards in a letter to Dr. Wordsworth, dated June 24, 1823:—

> "You will be glad to hear that we have made an additional grant of £5,000 to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, that we are going to put all the pulpits of the kingdom in requisition for the National Society, and that we have obtained attention to our plan for the establishment of a West Indian episcopate. Of the valediction you will doubtless have heard much that is satisfactory. It was indeed a grand day, and every one seemed delighted with it; and none more so than your Archbishop, who told me a day or two afterwards, with his usual emphasis, that 'it was perfect.' He is looking well again, you will be glad to learn; and so are the *élite* of his corps, the Bishops of London and Llandaff. The flower, too, of the other Bench, our capital friend Richardson, I rejoice to add, is much recovered. And if such men are restored to action, and Trinity shall build quadrangles, and send Fellows by the half-dozen to Bartlett's Buildings, of what shall the friends of Church and State be afraid?"

It seems to have made the same impression on Van Mildert, who writes to him about the same time:—

"The impression of yesterday's delightful business still glows upon my mind. I know not when I have had so exquisite a treat. It was everything that the purest taste and the most unaffected piety could desire."

Bishop Heber arrived in Calcutta on Oct. 10, 1823, and he died in the month of April, 1826. His time was chiefly employed in India in journeys about the vast empire which had become his diocese; and his early death, followed as it was by the deaths of his two successors at short intervals, was a serious hindrance to the work which Middleton had begun. It was a step in the right direction when he had accepted the presidency of the Church Missionary Society in India, and had some voice in the government of those missions; which appear to have been previously conducted, too much as Regular Missions were in the Spanish colonies, by a director of their own, without communion of counsels with the diocesan[1]. But it was naturally felt as disappointing, when Heber's primary Charge appeared, that it contained no notice of Bishop's College, "the great work of his predecessor," as Joshua Watson with good reason called it, "upon which Middleton had rested his claims to the grateful recollection of present and future times, and upon which all the hopes of associated Churchmen are built for the Christianization of India."

The winter of 1823-4 was made memorable to the friends of Joshua Watson and himself by a visit of John Henry Hobart, the vigorous-minded and zealous Bishop of New York, to these shores. He landed at Liverpool at the end of the month of October, 1823, and was cheered at his landing with the sound of a melodious peal of church-bells. Mr. Norris had anxiously expected his coming, and wrote a letter to meet him at the port:—

"*Grove-street, Hackney, Oct.* 13, 1823.

"You must be carried forward in the primitive way by the Church. Your first stage from Liverpool should be to Birmingham, where I am sure Mr. Spry, whom I left lately, will open his doors wide to receive you[m]. You should next proceed to Mr. Sikes's at Guilsborough, who will send his carriage to Dunchurch, to which one of the Birmingham coaches will convey you in four hours; and from thence you should go to Archdeacon Watson's at Digswell, your course to which place Mr. Sikes will direct: and I will arrange with the Archdeacon for your safe conduct from thence hither; when you have given these three pillars of sound religion as much time as you can spare. . . . . . In anxious expectation of soon taking you by the hand, I remain very truly yours,

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[1] "Holy and obligatory," says Andrew de Rada, Father Provincial of Mexico, "as it is for a prelate of the Church to maintain his jurisdiction, it is equally so for a Superior to defend the immunity and credit of his Society." Letters of Palafox, Madrid, 1761, p. 139. The practical commentary on these words, supplied by the students of the Jesuit College, is to be sought in Spanish records.

"H. H. Norris."

This letter having reached Liverpool before Hobart's arrival, was unfortunately forwarded to New York. But in the course of the following month, and at other intervals during his stay in England, he appears to have been a frequent guest under the roof of both H. H. Norris and Joshua Watson. There was something very striking in the character and conversation of Bishop Hobart. His countenance was beaming with the ardour of the spirit which dwelt within his breast, and his words were ready to flow as from an unexhausted fountain. Such was the impression on Mr. Sikes, who took great delight in him; and spoke of it in a letter to Park-street:—

"We have been much interested with Bishop Hobart, who left us on Friday. He is vastly pleasant, and brimfull. He made a thousand apologies for talking so much; but we should have been sorry had he talked less. We have a chance of seeing him once more, should he approach our quarters on his return from the North. Oh, it was funny to see honest democracy and sincere episcopacy fast yoked in the man's mind, and perpetually struggling for his heart."

His attachment to the political system of his own country was indeed unshaken; and it was scarcely possible, for those who were admitted to any personal intercourse with him during his stay in England, not to see how his loyalty for the land of his birth was ready to take the alarm, if he was ever suspected of having imbibed any kindness for monarchy together with his love for apostolical order. But at the same time he often spoke of the American Government as being essentially a copy of the British, except that the chief magistrate was one who held his office for a limited period and by election: the Senate and Chamber of Representatives answering to our two Houses of Parliament; the judicial system almost entirely taken from ours, the names of judges, juries, and sheriffs denoting the same offices as in England.

In the following autumn he was a visitor of William Wordsworth's and Robert Southey's in the Lake District, and afterwards passed some months in Italy, chiefly at Rome and Naples[n]. He then returned again to England, and finding Joshua Watson at Cheltenham, he partook of his last English dinner with him there towards the end of August, 1825.

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[m] The late Dr. J. H. Spry, subsequently Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of St. Mary-la-Bonne, London.

On his return to America he immediately preached, and afterwards printed, a sermon, the object of which was to institute a comparison between the United States of America and some of the European countries through which he had travelled, and to shew that he was still himself both contented and happy to be a citizen of that wonderful republic, and would desire his hearers to believe that he had found new reasons for such contentment in what he had seen in other lands. This sermon was sent to England with a Prefatory Letter to Joshua Watson; and provoked a degree of angry controversy without much reason from an Irish divine of some eloquence who had been preferred to a benefice in London. Those who knew Bishop Hobart were glad to see his defence ably made in the "Vindication" published by his friend, the excellent Hugh James Rose. As Joshua Watson said of it: "The good Bishop always avowed in this country the sentiments which he published on his return. His principle was, that both our Lord and His Apostle abstained from interference with worldly persons; and that he would have had no right, even if he had been in theory a monarchist, to prejudice episcopacy in the eyes of his republican brethren by identifying it with monarchy." But in point of fact he returned to America as true a republican as he quitted it. He may have been mistaken, or have been led to exaggerate the evils which he thought he saw in the union of Church and State, the exercise of the royal prerogative, and the preference he felt for a voluntary system over one protected by old endowments; but the honesty of his purpose was so clear, that the attack it provoked rebounded only to the disadvantage of his assailant.

During these years Bishop Van Mildert's summer-residence in his diocese was usually at Colbrook House, near Abergavenny. Here Joshua Watson was sometimes his guest, and probably they had some conferences on the Life of Waterland, which was published towards the close of 1823, one of the most masterly and perfect pieces of ecclesiastical biography which the Church of England has produced. Van Mildert mentions it in some of his letters written during this year:—

"*April* 9, 1823.

"I send you a small packet of Waterland's letters, &c. Pray look them over and return them, if you can, on Monday, with your opinion whether they shall go to press."

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[n] See his Life by Dr. Berrian, pp. 299—327.

"*June* 23.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have reason to be sorry, much more for my sake than for yours, that you have not found time to give me the benefit of your critical taste and judgment, from which I never yet failed to derive both profit and pleasure, on the whole of the MSS. committed to your inspection. But for what you have been able to do for me I am thankful, and am well aware that the public has daily and hourly calls upon you for much more substantial services."

This good and learned man was now beginning to feel painfully the first approaches of deafness, an infirmity which he continued to experience more or less intensely during the latter part of his life:—

"If this should continue," he wrote at the close of 1824, "my taking the chair at the meeting you speak of will be quite out of the question. Yesterday morning I could neither hear the responses of the Litany, nor of the Commandments, and was obliged to blunder on by guess as to the proper time of interposing my part of the service. Should this continue, there is an end to me as a public man, or even as a member of society. But I am willing to hope that this extreme infirmity may be only temporary."

Happily it was mitigated, and did not prevail to the impediment of public duty.

Dr. Wordsworth was about the same time preparing his book of critical enquiry into the authorship of the *Eikon Basilike*, on which he wished his friend to give him his opinion in person by coming down to Cambridge to meet the poet: "To have two such critics cutting one up at the same time would be delightful." It does not, however, appear that Joshua Watson saw it before it was printed. He then writes early in 1825:—

"Of the *Eikon* I hear much. It is in every body's hands; and many, I think, are pleased and convinced. For though few seem satisfied with your theory of Clarendon's sulky silence, or Gauden's moral insanity, yet most are interested by the discussion, and acquiesce in your decision. The verdict, on a balance of evidence, must go in favour of Charles."

Mr. Hallam pronounced a contrary opinion somewhat peremptorily, and professed to think that Gauden's claim to the authorship could not reasonably be disputed. It is the fate of all controversies relating to the Stewart family, that they trench so much on party feeling, that no impartial sentence can be expected. The present writer can see no ground for dissenting from the sentence of Bishop Pearson, when the doubt was first started: it is the King's own book; for "none could pen it but himself[o]."

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[o] See the Memoir of Bishop Pearson, prefixed to his Minor Theological Works, p. xliii.

The two friends had occasion once or twice during this period to exchange congratulations on the promotions of Bishop Blomfield and Archdeacon Lyall. Their feelings were such as may be in some measure conceived from the following letter of Henry Vincent Bayley, in which he gives a vivid account of Blomfield's primary visitation in the diocese of Chester. The writer was a man from whom it is some praise to have earned such approval:—

"*Jan.* 5, 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"You will perhaps be glad to hear something of this diocese, which is my native one; from our Bishop himself you will have received tidings of his marvellous activity and success. But at the same time reports of his ultra-discipline, which are very widely circulated, may have reached you. Having known and heard much of his proceedings at Liverpool, &c., and having witnessed them at this most important place, I can assure you that he has made an impression on the public mind and feeling such as I never saw, or could have believed possible. With the utmost firmness, openness, and decision, he joins a manner of conciliation and a tone of persuasion quite irresistible. Every one sees that his whole heart is in his duty; that he does not seek popularity; and that his object simply is to do good. He has gained the Dissenters, not by compromise, but by boldly and openly avowing his decided attachment to the Church, and his full belief that in her services and communion the best rules and means of Christian conduct are to be found. At the same time he judges liberally of all men, and imputes no bad motive to the less orthodox opinions of any person or sect. Really all sorts of people seem to contend who shall speak most highly of him. The great secret of his popularity is manliness: speaking with authority, and trusting to the character of his office, and to the truth of his arguments, he convinces and influences all who hear him. In company he is delightful. In short, I cannot picture to myself a more perfect image of a Christian bishop. The only fault I can find is, that he will soon sacrifice his constitution, if he persists in working so outrageously both with mind and body. In addressing his ordinees on the subject of amusements, he has deprecated fox-hunting, the Cheshire idolatry; and he is therefore represented by some of its votaries as proscribing all amusements, dancing, singing, cards, &c. The fact is, he has never, directly or indirectly, given any opinion on any one of these subjects; and if you happen to hear the thing mentioned, you may most unequivocally contradict it. His usefulness must not be crippled by such absurd reports; if he was in a private station, they would be unworthy of notice.

"Believe me with sincere esteem and respect,
"Yours truly,
"H. V. Bayley."

CHAPTER XII.

The commercial crisis of 1825.—*Joshua Watson's pecuniary loss providentially lightened by his charitable use of his wealth.—Archbishop Manners-Sutton.—His generous friendship.—His death and character. Hugh James Rose.—Efforts to increase the number of bishops in India. —Archdeacon H. V. Bayley.—Chief Justice Tindal.—Illness of Joshua Watson in* 1827, *and letters to his brother.*

THE close of the year 1825 is chiefly remembered as a period of general distress, from the effects of that calamitous commercial hurricane in which so many private fortunes and public companies suffered shipwreck. Among the insolvent houses of the time was one in which some near friends and connections of Joshua Watson were deeply concerned; and his own loss, though not ruinous, was such as sensibly to impair his income for many years afterwards. The day of adversity, however, to him was more memorable for the testimony which it brought to the public estimation of his worth. The writer, at that time almost a stranger to the circle of Joshua Watson's acquaintance, well remembers how the news of this calamity was received among those who were equally strangers, as a kind of public grief. "Others might have lost what was valuable to themselves or their families: but he was one who had held all he possessed only for the uses of religion and charity, and the blow would come altogether on the head of the sacred trusts for which he lived and laboured." These were the words which were repeated from rank to rank, and from man to man, wherever his name and services were known.

But above all, Archbishop Manners-Sutton, though he was at this time suffering from illness, roused himself to act a part which ought to be mentioned to his honour, and was most gratefully cherished in remembrance by him to whom such unlooked-for kindness was displayed. Among Joshua Watson's papers, consigned to those who are answerable for this Memoir, is the following brief note in the aged Primate's handwriting:—

"*Lambeth Palace, Dec.* 19, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"When you called upon me a week or ten days ago, I was not well enough to see you. I am now most anxious to have five minutes' conversation with you. Spare me, if you can, five minutes, to-morrow morning, between the hours of ten and twelve.

"From, my dear Sir,
"Your faithful and obliged Friend and Servant,
"C. CANTUAR."

And on the same sheet of paper, as taken down from his lips by one who shared his most private confidences, is an account of the interview to which the note invited him. The Archbishop began with apologizing for requesting him to call, instead of coming to him; "His medical advisers," he said, "would keep him at home; but he could not bear any delay in telling him," (which he did with more agitation than Joshua Watson had ever witnessed in him, with a faltering voice and suffused eyes,) "that from the bottom of his heart he felt for him, and that if there was anything on earth which he could do for him, it would be the greatest possible satisfaction. These are not words of course," he said, "I speak from my soul; and upon every public and private ground of personal respect I say, it would be the highest gratification to me to come forward in any way that can be of use." His emphatic and earnest manner both surprised and overpowered one who had so humble a sense of his own claims on the good Primate's kindness. "It is more," he said, "than I could under any circumstances have deserved; far more than I could have conceived possible on account of anything that I have done." "Not so," said the Archbishop; "I have long been under great obligations to you, beginning with the fund for the German sufferers. They are obligations of many years; and again I say, if there be any way, in which I or mine, or any of us can be of use, be sure you cannot do us greater kindness." When assured that there was no need, he seemed almost disappointed, and would hardly accept the assurance. "Well," he said, "perhaps not now: but it may be otherwise. Pardon me for all I have said. I could not help saying it: I have never been more earnest: I have never felt more strongly in my life." Such an interview, from its very nature, could not be prolonged. Joshua Watson hastened home, and gave vent to his grateful feelings in a few words addressed the same day to the Archbishop in writing:—

"*Dec.* 20, 1825.

"My Lord,

"The condescension and kindness of your Grace this morning quite overcame me. I had no words for my feelings at the time; neither do I feel myself at all more capable of doing justice to them at present.

"But I must assure your Grace, that what I then felt, never, never can be forgotten; nor, I humbly pray, may it ever be remembered without its proper effect on,

"My Lord,
"Your Grace's most grateful and obliged Servant,
"Joshua Watson."

Judge Park had been with the Archbishop on the day before this interview, and the Archbishop sought counsel from him as from a common friend. "Judge," he said, "I can tell you, I could not love that man more were he my own son." Bishop Blomfield also wrote to him immediately, pressing him to use not only his whole balance at his banker's, but whatever his credit could raise, with a tone of hearty kindness which the grateful mind of Joshua Watson affectionately remembered in his old age long after the occasion had passed away. The same generous sympathy had probably been expressed by other bishops to the Primate, as his words seem to imply. For seldom has any primate presided over the English Church, whose personal dignity of character commanded so much deference from his suffragans, or whose position was so much strengthened by their concordant support. The fact is certain; and the cause deserves to be more studied than it has been by some writers on the state of Church affairs during his primacy.

As to the immediate occasion of this demonstration of a benevolence so honourable to him as a Christian bishop, it is possible that the offer might have been in some way accepted, had circumstances made it necessary. But it is not uninstructive to know, that at such a perilous time Joshua Watson was rescued from any immediate pressure by the repayment of a large sum, which he had himself some years before lent for a most benevolent purpose to a good and honourable friend. Happily also the monies, which he held as treasurer of the several Church Societies, were almost all in safe keeping elsewhere. So that, though his private loss at the time was severe, it was not such as to embarrass him; and the only practical result of the interview was to leave a most lively sense of the Archbishop's delicate kindness.

Archbishop Manners-Sutton died about two years and a-half after this interview, July 21, 1828, aged 73. He had received his early education at the Charterhouse, with his brother, who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer, Judge of the Exchequer, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Thence he proceeded to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he took his first degree among the wranglers in 1777. His first preferments were to some family-livings in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. He was then made Dean of Peterborough, and afterwards was the successor of the excellent Bishop Horne in the see of Norwich, in 1792. He resigned the deanery of Peterborough on becoming a bishop; but about two years later was made Dean of Windsor, and held this office till his promotion to Canterbury in 1805, on the death of Archbishop Moore. It is supposed that he owed his primacy to the especial preference of King George III., his great minister Pitt having designed rather to advance his own tutor, Bishop Tomline, to that high station[p]. If the fact is as supposed, it is an instance of the King's discernment: for if the new Archbishop was then under some sinister reports as a Churchman of profuse expenditure, such a fault in a prelate was less censurable than an inclination to the other extreme. But whatever truth there might have been in these reports at an earlier period, his good husbandry after he had become primate was sufficient to efface any remembrance of them. And it was not, what is sometimes seen, a revulsion from one vicious habit to the opposite; but his expenditure was liberal, his household well provided for and well-governed, his domestics orderly and attached to their master, his public days marked by a degree of chaste splendour, while his charitable donations continued to flow abundantly, yet with careful discrimination. Joshua Watson's high estimate of his private and public character, and of the wisdom of his administration, was often and strongly expressed in later years. It was, therefore, from no mere impulse of the time that he wrote the following letter to the son of the departed Primate, then Speaker of the House of Commons:—

"*Dec.* 5, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"May I have your leave to apply to Chantrey for half a dozen casts of the bust, which he has, I understand, just finished for you. The request is large, I confess; but, under all its circumstances, it may, I hope, be excused. A strong sense of much undeserved kindness for many years to myself, no less than a deep conviction of the extraordinary services which the late Archbishop was graciously permitted to render to the Church of England during the most busy period of her history since the Reformation, make me, I confess, most anxious not only to possess such a memorial myself, but to be enabled to offer one to each of the Societies which he delighted to honour by his personal attendance at their several boards. How much time was given to these objects you, my dear Sir, are very well aware: but the public benefits conferred by the daily sacrifice of private comfort by such a man none can know, but those whose labours were animated by his presence, whilst his judgment directed their counsels, and his courtesy won their affections.

"If there be, as I fear there is, somewhat of presumption in such an individual tribute, I trust it may yet be forgiven to one who had more than common opportunities of feeling in himself and witnessing in others the happy influence of that presiding spirit which, equally fitted to conciliate and control, seemed specially raised up to meet all the delicacy and difficulty of the eventful season of his primacy.

"On these points, however, I feel it may not become me to enlarge. I beg, therefore, to conclude with assuring you, that I have the honour to be, with much respect to yourself, and with most affectionate veneration for the memory of the Archbishop,

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[p] The supposed purpose of Pitt is now ascertained to have been as here stated. See Earl Stanhope's Life of Pitt, vol. iv. pp. 232, 233.

"My dear Mr. Speaker,
"Yours, &c.,
"Joshua Watson."

Mr. Manners-Sutton cheerfully acceded to this request, and responded to the application in terms which attest the strength of his filial affection. "In all you say, my dear Sir, of my dear father, I so well know its truth, that I am sure you will not think me ungrateful or uncourteous for your kindness, in describing your statement as strict correct justice to one of the best of men, and one of the most valuable and efficient public servants that ever lived." The services of the man who wrote these words were rendered to a generation of legislators which is now passing away; but it is yet recollected that few have filled the office of Speaker with more graceful dignity, more patient courtesy, or strict impartiality; and the name of Lord Canterbury is mentioned with a portion of the same honour as belongs to his father and Lord Manners. Seldom, to use his own word, has the country enjoyed the benefit of three such valuable and efficient public servants, within so short a period, from one family.

To return to the date of the beginning of this chapter, private concerns were not allowed to divert Joshua Watson's mind for any length of time from public duty. There was early in 1826 a negociation in hand with the Bible Society which might have led to some plan by which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge could have co-operated with it for their common object. To this plan he seems to have devoted much earnest consideration; but it led to no result, from causes which may be easily imagined, and are in some degree explained by the following letter of H. H. Norris:—

"*Feb.* 8, 1826.

"My dear Joshua,

"From what transpired last night in conversation at Dr. Richards's, I cannot refrain from giving you a word of caution upon the important measure now in progress, lest after all your expense of time and thought you should be overtaken by the fate of some other restorers of breaches, and through the new material you are introducing the rent be made worse. An allusion having been made accidentally to the plan of pacification, as it was called, from that moment the whole of the conversation was engrossed by it. The whole company were startled; and after all the explanations I gave, none seemed to view the matter favourably, and some shewed a decided hostility. I assure you I endeavoured to make it appear that principle was secured, and that everything was conceded by the other party, upon which a stand ought to be made against their proposal, and, therefore, that all producible ground of demurrer was taken away; but I had no success. Now, my good friend, you may fairly consider this party a sample of our whole Society; and if such was the impression here, what will it be when the question comes to be debated, not merely in Lincoln's Inn-square, but throughout the country? There are violent men on the uncompromising side of the question, as well as on the side of conciliation: and what will the issue be, if we transfer the apocryphal controversy from the Bible Society to our own?"

It is now that we find his correspondence manifesting a growing interest in the rising reputation and character of the lamented Hugh James Rose. Bishop Selwyn, who was in this year among those younger members of the University who listened to his preaching at Cambridge, has on later occasions borne witness to the effect it produced on those who heard it.

"We have had to-day," writes Dr. Wordsworth in April, 1826, "a very excellent sermon from Rose, the second which I have heard, on the duties of the ministry, both in a delightful frame of mind, and evidently making a very satisfactory and deep impression. His voice is sweeter than that of either Le Bas or Benson; and he is a substitute for them for whom we ought to be most thankful. I carefully delivered to him your kind message: you must make him a bishop."

The discernment of Archbishop Manners-Sutton had been attracted towards H. J. Rose by some letters which he had written to the Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge concerning its publications. The Archbishop recommended these letters to Joshua Watson's notice, and it led to some pleasing correspondence between him and the writer of the letters; but he used to say that he was not prepared for the congeniality of feeling and the rare qualities of heart and mind of which he became conscious when they first had a personal meeting together. The opportunity for this meeting was given by Mr. Rose coming to call on his friend Bishop Monk, then Dean of Peterborough, who was on a visit at Park-street. From that time the bond of intimacy between them was formed, and grew more and more entire, until the elder friend had to mourn, with many of the wise and good, over the disappointment of high and cherished hopes by the death of the younger in the meridian of his useful life and labours.

After the death of Bishop Heber, Joshua Watson was engaged in some negociations with the East India Company for an increase of the episcopate in India. A memorial was prepared and agreed to by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge towards the close of the year in which the news of his death arrived in England. But this proposal had no immediate success, as nine or ten years elapsed before the formation of the sees of Madras and Bombay. Archdeacon Cambridge was not present at the meeting, but read a report of it in a newspaper, and wrote to express his satisfaction:—"It was admirably managed, quite like yourself; and whatever effect it may have on those who have the power to accomplish the object, it cannot fail, in my opinion, to excite a considerable sensation in the country, and ultimately lead to the accomplishment of so necessary a measure. Meanwhile it must add to the dignity and character of the Society."

It is certain that the proceedings of the Society at this period, and under the primacy of Archbishop Manners-Sutton, had a weight of influence on the public mind of the Church which made it perfectly natural for Archdeacon Cambridge to speak in these terms of it. If this influence has scarcely been sustained in later years, it may be worthy of consideration what causes have led to its decline.

While the hope remained that some more immediate effect might appear in the resolutions of the East India Company, Joshua Watson wrote to Dr. Wordsworth for his opinion on the question, whether there would be any fatal objection against sending out one bishop, with express commission to consecrate a specified presbyter, and with direction to these two to consecrate a third, who should also be named in the patent. That which suggested the question was obviously the loss and inconvenience which the Indian Church had twice suffered, and was still to suffer, from the death of bishops, whose health was not equal to the trial of an Indian climate, and the subsequent long vacancies of the see of Calcutta. "We know the practice," he said; "but we know the ground too; and will not the end being answered, and the exception not being extended beyond the necessity of the case, satisfy for the deviation from the rule?"

Dr. Wordsworth's answer was written during the Christmas vacation, when, the libraries at Cambridge being closed, he could not consult all the authorities he wished for to guide him to an opinion; nor could he undertake to say how far the royal prerogative might control the canon. "If, indeed, we are at liberty to recur to first principles, then it should seem that the act of one bishop alone is essential, and the reasons which are given by Durandus for more, [*Rationale Div. Offic.*, lib. ii. c. 11,] do not, I see, extend beyond precedent and expediency. 'Trium autem Episcoporum ad minus, computato Metropolitano, præsentia requiritur, ratione et exemplo. Ratione, ne tantum beneficium videatur *furtive* præstitum, et pro illo pariter preces ad Deum effundant. Et exemplo, quia et Jacobus frater Domini a Petro, Jacobo, et Joanne Apostolis ordinatus est Episcopus Hierosolymitanus.' "

The question is one which appears to have been properly decided by Bingham. In the primitive Church the canons required the consent of the bishops of the province to the consecration of a new bishop; and three bishops at least were required to be present at the act of his consecration[q]. But what is done uncanonically is not always invalid; and there are a few instances in which the Church seems to have ratified an irregular consecration. The common consent of the episcopate at home might probably have given validity in a case of necessity to such a commission as Joshua Watson proposed. But as yet the necessity was not felt in those quarters where it was most essential to have it acknowledged. "India still continues without a bishop," he wrote, in February, 1827; "and it is too clear that it will some time longer remain without more than one."

With the same care for the cause of Christianity in India, and for the encouragement of one of its most able and devoted missionaries, he was now endeavouring to obtain from the Cambridge Senate a vote conferring a degree of D.D. on the learned Dr. W. H. Mill, for many years Principal of Bishop's College. This appears to have been impeded by some legal difficulties, till it was accomplished by royal mandate in 1829.

There had been a wish indulged and expressed by the two friends that Archdeacon H. V. Bayley might be appointed to the Divinity chair at Cambridge, which about this time had become vacant by the promotion of Bishop Kaye. But the Archdeacon could not be persuaded to become a candidate, and Dr. Turton was selected for the office. H. V. Bayley is scarcely known to have published anything but a single Charge, if that may be said to have been published which was printed at a country press, and had little circulation except among the private friends of the author. It is probably little known at present; but for its elegancy of style and learning, and practical advice on catechising and other difficult and important points of clerical duty, it is a little tract of more than ordinary value. He was, however, one whose cheerful spirit and natural love of freedom in private life would probably have been too much burdened with the conventional restraints of a public office. His mirthful kindness and lively flow of soul gave him a singular power of attracting the regard of the young, while the stores of a mind at once wise and beneficent were equal recommendations to the old. In November, 1826, he was presented to the living of West Meon in

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[q] See Theodoret, Eccl. Hist., v. c. 23.

Hampshire; on which he resided till his death in August, 1844, and where he has left memorials of his good works.

He was now in frequent correspondence with Joshua Watson, designing at once to build two new churches and a school on this living; often wondering how his friend, who was at the time suffering from illness, was yet able to work so ardently and actively for the public at large. "Your spirit travels," he said, "in hundred-league boots." He sent the Charge above-mentioned to act as a sedative to the patient on his couch: "It offers its services to supply the place of poppy and mandragora." He then speaks, as he does in other letters, in a tone of heartfelt humility, of the reasons which withheld him from consenting to be named for the Regius Professorship, although his friends had assured him of almost certain success. "I never was intended to lead: to pioneer and to fight under good colours is my talent, and my ambition, and my delight. I speak my inmost thoughts to you as to a brother; for your kindness not only demands that I should, but it has hindered my doing otherwise. Somehow or other I never could *behave* before you: perhaps you will be inclined to generalize this confession."

Among his early friends at Trinity was the late Chief Justice Tindal, who, before his elevation to the Bench, was now for a short time Member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge. Of him he speaks in one of these letters:—

> "My most excellent friend Tindal, the Solicitor-General, who will ere long be almost at the head of his profession, who is really the best of laymen on my list of worthies, and who is as full of fun as he is of law and sense, of black books and dark looks, writes thus to me: 'I hope I need not inform you that in any way you can make use of my name in the service of the Church, I shall not only be happy, but feel highly honoured. Last year I was Steward to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Do with me this year just as you think I can be most serviceable. I look to you for an introduction to Mr. Watson.'"

The illness to which Archdeacon Bayley alludes was a long and painful attack of sciatica, which disabled Joshua Watson during the most active period of the year in 1827, till he gradually recovered as the summer advanced, and was at length well enough to leave his crutches in the autumn at Buxton. There are many testimonies among his correspondence to the regret occasioned by his absence from those meetings, at which there were so many to welcome him as the best adviser; and these not merely from those who might be suspected as swayed by private affection, but equally from those who could only speak from regard to his public worth. But the language of H. H. Norris is at once feeling and characteristic :—

"I am right glad to hear such improved and improving accounts of the progress you are making towards a complete restoration of health; nor am I less thankful than delighted. For all those important concerns in which we have been so long jointly interested, have been in the condition of Pharaoh's chariots, and in retrograde movement, since your superintendence has been withdrawn; and the times are come when all the energy that can be thrown into their operations, and all the tone and excitement which they can be made to communicate, will be required."

The aspect of political affairs was now anxious: "a great man had fallen in Israel;" Mr. Canning had died after a short and sudden illness on the 8th of August, 1827 :—

"The gleam of light which you throw upon your picture of yourself is that which we delight to dwell upon. So we hope and pray it may shine more and more upon all of us; for it is a common sorrow, and it will be a common joy when we can see you fully restored."

This was not the feeling of partial friendship only. Archdeacon Pott, writing not long before to John James Watson, used nearly the same terms :—

"I have not for some time seen Mr. Joshua Watson, though he is never for a day absent from my thoughts. How can he, when, day by day, I am called to meetings of which he is the life, and a thousandfold the best adviser, whenever he comes amongst us?"

The following letter to the same excellent brother was written with a trembling hand, when his illness had so far abated as to allow him to resume his pen :—

"My dearest Brother,

"The firstfruits of my pen must be given, as they are most justly due, to the dearest and most affectionate of many dear and affectionate correspondents.

"It will be, however, I fear, a much more scanty offering than I hoped and intended; but it will go to one I know, happily for me, always most ready to accept the will for the deed. It is well, therefore, that the kindness of the principal and under-secretaries for the home-department have left me little to tell of the state of my body; and the condition of my mind, and the feelings which govern it, have been so delightfully expressed in two of your late letters, that I must either repeat what you have said or say it worse.

"It is impossible, indeed, not to have wished sometimes during our long separation, and under its peculiar circumstances, for an opportunity of interchanging our thoughts on the deeply interesting subjects which, by God's grace and of a holy necessity, engaged them. But even this has, doubtless for the wisest and best purposes only, been withheld from us. I can already in some measure understand how this may have been best for me. A brother's partial love might have made you less able to help me in that rigorous self-enquiry, that lengthened scrutiny into the past, to which I have felt myself called. Such long trials and protracted occasions of examination are not sent without an object by that merciful Being who designs our good in every dispensation of His providence. And indeed the heart is not so deceitful but that we know ourselves much better than any one else can know us: and I acknowledge it to be amongst the greatest mercies, perhaps I should rather say itself the greatest mercy, in a life rich with mercies and blessings, that I have been thus constrained, in the retirement of a sick room and the exclusion of so much of the world and its concerns, to ask it many a home-question, which it has not failed honestly to answer in a way to produce the deepest self-abasement, and make me feel assuredly that it is only through the merits of my Saviour's sacrifice that my very best actions can hope for pardon and acceptance.

"But I must have done. I have already gone much further than I expected. I have tired myself, and probably have wearied you. So I drop the pen, remaining as ever, if not more than ever,

"Your affectionate brother,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

Such outpourings of inner feeling from him have more force and value because they were so rare, and found no utterance except to those two or three with whom it was his joy and comfort that he had no reserve. In another letter, written about a month later, he speaks of himself as partially restored to society, but almost disabled from writing by the exertion of seeing kind enquirers:—

"Thirty years of almost continually growing happiness filled our hearts with thankfulness almost to overflowing, and left, as you rightly seemed to expect, no room for murmuring or repining at any little present suffering, even if that suffering had not brought a blessing with it. In truth, my dear brother, our chief concern was for yourself at Diggeswell; and that was propitiously lessened, on the anniversary of our wedding-day, by Toulmin's report. So that our hopes for the future were graciously permitted to unite with our gratitude for the past; and to these we had only to add our earnest prayers, that what had been already sown in mercy might spring up in duty, and that, even if hereafter it was ordained that we should sow in tears, we might still reap in glory; which a good God of His infinite goodness grant to us and to those most near and dear to us!"

When the brothers were at length permitted to meet again, they were both laid on couches; and the meeting was almost such as the interview between the two fathers of Jarrow, so pathetically described by Bede, neither being able to move without support. But after a few days' rest at Diggeswell, he was so far recruited as to continue his journey towards Buxton, a place which seems to be endued with some singular medicinal virtue of air and water for the healing of such cases of suffering, and which he gratefully remembered for the benefit he had found there.

In his correspondence during the year 1827 there is to be found one letter mentioning an instance of a practice which seems to have been not infrequent with him, and which shews how he turned his business-habits to account for the aid of some of the Church's labouring servants in distant lands. It would sometimes happen that a temporary advance of stipend before it was due was an important accommodation to a missionary going out to his mission: an example occurs in this letter, which is endorsed by Joshua Watson with the words, "Remittance to Madras, £450. Settled by his bill." The writer of the letter says, "I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the very valuable accommodation you have so readily and liberally afforded us. The relief was most substantial; yet I may say, *Materiam superabat opus.*"

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CHAPTER XIII.

Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford: his services at Oxford.—Van Mildert's testimony to him.—Is elected Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Regius Professor.—His diligence in his office.—Literary and theological correspondence with H. H. Norris.—Reviews, and opinions of contemporary theologians.—Letter on the power of the Keys.—His friendship with Joshua Watson.—Reflections on the occasion of his death.

IT is about this time that we find proofs of a growing intimacy between the subject of this Memoir and Charles Lloyd, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford from the year 1822, afterwards in 1827 for a short time bishop of that diocese. He had been introduced to Joshua Watson and H. H. Norris by William Van Mildert, with whom he was a great favourite. A well-remembered verse describes the man as—

"Honest Lloyd, blunt and bluff;"

and, as far as outward bearing is concerned, the description is true: but it fails to represent the almost infantine tenderness of nature which lay beneath the surface, the frank-hearted and discerning friendliness which shone through the sallies of a playful humour too buoyant to be controlled. He had been for some years one of the senior tutors at Christ Church, "the fairest light in no dark time," when the College numbered among its tutors Short and Longley, both since raised to grace the episcopal bench, and Levett, Bull, and Cramer, all names worthy of remembrance for private worth, ability, and learning. But those who survive will readily admit that Lloyd was more than their equal for talents and acquirements of all kinds, for his varied knowledge, and the ease and skill with which he communicated his knowledge; and second to none in the conscientious vigilance with which he watched over the moral and religious training of his pupils. It was a penetrating sagacity guided by affection, which was irresistible. It was felt as a new offence to have disregarded an appeal to duty from a mind so noble and so pure.

In 1819, on the retirement of Van Mildert from Lincoln's Inn, he was elected Preacher. His competitor was Reginald Heber, who afterwards succeeded him in the Preachership. It would seem that Lloyd was not then so well known in London society as his accomplished opponent; and there were persons ready to represent his claim as resting on little else than political support from the Government. Such rumours drew from Van Mildert the following letter to H. H. Norris, which, in honour to the memory of the elder of the two friends, and as an act of justice to the younger, it is proper to place on record:—

"*Christ Church, March* 29, 1819.

"MY DEAR NORRIS,

"You know that it is a point of delicacy with me not to interfere by espousing the interest of either of the candidates to succeed me at Lincoln's Inn. But so far as concerns my excellent friend Mr. Lloyd, I cannot forbear giving you an opportunity of setting any one right who conceives a prejudice against him as relying upon undue Government influence. I am confident it is not true that the Government interfere as a body in his favour; nor is it probable they should suppose that so independent and high-minded a body of electors as the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn can be wrought upon by such means. The fact is, I believe that Mr. Peel, one of Mr. Lloyd's most intimate and attached friends[r], and to whom Lloyd was tutor here, exerts his utmost personal interest in his behalf; and his acquaintance is, of course, pretty extensive among the members of Administration. But that no influence of the Administration as a body is used, is evident from the known circumstance, that Mr. Vansittart supports Heber against Lloyd; and that it is yet unknown how some other Benchers connected with the Administration intend to vote. Sir William Grant is known to be favourable to Mr. Lloyd, but entirely on the score of his high character; and indeed no one will suppose that Sir William's vote could be obtained by any other kind of influence. I do not see that it can with more truth be said that Government influence is used on this occasion, than it was when I was elected. Mr. Perceval at that time avowedly supported me; but Lord Sidmouth, Sir W. Grant, and Sir Thomas Plumer voted for Nares. But I have no hesitation in telling you confidentially, that I consider Lloyd as the man most pre-eminently qualified for the situation. His principles are excellent, his judgment sound, his taste correct, his learning various and extensive, his manner engaging. But I must forbear: nor is it necessary to say thus much, it being a matter of notoriety to the whole University; and therefore there is no need to quote my authority on the subject. So farewell.

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[r] The late Sir Robert Peel.

"Your affectionate Friend,
"W. V. M."

Besides his public lectures in the Divinity chair, he used to invite a select number of theological students to a more private course, where questions might be asked and answered on either side without reserve or restraint. His old pupils resident in the University, the Bachelors and junior Masters, flocked gladly to these colloquies. "It is delightful," wrote one of them to Archdeacon Cambridge, "to see the old fellow standing once more with his back to the fire, delivering out oracles of wisdom, as he did of yore." The quick intuitive power with which he could seize on the merits of the cause, and detect the covert manner in any theological enquiry, gave a peculiar charm to his lectures, and imparted a new impulse to the studies of that sacred science.

"The term Sacrament," he would sometimes say, "was scarcely defined till the Reformation, or some time after. The existing notion was perhaps that of an ancient ceremony of the Church, accompanied with a divine promise. But the Romanists would be hardly put to it to make out the promise belonging to some of their number: viz. Marriage, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders. We are not, however, to deny the name of Sacrament having been given by the Fathers to some of these ceremonies; nor to say that apostolic institution would not have been sufficient. What we deny is the applicability of our definition."

There was a freedom and candour in the tone of his brief comments on the conflict of doctrines at the Reformation characteristic of a mind too clear and calm to be the exponent of any partial system, too generous to dwell in verbal controversy. While he simply expressed his sense of the several points in which the doctors of Trent had departed from the rule of primitive truth, he would never press them with a consequence which they would disclaim, or refuse assent to what they had decreed on surer grounds and more salutary convictions.

"What the doctors meant by *opus operatum* is to be gathered by inference," he said, "from its being found opposed to *solam fidem* in their eighth canon on the Sacraments[s]. They never allowed that this excluded the need of right disposition of mind. But *we* do not say that the grace passes through the elements."

"The Council of Mayence, held in A.D. 1549, is the best and fairest exposition of Roman doctrine[t]."

"Perhaps no great mischief was done by their declaring the Vulgate to be authentic. For they meant only that it might be trusted for all main points, not that it was to be set up against the original. But the greatest error of the Council of Trent was their putting the Apocrypha on a level with Canonical Scripture. Jahn, whom Elmsley always doubted as being a moderate Roman Catholic, makes out that the Council did not mean to equalize them[u]. But the assertion of the Canon remains, and most impudent it is."

"Justification, in Protestant theology, has usually one sense; in Roman Catholic, several. And this is the grand difference. Their question always is, the quantum of righteousness in a man. Ours is, Does a man acknowledge sin, and trust in Jesus Christ for acquittal? But the infused habit of righteousness, which they require, they say is all from God."

"The term *pœnitentia* in the writings of the Reformers is often equivocal: it may mean repentance, or the sacrament of penance. The question is, How is forgiveness of sin after baptism to be obtained? The Roman Catholic says, 'By the sacrament of penance;' the Protestant, 'By repentance and *memoria baptismi*,' according to the sentences at the beginning of the Church Service. The first of these are from the Old Testament; the last from St. John, addressed to the baptized, 'If we confess our sins, &c.' There may be said to be one idea throughout the Liturgy, forgiveness to the penitent."

Such are a few of the short notes preserved by one of his best pupils, a mind congenial to his own. The selection might be enlarged, if this were the proper place to attempt a more perfect sketch of the character of Charles Lloyd, and if it were not necessary to restrict this notice chiefly to his relations with Joshua Watson and his friends.

His sense of the dignity of the science of theology was revolted by the superficial mode in which theological questions were treated, even in some of the leading reviews of the day. He refused to write in journals in which such great subjects were dealt with so negligently. But his mind may be best understood by his letters about this time to H. H. Norris.

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[s] "Si quis dixerit, per ipsa nova legis Sacramenta ex opere operato non conferri gratiam, sed solam fidem divinæ promissionis ad gratiam consequendam sufficere; anathema sit." Sess. vii. De Sacramentis, can. 8.

[t] Harduin. ix. 2110—2140; Fleury, Hist., liv. cxlv. c. 89.

[u] Vid. Jahn, Introduct. in Libros Sacros Vet. Fœd. Epitom., cap. ii. § 30. But the distinction of Proto-Canonical and Deutero-Canonical is made by other Roman Catholic divines.

H. H. Norris and Joshua Watson had laboured assiduously, some years before Hugh J. Rose succeeded in establishing the "British Magazine," to set on foot a periodical which might assist the studies of the clergy, by furnishing literary notices of books, essays of a critical character, chapters of ecclesiastical history and biography, and selections from devotional writers. It was the complaint of Bishop Hobart, when he visited England in 1824, that he found the best educated among the English clergy well versed in other branches of learning or science, but ignorant of theology. There seemed some ground for such complaint, when for a long time it was found impracticable to support a journal of sacred literature. "The country clergy," said Mr. Norris, "are constant readers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' deep in the antiquities of the signs of inns, speculations as to what becomes of swallows in winter, and whether hedge-hogs, or other urchins, are most justly accused of sucking milch-cows dry at night." No doubt there was often too much of that

"......... retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes its pleasure."

A sense of this want induced him in the year 1818 to persuade a zealous and intelligent clergyman, the Rev. Frederick Iremonger[x], to start the "Christian Remembrancer," which, after undergoing several changes of editors and plan, has continued to the present day. Van Mildert was consulted at the outset, and took some interest in the design; but discouraged any expectation at that time of literary assistance from the Universities. "I know," he said, "it is vain to look for it. Almost all the men among us whose services would be of real value, are too deeply engaged in the business of tuition, or in official concerns of the University. If you knew the extreme difficulty we have in finding persons sufficiently disengaged to carry on any literary design beyond the ordinary routine of business, you would not think of beating up for recruits in our quarters. Nor is it fair to attribute this to any lukewarmness or indifference to the cause;

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[x] He was the author of a tract for educational purposes, placed on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He died in 1820, when he had scarcely attained the meridian of life; but his eminent services in the cause of Christian education and the virtues of his character caused an abiding tribute of public respect to his memory to be paid in a monument erected by subscription in the northern transept of Winchester Cathedral. It is the work of Chantrey, and took its rise from the pence of the children at the Diocesan Central School in that city.

in which we are at least as deeply interested as those who are generously fighting our battles elsewhere. The most exclusive occupation of the best and ablest men of the University in the immediate duties belonging to them is, in itself, the most effectual service they can render: and when we recollect the prodigious number of those who go forth from these sequestered abodes of learning, to contribute their share to the welfare and preservation of the community, perhaps they are doing as much substantial good as if they were to abate some of their attention to their pupils for the purpose of joining in literary warfare." He suggested, what was evidently a practice of his own, from which he was able to state with such clearness the arguments of different treatises, as shewn especially in his "Life of Waterland," that the "Remembrancer" should give succinct and careful abridgements of standard theological works by the best English and Foreign divines, "particularly those of Germany and Holland who were contemporary with Fabricius, such as Budæus, Pfeiffer, Werenfels, Carpsov, and Heidegger, men of profound learning, and for the most part of sound principles. It might be well to draw the attention of students to treasures of this kind, of the existence of which many of them are scarcely aware, and of the contents of which they know nothing. It would also give an air of literary consequence to the plan, which would render it respectable." Among English divines, the first in his list is Dr. Thomas Jackson; but "with his works," he says to H. H. Norris, "you are better acquainted than I am."

It does not appear that Lloyd had anything to do with the "Christian Remembrancer;" but some years later, when circumstances had thrown the "British Critic" more immediately into the hands of the phalanx of friends, and most liberal efforts were made by H. H. Norris, Joshua Watson, and others like-minded, to secure the aid of first-rate writers for it, the design had the benefit of his aid and counsel. The following letters are too instructive and characteristic to be abridged: but it must be premised, that Lloyd was wont to amuse himself, somewhat in the vein of "Nobody," of whose club he was a member, by inventing *sobriquets* for his friends; and Mr. Norris he addressed by the title of "Patriarch;" "for," said he, "your care for all the Churches is more than an archbishop's:"—

"*Christ Church, Nov.* 15, 1825.

"My dear Patriarch,

"*᾽Ω μοι ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον·*

"I am glad the article gave satisfaction to you: it was written at your request, and if it pleased you, I am content. I was afraid, *entre* *nous*, that it would not go far enough for you; but I put down what I believed to be the truth, and would not budge for any man. I wish I could go on to be of use to the B. C.; but I can do nothing for the present, and can promise nothing for the future. I am occupied during term-time from morning to night, with hardly a moment's relaxation; and in the vacation I have still much to do, many *lacunæ* in my readings to be filled up, and other occupations *quæ nunc describere longum est*. I think a very powerful article might be written on the political bearings of the Roman Catholic doctrines. I had a MS. of Sir Matthew Hale once in my possession, which entered very largely and minutely into the subject; and, if I had time, I would put my ideas upon paper. I should like, too, to lash that scoundrel Doyle, both for his misrepresentations of the Protestants, and his ignorance of his own religion[y]. Besides this, an article ought to be written on the leading principle of Protestantism —the sufficiency of Scripture as a rule of faith. It is a hard subject, and requires a strong man and a learned. Would not Van[z] do it? I think the first number has done well: the folks here talk of it, and I think, if a strong squad could be formed, we might get something which would last.

"I had written you a long letter last June; but I would not send it; because, being at a distance, I thought I might seem to interfere, and take upon me. But my ideas and my proposition came to this, that if Van Mildert, and Blomfield, and Monk would promise you two articles a-year, I would do the same; and should then not have the smallest objection to my name being known. I understand such articles as I should write for the 'Quarterly,' long, and containing as much original information as I could throw into them. I think, under these circumstances, I could persuade my friend Edward Burton[a] to join you, a man of extreme learning, and a very plain sensible writer of his own language. But my decided opinion is, that without some such confederacy, the Review will not obtain that positive influence over the minds of men which I wish it to have. But, if this cannot be effected, at least I would instil into the mind of every person that he should write such articles as he would not judge unworthy of the best Review in England, and, if on theological subjects, such as would give information to the country clergy. In saying this, I allude more especially to the review of Blomfield's *Choëphoræ*. I do not know who wrote it; but I judge it from the internal evidence to be Maltby's[b]. Now neither Maltby nor Monk would have dreamt of sending such an article to the 'Quarterly' or 'Edinburgh.' As far as it goes, it is sufficiently satisfactory; but there is not enough of it, and nothing that is new,—no emptying of a critic's commonplace-book. 'Rennell's Sermons' also are not done to my expectation. The life is short and pretty; but the sermons badly extracted, and the remarks on them not written by a theologian. I saw at once that Van had no hand in it.

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[y] Dr. Doyle was an Irish Roman Catholic bishop, of some note in controversy thirty or forty years ago. Lloyd speaks of him *con amore*, as Dr. Johnson spoke of Pennant.

[z] Van Mildert.

[a] Afterwards Lloyd's successor as Regius Professor.

[b] The late Bishop of Durham.

"Now all this is very impertinent, particularly as I am fighting off: but I send you my ideas, that you may laugh at them, or use them, as you like best.

"I grieve to hear of Joshua's indisposition. I look on him as the best layman in England; and hope sincerely he may long go on to assist the Church with his services and counsels. Give my very best regards to him, and believe me,

"My dear Patriarch,
"Most sincerely yours,
"C. LLOYD."

"*St. George's-place, Cheltenham, Dec.* 11, 1825.

"MY DEAR PATRIARCH,

"*Εῤῥ᾽ εἰς κόρακας·* A fig for your disinterestedness! A patriarchate a place without profit! Why, had we not here,—I mean, at Oxford,—two years ago, a Patriarch of Jerusalem who, under the auspices of Macbride, fleeced the University, and returned home laden with the treasures of the West to build printing-presses on Mount Lebanon? Remember, master, that there was a time when the glory of the patriarchate eclipsed the greatness of the bishop of Rome. And, suppose a patriarch was only a great watch-dog! Is a dog only to bark? This, doubtless, is a great quality, and useful withal: but is he not to fight upon occasion? And has not your Holiness fought? A fig for your modesty!

"But, as you desire to know what your duties are, I shall take leave to tell you. I used to say of Van, that he was so great in his knowledge of the exact doctrines of the Church of England, that orthodoxy oozed out of his pores, and he would talk it in his dreams. Now I hold your Holiness to be equally great in the knowledge of our ecclesiastical discipline,—nothing doubting of your doctrine,—and I suppose there is not a Church in the universe with which you are not so intimately acquainted as to be able to state at a moment's notice every heretic abiding within the reach of it. Now it is, I conceive, part of the duty, and one of the especial objects of the B. C., to convey this information to the clergy; and nobody can give it except yourself; and if in every number one article of this kind were to be found, I think it would be of eminent service.

"I am inclined to think that an article of the following nature would be of great use, in the way of conveying information to such folks as myself, who know nothing about the matter. The materials may be obtained from Coleridge[c], before he leaves the country. What was the ecclesiastical state of the West Indies before the episcopal establishment was begun? What were the livings? Who founded them? Who pays them? What were the causes which led to the new establishment? And what effects is it calculated to produce? What degree of superintendence is committed to the bishop? These and similar heads would, I think, form a very useful and didactic article, with a preface giving a *précis* of the state of the West Indies for the centuries gone by, the islands under each bishop, the number of livings in each, new ecclesiastical measures, catechists, and Codrington College.

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[c] W. H. Coleridge, first Bishop of Barbados.

"I think Otter[d] a neat and gentlemanly writer of English, but no theologian. In regard to light articles, Smedley[e] appears to me not at all to be despised. Some articles in the old B. C., which were said to be done by him, were written with taste, and what is of the last moment in every review, with life and spirit. I could not put my hand on one of them now, but I recollect thinking so at the time. I do not know Monk[f] well enough to write to him confidentially; and I am not inclined to hold any official communication with him about it. It is in an article of Greek criticism in which he may now and then lend a helping hand. I do not know whether he has dabbled in theology: so I did not refer you to him in that department.

"Ought not the subjects of the B. C. to be as follows? 1. Divinity for the country clergy and lords and gentlemen. 2. Learned divinity for the learned, and for the character of the Review. 3. Learning in the profane line for the general scholar, &c. 4. Voyages and travels for the οἱ πολλοί. 5. English literature in general. 6. Occasional metaphysics, political economy, chemistry, &c., &c. Now turn in your great mind what men are fit for these several lines, and suppose, for the present, numbers 1 and 2 are provided for. For No. 3 Monk will be of use, and perhaps my friend Burton, who is a very learned person; but No. 2 is his forte. Nos. 4, 5, 6 are very important. If anything should turn up in metaphysics, Lyall is clearly your man, being κορυφαῖος in that line. Smedley may be of use, and Otter, in 5; and so on. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Find leading men, if you can, in each department. Cannot you, every now and then, get a high Cambridge mathematician to give you an article? We can do nothing for you at Oxford in that way. But the thing has its use, and must not be sneezed at. If I am right, this should be your principle. Do not give scholarship to be reviewed by a mere theologian, or theology to a mere scholar; and never let a number come out without a good article in divinity. I am sure you will lose character if you do.

"I am inclined to promise you the following articles: 1. A review of what is going on on the Continent in the Popery line. I shall take De Maistre's book *Du Pape*[g]; the Bishop of Aire's *Discussion Amicale;*

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[d] Afterwards Bishop of Chichester.

[e] Edward Smedley, author of *Religio Clerici.*

[f] Late Bishop of Gloucester.

[g] This strange work of De Maistre appeared first in 1819. It was not altogether received with applause in countries where its doctrines might have been expected to be more congenial. Felix Amat, one of the most learned and excellent ecclesiastics of Spain, wrote of it in 1824, a short time before his own death, that "it was difficult not to think it intended to be rather a mockery of the religion of Christ crucified, than a defence of the authority of the Pope." See his Life, published at Madrid, 1835, p. 341.

L'Amico d'Italia; Ami de la Réligion et du Roi. 2. A review of the Life and Works of Arminius, which are now in progress. I amused myself four years ago in translating them, and they are now lying in manuscript in my drawer; so that I know a little about it, but not much; but I have a knowledge of the documents to be referred to, and may make something decent of it. 3. A review of the historical part of the Unitarian controversy, which I consider a very important subject, but about which I know nothing. I believe I may say certainly, that I will give you an article next June and October. I shall keep No. 1. till the next Parliament. Do not let me be forestalled in that subject; for I am tolerably well acquainted with the Gallican Church, and it bears very strongly on the Irish question.

"And so you have some of my notions; and I desire you will not consider me as very presumptuous in sending them to you.

"I should like very much to spend a few days with you, and intended to make out my whole Christmas vacation in and about Town, but it has pleased Heaven to order otherwise; I am here with all my family waiting on a sick brother; and here I shall be till the 20th of January. Always, my dear Patriarch,

"Most truly yours,
"C. Lloyd."

"*Cheltenham, Jan.* 13, 1826.

"My dear Patriarch,

"I thought my mention of Macbride's patriarch would silence your boast of disinterestedness. You seemed to have forgotten some of the excellent company in which I had placed you.

"I approve much of the article on the Apocrypha, though I cannot make up my mind on the question. There are great difficulties, as it seems to me, in any Protestant society consenting to publish the Apocrypha as part of the Bible in the order in which it occurs in the Vulgate[h]; but I have not much considered the point. *Viderint doctiores.*

"I answer very shortly to your letter of this morning, because I hope to see you next week at Christ Church. If you come on Thursday, so much the better; for I never like visits so well as at the beginning of Term, before I have entered on my lectures and the other bustle of the Term.

"But when Catullus invited Fabullus to sup with him, he told him that he would give him an excellent supper on condition that he (Fabullus) brought it along with him:—

'Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cœnam, non sine candida puella,
Cœnabis bene.'

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[h] Intermixed; Esdras with Ezra, Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus with the Books of Solomon, &c.

Seriously, we shall feel much obliged if Mrs. N. will have the goodness to see if she can do anything for us in this way,—I mean, to provide us with a cook. Pay twenty or twenty-five guineas: the first would be as suitable as the second; but, as they say, we will not quarrel about the difference. Kitchen-maid? Yes. Quiet family. Madame scolds? Not much. Must be able to dress a good dinner. Academics like to feed well.

"So much theology for the present.

"Always, my dear P., yours,
"C. Ll."

"*Christ Church, Feb.* 5, 1826.

"My dear Norris,

"I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and the references with which you have supplied me. The tract of Womack we have not in the library, and I am sorry for it, for I consider him a very able writer[i]. Puller[k] I have read, and Boys[l]; the former has not one reference which I had not discovered, and which is not in my printed sermon: nor is there any expression of his which I doubt. In p. 309, however, he says that 'the power of the keys is not only doctrinal and declaratory, but authoritative:' to which last epithet, if it be explained by what he says pp. 318, 319, I have no objection; but I fear that he means more than this, as in p. 304 he has these words, 'The power of jurisdiction is either internal, in retaining and remitting sins in the court of conscience, common to bishops, priests, and deacons; or external,' &c. I deny that the power or authority of remitting sins is anything that can be strictly called a power of jurisdiction; but as Puller does not define precisely what he means, I cannot tell whether he may not mean simply the same with what he has before denominated 'authoritative,' viz., the power of declaring and pronouncing to God's people, &c. But is this, after all, anything more than the power of orders, which, he says, 'consists partly in preaching the word, and other offices of public worship,' except that, instead of being public before the congregation, it is private with an individual?

"My idea is this: Suppose a person has been before a clergyman, who has given him, as the Church says, the benefit of absolution, and you ask him what the clergyman had done for him: could his answer come to more than this, that the clergyman assured him if he repented, &c., he was forgiven? Suppose you ask him further, whether he believed what the clergyman said, and that he answers, 'Yes;' and that you go on and add, 'What did the clergyman say, then?' and he answers, 'He said I was forgiven:' I hold this man now to describe the whole process of absolution. He tells you that the minister first offered him pardon; that he, the penitent, accepted his offer; that the minister then sealed his pardon by assuring him of forgiveness. You may call this authoritative if you will, or an exercise of jurisdiction, or by any other name; but it is surely nothing more than 'the word of God, or the gospel of the remission of sins, declared in private to a Christian penitent, by an authorized minister of God.' It excites the faith of the penitent, because it is the word of God. Why does he believe it to be the word of God? Because it is declared to him by one of those to whom the words, John xx. 23, especially belong.

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[i] Probably Womack's "Go, shew thyself to the Priests: Safe Advice for a sound Protestant." London, 1679.

[k] Puller's "Moderation of the Church of England." London, 1679. This work has been lately reprinted.

[l] "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles." By John Boys, Vicar of Coggeshall. London, 1716.

"I conceive further, that the absolution in the indicative form is well fitted to be useful to the young, the unlearned, and the scrupulous in conscience; but not to others, because they do not require it. The two former want it, because they want some stay for their faith besides their own imperfect knowledge; the last, viz. the scrupulous, want it, in order that they may learn, as the Prayer in the Visitation for the Sick expresses it, 'neither to cast away their confidence in God, nor place it anywhere but in God.' But those who have a full and perfect knowledge of the Gospel promises, derived from their own study of the sacred volume, or the regular instruction of the minister, and who have no scruples of conscience, require no such absolution of the minister. Your second postil on the Gospel of the first Sunday after Easter expresses exactly my sentiments. It is, in fact, a literal translation of Luther. The only real question to be examined is this: Is the authoritative formula of absolution to be pronounced after an examination into the reality of his faith and penitence; or are you to be content with the individual's word, when he assures you that he repents and believes? I affirm the latter. The Puritans and some of the divines of the Church of England insist on the former. I say, you are to exhort to repentance and faith as much as you can, to try to make both true and real; but that if the individual tells you that he has these, you are to give credit to his word and absolve him. Yet the other course seems necessary if you are to exercise what can be strictly called a power of jurisdiction. The Visitation Service admits no inquisitorial examination. You rehearse to the sick man the Apostles' Creed, and say to him, Do you believe this? He says, Yes. You go on, Do you truly repent? Yes. Are you troubled in conscience? Yes. Then I absolve you.

"I should have been glad to know what your own sentiments are precisely. Having once found your way, I trust you will every now and then come and open the Term for us.

"Always very truly yours,
"C. Ll."

"*Christ Church, May* 10, 1826.

"My dear Norris,

"Many thanks for your kind letter. If I were in good spirits I could laugh at you for saying that you can see no difference between a power of orders and a power of jurisdiction. I know you cannot; you would not be the patriarch you are if you could. But I have no spirits to enter on these matters at present. I am living now between Oxford and Cheltenham. My next brother is at the last of these places very dangerously ill, and with little or no hope of recovery. I go down to him on Saturday, and stay till Tuesday every week. I fear that I shall not take many more journeys. I have written to Peel by this post according to your directions. Always, my dear N.,

"Most truly yours,
"C. Ll."

It would be hardly just to pass by the banter in the first paragraph of this hurried letter without a word of explanation. It must not be supposed that H. H. Norris had no perception of the difference between a power of orders and a power of jurisdiction. This difference, often confounded by controversialists in the service of the Church of Rome, was the subject of a very lucid argument in a speech of Van Mildert's in the House of Lords; to which H. H. Norris at the time called the attention of the present writer, and expressed his own satisfaction with it [m]. The remark, therefore, probably had reference to the passages from Puller's book quoted in the preceding letter; in which it will be seen that Puller does not very closely distinguish between orders and jurisdiction.

A following letter, written in December, 1826, speaks of a contest for a professorship in the gift of the Crown, for which H. H. Norris laboured to secure the appointment of one candidate, while Lloyd was interested for another. But learning that he had been misinformed in conceiving that Norris's friend had no pecuniary need of the situation, he concludes what he has to say, with characteristic conscientiousness, with the words, "I shall write to Peel by this night's post, informing him that I have stated that which is not true." Having thus disburdened his tender conscience, he returns to play again :—

"Why did you confine yourself so closely to the immediate objects of your letter? You might have thrown in some little anecdote on the state of the Church of England in Madagascar or the Sandwich Islands, or some other such domestic matter. Whom do you mean to send to India? You will, I think, hardly get three bishops before the expiration of the charter.

"What say you to my friend Burton's book [n], and what have you heard of it? I am mightily pleased with it. This is the job which my Lord of London wished Nolan to undertake some years ago. I put it into Burton's hands, who, having already read his books, was not long about it.

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[m] See the following chapter.

[n] His book entitled "The Testimony of the Ante-Nicene Fathers."

"How does your young friend like his sojourn in St. James's-square[*]? These, and other matters of the same nature, you are aware that it is your business to answer, the whole burden of the 'Ecclesiastical Gazette' resting on your shoulders.

"Did you hear anything of Burton's review of Kaye's 'Tertullian?' I thought it well done, and was not sorry that he gave my Lord of Bristol no great κῦδος for what is, in truth, a very insignificant production, considering the enormous praise which you Cantabs have always given to the author. But, with Cambridge men, every goose is a swan. And so I leave you."

Two months later, in February, 1827, he wrote to acknowledge his friend's congratulations on his elevation to the see of Oxford, and promising to visit him at his house before his consecration on the 4th of March. "Your friends are mine."

In his attendance on Parliament as junior bishop, he seems sometimes to have availed himself of the hospitality of Park-street, as we find him during this first year writing to Joshua Watson:—

"MY DEAR SUCCESSOR OF MOSES,

"I am just setting off; but cannot run away without thanking you for your exceedingly kind offer; which I will not pledge myself not to accept at some future time. But whether I do or not, I shall always esteem it as one of the kindest things that has been done by me,—not having the smallest hesitation in saying that I shall infinitely prefer Watson's to 'Warner's.' And so remain,

"Dear Joshua,
"Very sincerely yours,
"C. O."

Within little more than two years from his consecration, this happy-tempered, wise, and good man was cut off in the meridian of manhood. He died on the 31st of May, 1829, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Those who knew him best attributed his last sudden and fatal illness in great measure to distress of mind. It was the time of conceding the political boon somewhat invidiously called Catholic Emancipation. The late Sir Robert Peel, who had been his pupil, and for whom he had a strong personal regard, had secured his support for the change of policy, which he then thought the time demanded. In giving that support, Lloyd was led into an appearance of public conflict with Van Mildert, whom he loved and venerated. It was his last appearance in public; and it was supposed that the shock sustained by such a generous and friendly spirit had accelerated his end. He died at a temporary residence in London not far from Park-street; and it is well remembered how Joshua Watson enquired from hour to hour of his medical attendant, and with what acute grief he heard the mournful tidings. The whole question was not equal in value to the life of the man who was thus made the victim of honest compliance with a mistaken principle.

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[*] William Ralph Churton, Fellow of Oriel, then Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Howley. Lloyd had recommended him for the office.

The writer was conversing a few years afterwards with Robert Southey on the event which severed Peel for ever from the representation of the University of Oxford. "Had I possessed a vote," said the veteran, "I would have journeyed a hundred miles with a staff to oppose his return." Indeed, Southey was on such points of a different mind from his literary opponent Hallam, whose axiom was, that no man was a true politician who never sacrificed principles.

By the death of Charles Lloyd the University of Oxford and the Church of England lost a counsellor, whose sagacity and strength of mind, joined to a hearty zeal and entire sincerity of character, would have exercised an invaluable influence in the times of difficulty which were soon to follow. He was succeeded in his Professor's chair by his friend Edward Burton, a man equally learned and amiable; but in what he wrote subsequently, having no longer Lloyd's advice to refer to, he sometimes deferred too much to the opinion of critics inferior to his own. When he also had been removed by an early death, the choice of the next successor was attended with results, which it must be left for another historian to record.

CHAPTER XIV.

Clergy Orphan School.—Foundation of King's College, London.—Church-Building Society.—Van Mildert on the concession of the Roman Catholic claims.—Public charities.—Dr. W. Ward, Bishop of Sodor and Man.—Bishop Low.—Hugh J. Rose.—Dr. J. H. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester.—Dr. Wordsworth's administration of Trinity College.—His notices of books, and men and measures.—Society at Park-street in 1830.

IN the month of February, 1828, Joshua Watson gave up his office of Treasurer to the Clergy Orphan School, his late illness having persuaded him to seek relief from a portion of such accumulated charitable duties. He was succeeded by Dr. Shepherd, Preacher of Gray's Inn, a man of eloquence in the pulpit, and warm benevolence, and an old college-friend of John James Watson. On this resignation we find, what is rare among his papers, a record of what he said to the meeting to which it was tendered. He was touched by the kindness with which his services were acknowledged, claiming credit for nothing in himself, but an affection for the institution, and anxiety to promote its welfare.

"Merit," he said, "for exertions in such a cause I must peremptorily disclaim. The cause itself is enough to warm the coldest heart. But in my peculiar connection with it, to have been the continual witness of the zeal and devotion to its service of those above me and about me, and not to have kindled at their fire, not to have been excited to the utmost exertions in one's power, was impossible. If, then, I have seen this incomparable charity prospering and going on to prosper, and greatly risen in its tone and in the public favour, it would be base ingratitude in me not to avow, even in the presence of those who alone will be offended by the avowal, that it is to the hearty union of the great officers of the Society with its Managing Committee,—that it is to their exertions,—I will not say in season and out of season, (for we shall all agree that exertions on the behalf of the orphans of the clergy can never be out of season,) but to their exertions, and to your good-will conciliated thereby, is it owing that the Society has prospered. And let me not forget to add, it is owing to the care, kindness, and industry of their teachers, that the children have been made good and happy,—good, I mean, as far as human infirmity will allow, and happy, I need not say, in proportion to their goodness.

"I beg pardon for this long trespass on your time; but I have been run away with by my subject; and as it is the first offence of the kind I have ever been guilty of, so it is like to be the last. Yet I cannot conclude without briefly acknowledging that, besides these inducements to labour according to my power, and even beyond my power, in this work of love, I found in my official situation with another Society, over and above these, a special incentive to exertion. I had seen how deeply the cause of national education was indebted to the parochial clergy; and I confess I did feel doubly anxious that they should be paid in kind, in the families of their poorer brethren, if they could not be repaid in degree, for blessings and benefits conferred upon their country, in a manner no less serviceable to the State than honourable to themselves."

There were abundant evidences given, as will be seen from the later portions of this Memoir, of his continuing to act as a benevolent nursing father to the Clergy Orphans. The charitable labours in which he was occupied for their benefit were the solace of the last years of his life. It is only just to the memory of his admirable wife to add, that her share in these cares of his office was constant; and a material addition to the school-buildings at St. John's Wood was the result of her own private bounty, and a fund of her own raising.

In this year he took a part in the foundation of King's College, London, and was from the first a member of the council. His advice was sought in the measure which was now adopted for the discontinuance of Church briefs, and in providing for the want by royal letters, of which the first was issued at this time for the Church-Building Society. The discontinuance of these letters, if we remember the circumstances attending the suppression of briefs, can hardly be justified as an act of good faith to the Church, and was certainly not anticipated at the period of their suppression. It has been succeeded by a doubtful and little-prosperous mode of raising funds by single efforts and letters travelling on the wings of cheap postage. The Church-Building Society has been a more trustworthy dispenser of the alms committed to its care.

It was to be expected that on such important public questions as were now in agitation, he should have been in frequent counsel with his friend Van Mildert. The retirement of Lord Liverpool was shortly followed by the repeal of the Test Act, and by the removal of the disabilities excluding Roman Catholics from the legislature. To the repeal of the Test Van Mildert gave his assent in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, April 17, 1828; and in some subsequent debates he further explained his reasons for such assent. With a pardonable anxiety that he should not be misrepresented, he afterwards caused some copies of his speeches to be printed for circulation among his friends. To this he alludes in the following letter:—

"*April* 30, 1828.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It was a very rough and unsightly MS. which I left this morning for your perusal, and for you to deal with, if you think fit, as you dealt with another for me last week; and I sincerely hope this may be the last trouble of the kind that I shall ask you to take for me this session. The Dean of Chester[p] called on me yesterday purposely to thank me for this last effort to rescue myself at least, if not all my brethren, from the load of obloquy which we had been compelled to bear. I have done it, I fear, but feebly; yet it called forth an expression of the kindliest feelings from the good old Earl, whom I was most anxious to mollify, and also a strong and unqualified assurance from the *Great Captain*, which I felt to be better worth as a security than a hundred such bills as that which we have returned to the Commons, improved doubtless, yet still anything but satisfactory.

"I felt somewhat disburdened after this last effort to regain the good-will of the Church's friends. But, after all, exercise your free judgment as to furnishing the 'Mirror' with the report. I only want not to be misunderstood, whether I am right or wrong. God knows, this whole proceeding has been a bitter pill to me, from the effects of which I shall not soon recover.

"Yours, my dear friend,
"Most truly and affectionately,
"W. DUNELM."

To the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities Bishop Van Mildert was resolutely opposed, justifying his opposition on grounds which commanded some portion of the public attention at the time, and which his biographer has done well to record[q].

"Spiritual functions," he said, "belong exclusively to the Church; spiritual jurisdiction to the State as allied to the Church. If spiritual jurisdiction or authority, in whatever degree, be acknowledged as the right of some other potentate, this authority, whether more or less, is so much substracted from the supreme authority claimed, and justly claimed, by the head of the State; and the subject who is placed in such a predicament can pay only a divided allegiance to his rightful sovereign; an allegiance which, however faithful and sincere as far as it extends, is avowedly imperfect in this respect; and consequently curtails his right to the same favour and privileges, the same degree of trust and power, which others may enjoy who submit to the State without any such reservations or restrictions."

This was the simple ground upon which the exclusion was maintained by those religious statesmen, of whose views probably Van Mildert was the last public exponent. But he also added to it another consideration. Having solemnly declared, on taking his seat in the legislature, that the Roman Catholic religion was idolatrous and superstitious, he could not consent to any measure which appeared to him likely to destroy or weaken the distinction between idolatrous superstition and the pure worship of God.

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[p] Dr. Henry Philpotts, now Bishop of Exeter.

[q] Ives's Memoir of Bishop Van Mildert, p. 96.

In explaining himself he limited the application of these terms to certain practices in the Church of Rome, such as the adoration of the Host, and the invocation of saints. "The charge," he said, "can never fairly be construed to extend to the whole of its creed or ritual. There can be no doubt that the Church of Rome is a true Church, although a corrupt one. The Protestant Church of England has derived its spiritual and ministerial powers through the channel of the Church of Rome: but it owes no obligations to the Church of Rome for the pure doctrine and worship it now possesses, those being of older date than Popery itself."

It may be supposed that some of these declarations of opinion were the subject of previous conferences with Joshua Watson. A private journal of his wife, Mary Watson, kept for a short time at this period, speaks of one such conference:—

> "*March* 30, 1829. My husband is now gone with the Bishop of Durham to take a *tête-à-tête* dinner in Hanover-square, the Bishop desiring to have some more friendly conference with him on the momentous question now pending in Parliament; for which purpose he called here and took Mr. Watson with him soon after six. . . . . The carriage was ordered at half-past nine, but he did not return home until after eleven, the Bishop engaging him in such confidential communications as I know not whether I may yet record, and expressing his thankfulness for the hours thus devoted to him."

There can be little doubt that the friends were mutually agreed on this question, and that what Van Mildert published expressed the mind of both. Joshua Watson would have held the exclusion from the legislature to be justified on political grounds, and, as so justified, he would have maintained it. But he also regarded the doctrines and practices in the Church of Rome, which the Church of England rejects, to be dangerous to the purity of Christian faith and duty. And from this opinion he never departed.

A few further extracts from this journal will shew how his days were at this period constantly occupied:—

> "*Thursday, April* 9. Mr. Watson was at home the greater part of this morning in conference with Dr. Mill on Indian affairs, (Dr. Mill had arrived in Park-street two days before); then with the Bishop of Barbadoes about West Indian concerns, chiefly Dame Mico's charity; then with the Bishop of Lichfield about church-building. Afterwards he and the Principal went to St. Martin's library, and then he held conferences in the Park with Messrs. Campbell and Lonsdale on S.P.C.K. subjects. He and Dr. Mill returned to dinner, and the evening was passed in conversation. He reposed a little time on the sofa, while Mary played on the harpsichord some beautiful little pieces of Handel, Moffat, and

Worgan, which the Principal, who has much musical knowledge and taste, greatly admired.

"*Monday in Passion-week.* Dr. Mill went with us to church, and then returned to his friends. Mr. Watson then went first to the Church Commission office in George-street, thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Evening, as usual, spent in writing: and lastly, Mary read to us Dean Stanhope's Commentary on the Epistle and Gospel for the day. Mr. Watson has selected from 'Stanhope on the Epistles and Gospels' the services for this week, putting them together in a little book, and calling it the 'Holy Week.' He edited it this time last year."

The journal was not long persevered in. It ends abruptly on the 13th of June, with a short notice of the previous month as one of incessant engagement and occupation to her husband, increased by the annual meetings, &c., of the Societies at that season, and the consequent influx of clergy from all parts of the kingdom. "So many of these apply to him for advice and aid, that the business of the Church Commission, Church-Building Society, &c., is carrying on at his private house when the offices of the Societies are closed. Indeed, his visitants of this description are so numerous and so quick in succession, that they are frequently waiting in different rooms for one another's departure."

It may be mentioned here that it had been his regular practice, from the first formation of the district committees of the National Society, to entertain the Secretaries at dinner when they came to Town for the general meeting. The same hospitality was offered to them by Mr. Norris at South Hackney.

Who can wonder if one, who was habitually jealous of the secularizing effect of much business even in the best causes, felt himself in danger of being too much engrossed by such ceaseless demands upon his time and thoughts, and wrote to his brother and old friend at Guilsborough in a strain which drew from Mr. Sikes an exhortation to persevere and bear the burden, as assured that he need not wish to be found, when his Lord should come, employed otherwise than in those works which were given him to do? "It has pleased Heaven," he said, "to give you talent and occasion to do good, in a superior way, in a wholesale way. You must shew me some strong reasons to justify any neglect of this 'gift of God which is in thee.' No; 'Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good.'"

In June, 1829, we find the first record of a correspondence, which was continued for some time, with Dr. William Ward, then lately appointed to the bishopric of Sodor and Man. Bishop Ward requested the recommendation of his name to an appeal, by which he sought to bring the wants of his island diocese before the British public. The Church Commissioners and Church-Building Society had been compelled to reject his petition, because the Isle of Man was not within the appointed sphere of their operations. He had, however, found by tablets in most churches in the Isle that Bp. Isaac Barrow obtained from the friends of the Church in England, including the two archbishops and fourteen bishops, a sum which enabled him to increase the *revenues* of the clergy. "I wish to add to the *duties* of mine, and they pray that I may succeed." Two days after, the Bishop returns him most grateful thanks for his note and liberal contents. "Your name and subscription will greatly contribute to open the Church-Building door to me. May the door of the Church triumphant in heaven be opened to receive you, after you have lived long enough to serve the Church militant on earth." He wished for a short conversation with him that he might learn "how a bishop may become a beggar with a good grace, and yet with the best chance of success."

In July, 1830, he was again in correspondence with J. W., and in a like zealous spirit. "You will perceive," he said, "that your talent has gained many talents since you kindly subscribed to my church-building this time last year. I shall have four new churches on the stocks in the course of this week and the next."

Again, from Bishop's Court, July 13:—

"My dear Sir,

"It has been suggested to me by the Archbishop of Canterbury that if I could raise a subscription of any reasonable amount and offer it conditionally, the claims of the Isle of Man on the National Society might again be proposed for consideration in the most favourable shape. I embrace the offer without loss of time, and shall transmit £100, with the promise to exert my utmost power to raise an annual contribution to the parent Society, on condition that they will take the Isle of Man within the pale of their charter, and afford me the aid which I deplorably want. Without foreign aid things must remain as they are; that is, the rising generation must be lost to the Church irrecoverably. A wiser measure you could not adopt than to include all the colonial dioceses within the charter, on the same condition of their contributing to the parent institution. 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' . . .

"I send you some sketches of the buildings we have at present in hand. You see we have the boldness to found a college. This I am doing on a fund bequeathed by Bp. Barrow one hundred and sixty years ago, for the purpose of educating young men for the ministry of the Manks Church. I find the people co-operate and aid me in this most zealously, as it comes home to their families and firesides in the education of their sons and improvement of their property. This will be a great blessing to the Isle of Man and the Church at large. I hope we shall be able to obtain for it the patronage of the King. A more eligible seat of learning is not in the King's dominions. For pure air, sea-bathing, cheap living, central situation, exclusion from every temptation, the Isle of Man stands unrivalled. . . You can do much in obtaining my object at the Board, and I have great dependence on you. Thanks and blessings to you and all my liberal benefactors, who have enabled me to supply the poor of this diocese with accommodations in the house of God. My subscription exceeds £4,000,—a large sum in these hard times, though still far short of our wants. But I have no fear that the same kind Providence which has hitherto favoured my undertaking, will supply the rest. I have only to entreat my friends to help me in my schools, without which I am building churches to no purpose. Pray let this be done before the bishops leave Town.

"Ever yours, my dear Sir, with sincere regard,
"W. Sodor and Man."

The remembrance of William Stevens was enough to awaken an interest in a claim for the Scottish Episcopal Church, especially when it came from the poor Highland latitudes. It is, therefore, no surprise to find a note of acknowledgment of much the same date from Bishop Low: "To your good self, whose name is known in all our Churches, and to the Bishop of London, I beg leave to present my best thanks for your handsome donations in favour of the pristine-mannered Episcopal congregation at Appin in my diocese."

Perhaps a donation sent in this same spring as "an additional subscription towards libraries in Iceland," may be admitted as one of many proofs how free as well as careful he was in selecting the objects of his alms. "You must sleep well each night," wrote the good man who thanked him for this little gift, "when your days are ever spent in so much true philanthropy."

During this period there was a continual interchange of friendly offices and communion of public counsels with the excellent Hugh James Rose. There is mention of a visit to him at Bocking, and at Hadleigh, where he rebuilt the parsonage, so as to restore to use an ancient gateway and tower, which had probably stood there from the time of Rowland Taylor. "The ride was delightful. A volume of W. Wordsworth in the carriage afforded both conversation and reading;" and it will be readily believed by those who remember a conversation with H. J. Rose, that "his lively spirits and thoughtful feeling made the time pass most pleasantly." Rose was a devout disciple of William Wordsworth; but not so as to exclude also a warm affection towards William Cowper.

Dr. James Henry Monk, having done good service as Dean of Peterborough, where he had put the cathedral into an excellent state of restoration at great personal cost, was in 1830 promoted to the see of Gloucester. This promotion was especially grateful to Dr. Wordsworth; and it seems to have been gratefully welcomed by Joshua Watson, at whose house the Bishop was entertained for about a month when he attended Parliament after his installation.

We find Dr. Wordsworth in these years frequently calling upon his friend for advice and support in his labours at Cambridge. It was impossible that Joshua Watson should not take the warmest interest in his efforts to advance the cause of religion and learning in his College and University. And in proportion to his intimate knowledge of his aims and motives, and of his difficulties, he loved and honoured him for his sacrifice of private ease and of personal feeling to his toilsome, public, and official duty. His mark upon one of Dr. Wordsworth's letters of 1828 shews the pleasure he had in receiving it; it must have been on account of the following passage:—

"*Nov.* 11, 1828.

"I have of late teazed you more than enough with complaints, and therefore I am the more bound to tell you that, so far as respects our own College, I am increasingly hopeful and cheerful. Here we go on with great harmony, and I think with increasing deference and regard towards myself. The discipline, too, improves, and I think we are more bent upon our duties. Only within these two days also I have gained a most important point of discipline, with respect perhaps to the most important and influential part of all our residents,—the Bachelors; and for which I have been sighing, and from time to time endeavouring, ever since I have been Master. It respects the degree of their attendance at chapel, and the principles on which they attend; and I consider it, perhaps, the greatest gain for moral results which the College has obtained for fifty years. When I told the young men,—admirable and exemplary heretofore in all other respects,—that they had made yesterday one of the happiest days of my life, you will not wonder if I desire of you, my friend, to thank God, and to participate in my joy.

"Yours most affectionately,
"C. W.

"Chris. has just got another prize (for Latin verse), which completes the list of all he could possibly have got within the College."

About three months later he wrote again in a similar strain to communicate another "most welcome event," by which his toil had been cheered:—

"You know, I believe," he continued, "how anxious I have been for many years, (indeed ever since I knew the University,) and how much I have laboured since I have been Master, to prevail upon our Trinity men to proceed to their Divinity degrees. This I have considered as the only thing that was wanted to make our College as eminent in theological learning, and in its devotion to objects purely ecclesiastical and professional, as it is in other things; and now this is effected."

One of the tutors had called on him a few mornings before to declare his own intention, and several more were following the example; and the Master doubted not that—

"The desuetude and obstacles being once surmounted, we shall have a never-failing spring and stream from generation to generation. The importance of this in our case it is hardly possible to rate too highly. And this at length being accomplished, I am now ready to ask leave to sing my *Nunc Dimittis*.

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"C. W."

"*Feb.* 24, 1829.

"I thank you most heartily," J. W. answered; "and rejoice with you as sincerely, for the news of this morning, [the election of Dr. Wordsworth's son to the Craven Scholarship]. In this my Lord of London[r] desires especially to join, and with particularly good feeling to hail his own successor in the office. He joys too with you, heart and soul, on the accomplishment of your great divinity object, and I hope will readily say, 'God prosper you in all your good works, I wish you good luck,' as heartily almost as does yours affectionately,

"J. W."

The next extract will be found to relate to a different subject: but it seems due to the memory of two good men like Dr. Wordsworth and Joshua Watson, to record the estimate which they immediately and mutually made of a volume, now cherished as a sacred possession wherever the Church of England is extended, but then making its voice first heard at a few religious homes in a most unobtrusive form:—

"Is it too late," Dr. Wordsworth writes this same month, "to tell your ladies that I devoured their kind present with great avidity? I mean, Miss Watson's friend Keble. And let it be known that, though I have devoured him once, I intend him to be, like Prometheus' liver to the vulture, one of my standing dishes. In my reading I did not look at the pencil marks of Miss Watson and her friend till I had finished; and I then found that every one which they had marked, I had marked also. And the only difference between us I found was, (which Miss W. will not wonder at,) that I had marked a very great many more than they had done. In short, he is full of beauties and goodness; and I rejoice in my present; and I have given a copy to each of my three boys."

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[r] Bishop Blomfield.

> "Your judgment of Keble," Joshua Watson writes in answer, "gives all the delight you expected; and Hugh Rose has just expressed almost equal satisfaction in a work so fitted," he says, "to make all men, and especially clergymen, wiser and better."

In the same spirit of rejoicing in any signs of good, he thanks his friend for a copy of a Commemoration Sermon, which had been placed in his hands by Archdeacon Bayley, preached at Cambridge by one who has since succeeded Dr. Wordsworth in his office of Master, and held it with honour:—

> "When I first heard of your friend Whewell, and his character in the University, I regretted that a vigorous mind like his had been wholly given to science, and not earlier turned to his profession. It is clearly, however, far better as it is. He now sets up as a divine not only with his original capital of acknowledged talent, but with the acquired credit of a man of science, and enlarged and liberal views. How much this must add to his usefulness in the place, it is easy to see. And it is really cheering, in the midst of so many motives to despondency just now, to see such powers united with such strong religious feeling in a station which must make their influence extensively felt."

They were equally comforted with the sermons and other writings of Robert Wilson Evans[s], which were then beginning to attract attention:—

> "Evans," writes Dr. Wordsworth, "as Select Preacher, is preaching such sermons, and so preaching them, that you might almost think you heard again old Richard Hooker. Thoughtful, wise, and excellent."

The two friends were at this period in frequent correspondence on the progress of church-building; and it is probable that Joshua Watson's counsel influenced some of the provisions effected by the legislature before the close of the reign of George IV., particularly those which enabled the Church Commissioners, with the consent of the ordinary, patron, and incumbent, to convert district chapelries into separate parishes for ecclesiastical purposes[t]. It was a change requiring such practical prudence, and such regard to the principles of the parochial system, as were not always to be found in the applicants for the exercise of such powers; and it seems that some of his colleagues at the Church Commission Board were inclined to grant the facilities sought for, without due consideration of what Gerson calls "the minor prelacy" possessed by every beneficed priest in his own parish. Thus we find him writing to Dr. Wordsworth:—

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[s] Now Archdeacon of Westmoreland.

[t] 3 Geo. IV. c. 72, § 16.

"In private converse with both the Archbishop and Bishop of London this morning, I think I have made some way. They both confessed their alarm at the number of applicants for the exercise of our powers in their behalf, and seem willing to come to terms. Only they say I will make no terms, that nothing will satisfy me but the entire rejection of the provision, which they hold to be, in the present temper of the public, unattainable. But I tell them, I am not so impracticable, and am ready to compound for all cases which can receive an ecclesiastical district with cure of souls."

There were some to advocate a scheme which, by a new valuation of first-fruits and tenths, proposed to make old endowments contribute a tax for the support of new benefices. This called forth a warm remonstrance from the old Master:—

"Let Church-property," he said, "be liable to every burden of the State in common with all other property, and to every call of voluntary bounty and charity beyond all other. But, if there be God and another world, let there never be a special legislation to make the clergy alone improve the maintenance of the clergy."

These are the words of a man whose life and wealth were spent in public aims; and deserve to be recorded at a time when so much has been done in defiance of so just a protest, and in a way which is threatening speedily to eliminate munificence from the sphere of a Churchman's virtues. There were some temperate remarks on these schemes for a new distribution of Church revenues in Van Mildert's last Charge to the clergy of his diocese of Durham, delivered in 1831.

We find also some correspondence on the designs that were at this time entertained for the improvement of the education of the middle classes, who began to feel that the children of such parents as were now benefiting by the National Schools, were in many instances better taught than their own children at the suburban academies, which used to invite the notice of Londoners by gilded boards displayed on most of the great roads out of London. The promoters of the London University and King's College were contemplating the formation of Joint-Stock Schools in these localities; a plan which has been since prosecuted with varied success, but not without public benefit, in other populous districts of the kingdom. Dr. Wordsworth writes in October, 1829, playfully attributing to his friend an unlimited degree of public influence in this as in other matters:—

"After you were gone I had an interesting correspondence with your brother on the subject of the new intended school in his parish; and the more we talked, the more, I think, did it appear to us that things of such a kind are likely to succeed and multiply in the vicinity of London.

Therefore we wished that you and the bishops would think seriously and speedily of the matter, and give us, as soon as possible, the draught of the scheme of regulations from King's College, to be put into the hands of the well-disposed clergy and laity immediately, that they may not always have to meet the reproach of doing nothing except in the way of opposition. I think you have always been of opinion with the Bishop of London, that the portion of your scheme at King's College most likely to succeed and most wanted was the under-school. If this be so, I think it is clear that one such establishment at the centre would do but very little; and hence the necessity of issuing a plan as the model to be pursued in any parts of the kingdom where such schemes are likely to be projected. We wished you had been with us, that we might know whether there was any sense in our fancies."

Joshua Watson answered this letter from Guilsborough:—

"The subject of schools," he wrote, "we must talk down when we meet. It is long and deeply interesting. At present I will only say that the London education of children is not a very favourite object of mine; certainly not a primary one in my view of King's College. Foreseeing, however, the probability of schools being attempted by others, both in the immediate neighbourhood of London and in many populous towns, upon the alluring (not to say illusive) plan of combining the protection of the paternal roof with the excitements of public teaching, I was, I confess, anxious that King's College should so far run before these attempts, as to hold out in its earliest prospectus or scheme of proceeding, direct encouragement and invitation to their concert and co-operation with the college. But the consideration of this question was overlaid, I believe, by the pressure of other matters. In consequence, however, of your call the other day, I have thrown the subject again before the Bishop, who alone of the Council seems at this season accessible. Kind regards from mine to you and yours.

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. W."

These were the years in which the hospitalities of the house in Park-street were most abundantly shared by the bishops and distinguished members of the learned professions whose hearts were alive to the interests of true religion, sound learning, and enlightened charity. Among them might be found from time to time the following names:—Dr. William Carey, Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards of St. Asaph; Dr. Christopher Bethell, Bishop of Bangor; Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln; Dr. Robert Gray, Bishop of Bristol; Dean Monk, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester; Archdeacons Cambridge, Bayley, and Burney; William Rowe Lyall, afterwards Archdeacon of Maidstone, and subsequently Dean of Canterbury, a generous scholar and divine, who was on very familiar terms with the friendly host and his whole circle of friends; as was also Charles Webb Le Bas, a preacher and writer of great power and eloquence. There might also be found, besides other men of high abilities and promise, John Lonsdale, now Bishop of Lichfield, Robert Wilson Evans, Hugh Rose, and William Ralph Churton, Fellow of Oriel College, a favourite disciple of Charles Lloyd's, domestic chaplain to Archbishop Howley,—a bright spirit, whose earthly career was too short for the great things of which he had shewn himself capable. Of the legal profession, besides his friends Park and Richardson, often mentioned, were Chief Justice Tindal, the venerable Judge Burton, Judges Patteson and Coleridge, and Sir William Page Wood. From the medical school there were the Heberdens, Bransby Cooper, Dr. Thomas Watson, and, one to be remembered alike as a Christian philanthropist and able physician, Dr. Thomas Todd. There was admission within the threshold to many whose names were distinguished in science, such as Dr. Whewell, Professor Sedgwick, and Charles Lyell the geologist. The poets Wordsworth and Southey were here to be heard of when they came to London. And here were to be met some of the most eminent sons of art, as Sir Francis Chantrey and Lough, Copley Fielding, and George Robson, to whom this Memoir has already paid a passing tribute. Of a more numerous class, whose private worth was not unadorned with the accessions of taste and learning, it may suffice to mention Charles Henry Barnwell of the Museum, and James Heywood Markland.

At such a house it was but natural that it should have been a coveted privilege with the young and hopeful spirits of the time, whose aims were good and pure, to obtain admission. Many live to remember those evenings with grateful thoughts. Many were there confirmed in their good purposes by the counsel and intelligence which enlivened the social board, and the refined kindness of heart which controlled and directed all. But a change was now at hand, of which some forebodings began to appear in Dr. Wordsworth's letters towards the close of this period, and of which some record, however imperfect, is required in a Memoir of the Life of Joshua Watson.

CHAPTER XV.

Illness of his wife.—Her return home and preparation for death.—Her continued interest in his public labours.—Efforts to counteract infidel and seditious agitators.—Particulars of her last hours.—Temporary retirement of Joshua Watson from public life.

IT was now among the counsels of Divine Providence, to make the example of such a life as his more perfect, to visit Joshua Watson with domestic sorrow. He was destined to survive the admirable wife who had shared and animated all his noble tasks and purposes, and after a brief interval to mourn for the loss of his daughter, his only child. The first serious apprehension for his wife was felt at Brighton in September, 1830, and was at once communicated in a letter to John James Watson:—

"*Monday, Sept.* 27.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,

"It has pleased God to arrest us in our journeyings, and turn us back to our own home, that we may in peace and quiet seek the counsel and advice on which, in subordination to His will and providence, we are most inclined to rely. Within the last week or ten days my beloved wife, instead of gaining anything from change of air and scene, has sadly and unaccountably declined, and fills me full of anxiety for the future. Indeed, I scarcely know how to look forward but with serious forebodings. Only that I know that I am in the hands of Him whose arm is not shortened, and who equally bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up, and has before raised me from the lowest depths.

"Give me your prayers, my dearest brother, and know me to be ever yours most affectionately, "J. W."

"We hope to be at home to-morrow afternoon."

His brother hastened from Hertfordshire to meet him on his return from Brighton. The physicians whom he most trusted were quickly called to consultation; their opinion gave hope, but not without trembling, and lingering uncertainty. He wrote, therefore, at this time to Dr. Wordsworth:—

"Upon the future I will not dare to speculate; but in humble reliance upon that gracious Providence, which has in time past so heaped His mercies and loving-kindnesses upon me, I receive with devoutest thankfulness the present blessing; and knowing that He has good in store for those who trust in Him, I will lay my hand upon my mouth, and in silence wait the time of my more perfect redemption. For this, my dear friend, let me have your prayers.

"Yours ever affectionately,
"J. W."

His friend's answer, full, of course, of affectionate sympathy, having shewn that he had received too hopeful an impression, J. W. wrote again, Oct. 12:—

"The obscurity of our medical opinions, and their nice balancings of our hopes and fears, I cannot conceal from myself, or from you any longer, keep me in a state of anxious alarm, and make me dread lest my cup has been too full of blessing, and may not be longer held by my unsteady hands. I am thankful, however, to think that we have made a little improvement since I last wrote."

At the end of the month he was enabled to speak of increasing hope, which drew the following lines from the Master:—

"My very dear Friend,

"Your kind letter of yesterday must not be suffered to pass without its word of thankful acknowledgment. It came like a gleam of light from heaven through a dark cloud. God grant that you may see the merciful hope augmented and strengthened day by day."

Of the invalid's own feelings on this return to the dwelling which she was never to quit again during her earthly sojourn, it would be difficult to speak with half the truth and simplicity that are to be found in the following lines, dictated a short time afterwards to one of her attendant nieces:—

SICKNESS AND HOME.

While yet abroad our steps could roam,
  Dear friends no want would let us know,
They bade us call their home our home,
  And kindly made us feel it so.

But bless'd be God, who gave me power
  To reach this dear-lov'd place of rest,
Where love and duty every hour
  Seem striving who shall serve me best.

But love outstrips poor duty quite,
  And moves in such a constant glow,
That duty is obscur'd from sight
In the effulgence of that light
  Which love's soft rays around her throw.

Yet will she not her post forsake,
  But sweetly lurks, and waits to start,
If love some little pause should make,
  Where she may come to take her part.

Ah me! the happy object of such care,
  How shall I e'er my thankfulness express
To God, who did such hearts for me prepare,
  To those dear hearts, that never tire to bless!

It is a mark of the strength of her character that, while she was thus resigning herself to a sickness, which she felt from the first to be past human help, she was still sharing and striving to animate her husband's public designs, as in her days of health and vigour. Her private journal was renewed at intervals; and in Jan., 1831, it speaks of several conferences with Van Mildert and Blomfield on the measures which might best be pursued to oppose the spirit of infidelity then abroad, exhibiting itself in virulent tracts and public lectures. There was some reason to fear a new outbreak of the venom which had desolated the nations, and a revival of the danger of the days but newly gone. Happily, however, though there were busy hands employed in throwing the burning straws, the materials around them were not equally disposed to take fire.

One who had some practical acquaintance with the condition of London at this period, went to attend and hear a famous infidel lecturer at the Rotunda on a Sunday evening. The lecture consisted chiefly of a recitation of a part of Milton's "Paradise Regained," intermixed with a running comment of low buffoonery on the history of the Temptation. After this had gone on a good part of an hour, a working man among the audience, in a plain russet jacket, calling to the lecturer by name, said, "Argument! argument!" The effect of these two calm words was electrical: the orator paused like a man half choked with rage. The rest of the hearers, who appeared to have come more out of idle curiosity than zeal for irreligion, hailed his confusion with peals of laughter, more loud than any which his previous scurril jests had called forth. Then scarcely recovering himself, he turned towards the person who had interrupted him, and repeated his word: "Argument! I will give you such argument as none of your priests, with all their craft, shall be able to answer." "Do so," said the man in fustian; "and then our time will not be wasted." The result, however, was that the purpose of the entertainment was sufficiently exposed by those two simple, honest words. The spirit of the infidel advocate was rebuked. He tried to fall back into his buffoonery, but with little success. The assembly, which consisted of a few hundreds, chiefly of the lower ranks, broke up by degrees, as some were ashamed, and others wearied, to continue listening; and the attempt, which at first had given some uneasiness to the friends of religion and virtue, ended in nothing.

The orator on this occasion was an unhappy renegade priest, who had once been an officiating minister of the Church of England in one of the southern counties. He had once before renounced Christianity, but professed repentance; and came to old

Dr. Gaskin, then Rector of Stoke Newington, to beg his kind offices with Archbishop Howley, that he might again be restored and permitted to take duty in his diocese. The benevolent old man pleaded for him; but the Archbishop gave a prudent answer: "This is a case in which much public scandal has been given by a public insult to the Christian faith. It cannot be that one who was so lately an open apostate should at once be permitted to preach and teach what he was yesterday trying to destroy. When a young candidate for Holy Orders presents himself, we commonly require a testimonial of the candidate's good life and conversation for three years past from three or four clergymen. Let the offender, if his repentance is sincere, live in retirement for the next three years, and then bring the same kind of testimonial." Before many days had passed, the wisdom of this answer was manifested; and the wretched recreant was outdoing his first desperate declaration.

It is not impossible that this advice may have been the subject of conference with H. H. Norris, who afterwards reported it to the present writer, or with Van Mildert and Joshua Watson, who appears, from the private journal just mentioned, to have had several interviews with Archbishop Howley and Van Mildert on this subject. There are also several notices of this kind:—

"*Wednesday, Jan.* 19, 1831. The Infidel Tract Committee at S.P.C.K. . . . .

"*Friday, Jan.* 21. J. W. went early into the City to talk to some active and influential men about establishing some plan for the production and dissemination of anti-seditious cheap tracts.

"*Friday, Jan.* 21. He tells me that the coadjutors in the distribution of small tracts will be in brisk action in a few days. They have already so well contrived as to engage one of the wretches who vend the poison to administer the antidote: so much for the best bidder."

The journal continues for more than two months longer, as resumed occasionally in the intervals of sickness. It speaks once or twice of a plan which Joshua Watson had proposed for an Ecclesiastical Commission, of which some account will be found in the following chapter. What is here subjoined is almost the last entry:—

"*Wednesday, March* 30. I am very sorry to find this pause so long, but my illness makes me less and less equal to exertion. My husband's daily proceedings have been, I know, according to the tenor of the foregoing journal. He has been endeavouring to persuade William Wordsworth the poet to write on the present awful state of morals and politics; but the latter declares he cannot satisfy himself. However, I hope he has not altogether given it up."

There was scarcely any period during her long illness in which she had not at her command, beside the unfailing attendance of those most closely bound to her, the society of several cherished friends, old and young. And besides her full and constant devotions with her husband, and the services of the clergy in her own family, prayers were frequently offered up for her and with her, at her own request, by Bishop Inglis, who was then in England, by Dr. Wordsworth at other times, and by Hugh J. Rose. Her husband's words, from a private paper of his own, will best describe the impression of all eye-witnesses who attended in that sick chamber :—

> "It will be impossible for those who were privileged to attend her lengthened trial to forget the lovely picture of Christian and cheerful resignation which was continually presented to their eyes; and some, I humbly trust, will bless God to their latest hour for the silent eloquence of that lesson which spoke so sweetly and directly to the best feelings of their mixed nature; and shewed them how things temporal might be subordinated to things eternal; and how, whilst the thoughts of her own departure, and preparation for it, were always uppermost in her mind, and might have generated something like an appearance of unconcern for the interests and comforts of others, there was an unvarying manifestation of anxiety for their happiness, and of care and consideration how she might yet advance it."

She did indeed believe that the good creatures of God and the good services of our fellow men were to be received with humble thanksgiving, to which all would tend if "used to its true use." One day, after letting her eye rest upon a noble drawing of George Robson's, a picture of Pont Aberglaslyn, she observed, how much it was permitted us to enjoy in this world; that we were in no wise to turn our eyes away from the wonders of nature or art, but only to guard carefully against their occupying our thoughts so as in any degree to exclude spiritual things, to which a right contemplation of them would rather lead us; for "earth hath this variety from heaven." And she then went on with deep feeling to say how many delights she had enjoyed; that it had indeed been a good world to her; and yet, she thanked God, she could leave it without a sigh or regret. "She could hardly help wondering at herself," as her daughter's pen recorded her words, "that loving us all so dearly as she did, she should be without a wish to be restored; she had always prayed it might be so when death should be in prospect, but had hardly dared to hope the feeling could be so complete." To the last her ardour of love was unabated; but she had perfect trust for them, and strong faith and hope for herself.

She spoke of the text, St. John xv. 15, as at once a sanction and a lesson for Christian friendship. "It implies," she said, "entire confidence, and unreserved communication of heavenly knowledge, accordingly as each may have been blest with religious advantages."

Her thoughts for herself, as her daughter again wrote, were only on a better world; but for the sake of those who should survive her, she seemed to divide them, as befitted one who now almost touched that better world, yet felt and appreciated the duties and blessings appertaining to the state of probation in which she left those most dear to her.

As the spring advanced, her weakness increased, till early in June the degree of languishing was such as to give tokens that the end was near. On Saturday, June 11, she received the holy Sacrament for the last time, at the hands of her husband's brother, together with her nearest relatives, and with her maidens, who earnestly sought to be admitted, and to whom she afterwards gave her thanks and blessings one by one. Her daughter and her nieces heard the husband and wife conversing together that day on the comfort arising from faith in the atoning merits of their blessed Redeemer's death and passion. "Yes," she said; "and it is a *steady* comfort." The word expressed the constant frame of her mind. It was a *steady*, uniform, humble hope and firm trust that sustained her, and gave her that unvarying placid and devout serenity which marked every portion of her lingering illness.

One further little instructive incident was remarked. Her husband sate watching her the day before her death, and threw in little words of comfort at intervals, when she was now almost too weak to speak: "I can give voice to her thoughts," he said to one of his nieces, "and that relieves her." It would be difficult to find a more touching proof of entire unity of spirit.

But this was almost the last hour of consciousness; the shadows were gathering round, and she expired without a struggle about three o'clock in the morning of June 13. She was buried in the family-vault in Hackney churchyard, where, after nearly four-and-twenty years of widowhood, her husband's remains were laid beside her. Knowing that the effort would have been too great for the tender spirit and weak frame of their brother at the rectory, H. H. Norris had offered his services to read the Burial Office. There was something remarkable in the devout energy with which this good man seemed inspired on such mournful occasions. His melodious voice gave out tones which uplifted the mourning soul from the dimness of the present scene, and came over the spirits with a glow of comfort from above. The deep and holy feeling which was on this occasion manifested as he read the solemn and animating words, enabled even the sorrowing daughter for the moment to lose all consciousness of present grief in the joyful triumph of victorious faith. As to the chief mourner, as he followed the bier out of the church, there was an expression upon his countenance which those who noticed it could never forget. It was literally "a beaming eye," which spoke the calmness of a heart in which love and hope had subdued all feeling but that of thankfulness.

From the expressions of sympathy which the bereavement of one so generally beloved drew forth, we will select one or two which bear marks of having been particularly acceptable to him or to his daughter. Archdeacon Bayley wrote on the 23rd of June:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I well know that it would be more than idle in me to attempt to suggest to you any topics of consolation. All that a man and a Christian can have, are, and have long been, present to your mind. But I cannot satisfy my own feelings without just expressing to you that my heart is with you in this hour of trial. It seems to me that many marks of a peculiarly kind Providence are to be seen in Mrs. Watson's last illness, in the support she received, which enabled her to bear up so firmly and cheerfully, that the end of her life may perhaps be deemed more exemplary and interesting to the objects of her immediate regard than any former part of it. And the same gracious influence from above was lent to promote and preserve their happy composure and presence of mind. I have hardly a right to intermeddle with your sorrow by speaking of what I feel to be my own share of loss in this visitation, merciful, no doubt, as it is afflictive. But, indeed, I consider the friendship of this admirable woman as having been one of the happiest privileges of my life; and the memory of her superior talents, consecrated by their application, of her indefatigable charity, of her intellectual and animating conversation, and of her truly Christian temper of mind, will ever continue, I trust, to cheer and stimulate me. My humble and earnest prayer is, that you and yours may in this trying hour receive every comfort from the God of all consolation. Believe me, with most cordial esteem and regard, yours, my dear Sir,

"H. V. BAYLEY."

A few sentences of the reply remain:—

"All that —— is to you, was she to me, with this only difference, that the blessing of health had, till within the last twelve months of her precious life, enabled her to do without intermission what —— must have been too frequently interrupted in performing. It was as true in my case as in your own, that I was like Potiphar in my house, and knew not aught that I had save the bread that I did eat. She sent me forth, day by day, to my work, without a care or thought about home beyond the feeling that, however wearied or baffled abroad, I was sure on my return there to find both counsel and comfort from a depth of principle, a soundness of judgment, and an affectionate liveliness of temper, not often united in an equal degree."

There was something peculiar in this liveliness of temper which, accompanied by a native shrewdness of observation, judgment, and good sense, often added pointedness to her discourse, and gave a key-note to the conversation of old and young in the circles around her. "It was a vivacity and playfulness," says one who often witnessed it, "which diffused life and animation where it came. We shall never be such a joyous circle again."

These are the words of one whose close intimacy made her aware of the little failings inseparable from such a character, while it increased her love and value for her; and she bears this heartfelt testimony to the exemplary manner in which she profited by her trial:—

"I can only add that all the fine parts of her character shone with increased brightness during her long illness, and every little blemish disappeared; and there was added a gentle tenderness, and a compassionate consideration for the weakness of others, which seemed not to belong to her before, and which endeared her to us a hundredfold."

The two branches of the family were almost as one during the weeks that followed; and for more than two months the widower and his daughter made their chief home at Diggeswell Rectory. Other friends vied with each other in personal offices of sympathy; and Dr. Wordsworth wrote from Cambridge, July 7:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Day after day has passed, and I have omitted writing in the hope that I should be able to say that I could spend a day or two in your neighbourhood, and so have the opportunity of seeing you again with my very dear friend, Miss Watson, and of ascertaining what I am very anxious about, how you are supported in health of body and health of mind in the further progress of the deep and awful change into which it has pleased Divine Providence to plunge you. I earnestly hope and pray that His loving-kindness and mercy has, since we parted, continued to be, and still is, with you both, as I felt confident it had been through all the earlier stages, and in the last sad crisis, of your fiery trial. Pray, if it be possible, let me have a line from you at Buxted. My quiet parsonage there, I hope, will be a place that you will think of among the very first when you are able to think of encountering any change of place and scene."

A letter from Bp. Van Mildert, written at the beginning of August, is chiefly interesting as shewing how his friend must have written to him, while it makes us regret the loss of that and many other letters:—

"My dear Friend,

"Your letter of last week is everything that can be hoped for or desired as to your present state of feeling. . . . For the present I can well conceive that Diggeswell with all its soothing and tranquillizing advantages must give rise to frequent recollections and regrets not to be put aside. Yet you do well in encountering these in their full force, as the surest means of preventing their painful recurrence at an after period. As to the state of mental discipline which you describe as the result of your contemplation of the past, the present, and the future, I can only say that it presents to my mind almost an enviable picture of right Christian feeling, such as the best of us may desire to emulate rather than hope to attain, and on which the Divine blessing cannot fail to rest."

But Joshua Watson's affections were far too tender, and his frame far too sensitive, to allow him any exemption from the weariness and depression of spirits which so often follow after the first pressure of affliction. And because, if we did not perceive that he had a struggle to maintain, we should lose much of the instruction and encouragement which his after life affords, the following letter, though of a private nature, shall not be withheld; full as it also is of "thoughts which in thankfulness endure."

His watchful eye had seen some danger to the Church interest in a Bill that was pending, and he had written urgently to draw the Master of Trinity's attention to it; and the Master had hailed the letter as a symptom of his being again at his post in heart and affection, and perhaps in person also. But he replied,—

"My very dear Friend,

"You are much too forward, I am sorry to say, in your friendly anticipations. Neither publicly nor privately do I feel any symptoms of returning vigour; but a listless inactivity of body and of mind makes me shrink from everything which seems to call for exertion of the one or the other. In public concerns, indeed, there is quite enough, from hopelessness of good, to indispose a much more ardent spirit than mine to action. But nothing save the want of every *vis* but the *vis inertiæ* could, I think, have kept your kind letter a week unanswered. This inertness is, or rather has been for some time, sadly gaining upon me; and whether it be the consequent of premature age, or the too easy indulgence of indolent habits, I cannot tell, (I fear both,) but I certainly find it hard at present to fight against it, when all external circumstances serve greatly to increase the difficulty of self-exertion. Do not, however, imagine from this, my dear friend, that I am at all unduly depressed. The case, I assure you, is far otherwise. If, on the one side, every day shews me more and more the magnitude of my loss, I thank God it makes me also more and more sensible of the multitude of His mercies; and the one feeling only so corrects the other as to make me deeply grateful for the blessings still lent to me, and more ready to part with them whenever I shall be called to give them up. I can bless God daily for the child and friends He has given me, and yet feel that the spell is broken which made me think 'it is good for me to be here;' and in most thankful enjoyment of all that is left behind, prepare for following what is gone before. And surely this ought henceforth to be the great business of my life, and may well discharge me for the future from much of the profitless labour in which I have been long engaged."

CHAPTER XVI.

Public affairs in 1830.—*Wordsworth and Southey.—First step towards an Ecclesiastical Commission.—Joshua Watson's scheme, accepted by the Duke of Wellington, superseded by Earl Grey.—Labours of Hugh J. Rose.—Joshua Watson's Selections from Jer. Taylor.—His resistance to the sanction of Dissenting Manuals by the S. P. C. K.—His conciliation of opponents.*

THE private sorrow, related in the last chapter, had been impending over Joshua Watson at a time of much public anxiety. The events in France and the Netherlands in the autumn of 1830 had disturbed the settlement of the general peace made fifteen years before; and the trembling of the nations was felt as before to reverberate nearer home. Some notices of these gathering clouds appear from time to time in the journals to which we have already referred. Dr. Wordsworth and William Wordsworth dined with him in Park-street on December 22. "The poet," says the journal, "was most eloquent on the subject of the times: very high-minded, but very gloomy in his anticipations." On the following day he accompanied the two brothers to dine at Lambeth, where Southey met them. Of Southey the journal remarks, "His countenance is fine and peculiar; his eye bright hazel, not piercing, but very expressive; his smile pleasing, his manner gentle; his conversation much less energetic than William Wordsworth's." Those who were admitted to the private board of Archbishop Howley know how capable he was of guiding the conversation into a channel which would call forth the literary powers of his guests, how cultivated a taste he had in old English lore; and on this occasion another passing notice shews that he designedly avoided topics of public agitation to refresh himself with the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Southey breakfasted with Joshua Watson in Park-street on the following morning. Many persons now living will probably remember his earnest sympathy at this period with the loyal Dutch, who bravely adhered to the fortunes of the house of Nassau; a sympathy perhaps the more enlivened by the recollections of the hospitable kindness he had found for many weeks, when disabled from pursuing his travels, with an amiable Professor of Leyden, who made his house the poet's home. He repeated with much relish the English version of a bit of Flemish doggrel then circulated:—

"Under our old Orange Head
We had butter with our bread:
Under Mynheer John De Potter
We have neither bread nor butter."

"The best Flemish poet," said Southey, "whom I ever met with yet!"

From a letter of Dr. Wordsworth's about a month later, Jan. 23, 1831, it appears that his brother was then with him in his country rectory at Buxted. The friends had entertained a design to employ the poet's pen in some political effort to alleviate the dangers of the time; but it was without effect:—

> "What my brother is doing about the pamphlet," says Dr. Wordsworth, "I can hardly venture to say. Christopher and he have a great deal of talk; and he is murmuring a good deal by himself; but that is, I know, in part, poetical murmuring. I have not been well enough to go out; but he is out frequently, particularly at Lord Liverpool's, with whom he walks and talks and dines continually. He wrote immediately and urgently to Mr. Southey on the subject of an article for Bishop Middleton in the 'Quarterly.'"

The poet and his brother were once on a visit to Sir George Beaumont at Cole Orton, and taking a morning walk with Francis Merewether, the Vicar, who was a great friend and admirer of the old Master: "Yours has been a life," he said, "which hereafter should be worthily written." "Joshua Watson's," said the Master, "is the life that should be written." "Yes," said the poet, "it seems to me that in the Litany we ought to pray for Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, *and Joshua Watson*."

It was at this period that the first steps were taken towards the construction of what has since attained a kind of permanence with all consecutive administrations, a Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Joshua Watson had entered into the plan at its first outset, not without hope of aiding towards a great public benefit. He writes on Jan. 28:—

> "I am satisfied with my success on one point, on which I hope and think you go with me. It is at length determined that a Royal Com-

mission of Enquiry shall be issued; that it shall be purely ecclesiastical in its composition; that it shall embrace all variety of Church officers; and, I hope, be specifically restrained in its objects to the obtaining full and accurate information on the state of Church revenues, with a view to the suggestion of the best practical remedies for the evils of translations, of unseemly commendams, and offensive pluralities. In such a Commission I think the Master of Trinity will work well; and I hope he would find good fellow-workers."

This Commission was more fully discussed in his correspondence with Van Mildert; who seems about this time to have conceived hopes that it would have been approved by Earl Grey, the then Premier. He speaks of having been brought into communication with him, when he found him "frank, disinterested, and gracious." About two months later, however, in March, 1831, we find the plan was abandoned:—

"The Commission," writes Joshua Watson, "is given up; I believe altogether given up; certainly in the only shape I thought it worth having. And in lieu of it you are to be treated with a Bill of Restraint upon Pluralities, perhaps with a Bill of Improvement of Residence; certainly with one of Ecclesiastical Discipline; and most probably with one for the Composition of Tithes. Three of these I have seen, and think they will have the common fate of all present measures—pleasing neither party."

The following is Joshua Watson's own draft of this Commission of Enquiry. It bears a note in his own handwriting to the effect that it had been first submitted to Van Mildert; and when Van Mildert after three days' consideration had returned it, declaring his own desire not to change a letter in it, it was then passed on to Archbishop Howley, by whom it was equally approved, and by whom it was put into the hands of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke approved of it: but it was stopped at this point, not meeting the concurrence of Earl Grey:—

"SCHEME.

"Commission from the Crown, to be obtained before the meeting of Parliament, in order to prevent, if possible, Mr. Hume's Motion for Committee or Commission of Enquiry; which, unless met by such an answer as this will afford, Ministers can hardly, in the present state of the Commons' feeling, turn aside.

"1. *To consist exclusively of Ecclesiastics.* Laymen would of necessity be the Minister's nominees. This is a *sine quâ non:* without it the Church would be better without the Commission. The exclusion of laics is indispensable to the very object of the Commission: otherwise the measure will not be looked upon as a Church-measure; it will be considered either as forced upon the Church by Ministers, or as tamely yielded by the Bench. On the one supposition the confidence of the clergy, in these days of general distrust, will be wanting to the measure; and on the other, what is far worse, it would be lost to their spiritual governors.

"2. *To represent the several orders and interests in the Established Church.* About one-third bishops, and two-thirds members of capitular bodies, archdeacons, heads of houses, and undignified incumbents. Perhaps many of the selections to be made would include two or three of these characters in one individual.

"3. *To be formed by the Premier out of a list prepared by the Primate.* The list to contain perhaps double the number required; that the Minister, as representing the Crown, may choose and appoint, but not introduce or admit. It is essential to the well working of the Commission that it should have the confidence of Churchmen; and this it cannot have if Government do more than indulge their own preference amongst persons recommended by the Archbishop and his council.

"4. *To be not less than eighteen, or more than twenty-four, in number.* It is important to limit the number, not merely because a few do business better than many; but as the surest means of excluding unfit persons from the final nomination.

"5. *To be strictly limited in its objects, and fully provided with powers.* The limitation of objects is most desirable, as authorizing a declaration of them, and so precluding the fears and jealousies which would inevitably grow out of a general Commission of Enquiry, which can perhaps no otherwise be precluded.

"6. *To have its objects declared to be the devising of fit and proper remedies against frequent translations, commendams with cure of souls, or other conflicting duties, and inconvenient pluralities; and the reporting thereof to the king.* These perhaps are the spots most commonly seen. An enquiry therefore instituted with a direct view to the reform of these admitted evils cannot but be popular; whilst its result will certainly serve to remove the odium of them, in a great degree at least, from the Church.

"7. *To be empowered, for these purposes, to enquire fully into the nature and amount of Church-property, by calling for returns, and citing and examining witnesses.* The information thus collected and communicated by authority will serve to disabuse the public mind of the gross prejudice which prevails on this subject, and to establish the deep interest the laity really have in maintaining the integrity of what yet remains to the Church.

"Each and every one of these points appears so essential that, rather than bring any one of them into discussion, I would prefer to say, Here is the plan which alone will ensure the confidence of the Church: and that confidence is so indispensable to its prosperity at the present moment, that we dare not risk the loss of it; but would think it better to bear the brunt of any assault, than to hazard a breach of the bonds which yet bind the clergy to their bishops."

It is due to history, and to the design of this Memoir, to place this document among the records of his life, as illustrating the principles by which that life was animated. Whether any Prime

Minister could, at that time, have safely proceeded towards reforms in the Church by such gentle initiative steps as this document marks out, may be doubtful: but it is certain, before any great interval had elapsed, the inconvenience of proceeding without previous enquiry was felt by some of those whose pens had been before most sharply pointed against the abuses in question; and it was time that such remonstrance should be heard.

At this period, however, the public zeal for reform was regarded, by many of the best men whom the Church numbered in her ranks, as little else than a cloak for the designs of spoliation. It cannot be said that there were no grounds for such suspicions. The House of Commons had entertained proposals which scarcely admitted of any other interpretation. The Irish Church-property, about which there were the most vague reports as to its extraordinary wealth, seemed already doomed. The alarm of general confiscation had extended to Scotland, as was manifested by the active part taken by Dr. Chalmers and other Presbyterian clergymen in support of their establishment. The coarse vehemence of Cobbett was employed on the side of destruction in some of the latest efforts of his pen; and Hugh J. Rose had taken up his pen to answer him in his "Letters to the Sussex Farmers."

It is difficult to do justice to the active zeal which this remarkable man brought to the cause of order and public safety. What is certain is, that from the time that he came forward there has been no interval during which the Church has been in want of well-organized literary support in that kind of periodical literature, which is so needful for the changeful exigencies of the day. The "British Magazine," which he established about this time, was at once accepted by the Church as supplying a public want. Some of the ablest rising men in the Universities became contributors. The sacred poetry of the *Lyra Apostolica* first appeared in its pages; and while he remained to advise and guide, there was union and strength in the calm reasons and practical prudence with which it treated the questions of the day. For several successive years it continued to afford this service. Subsequently his declining health made it imperative upon him to relinquish it; and it came into the superintendence of his friend, Dr. S. R. Maitland, by whom its literary character was fully sustained. When Dr. Maitland had devolved the duty into other hands, it did not command the same attention: the phases of controversy had changed, and other periodical publications had arisen. When it no longer served the ends for which it had been instituted, it was suffered to disappear.

As a few notices were preserved of Hugh J. Rose by those who at this time enjoyed his society at Park-street, and as it is now perhaps too late to expect that a man, whose memory might otherwise well claim it, will find a biographer of his own, they shall be here inserted. Being asked his opinion of Bishop Butler's "Analogy," he said: "The best answer I can give is, that my own copy is worn out by frequent use. It is a book that grows more and more upon you, as you become intimate with it." This led to a conversation on the subject of Evidences. "There are many minds which seem happy and safe in themselves without the study of such arguments; and some appear to shrink from the study, as suggestive of doubts which they have never felt. But if I had the charge of the education of a young enquiring spirit, I should think it my duty to provide all safeguards against danger."

He was a warm admirer of the theological writings of John Miller, whom he conceived, as well as John Keble, to be deeply imbued with the spirit of Wordsworth. In this high estimate he is now known to have been supported by the discriminating judgment of Robert Southey. Those who were happy enough to know the varied powers of mind and thought by which John Miller was distinguished in private life, will bear witness to the impressive wisdom and deep reason which pervaded his correspondence and conversation; but as the privation of deafness, under which he laboured, impaired the full effect of these powers in the social circle, so the peculiarities of a somewhat involved style have interfered to some extent with the popular acceptance of his published works. His thoughts flowed faster than his words, and his sentences are broken by parenthetic reflections, shewing the meditations of a mind conversing with itself, rather than the labour of one who sought to attract a reader by any art of arrangement or composition. But, as Rose said equally of Miller and Keble, "A time will come when we shall be envied for having possessed such men in our day."

He could find relief under public anxiety in sacred poetry, and spoke of Cowper as one of his sources of comfort:—

> "The nightingale in the hymn, 'Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,' especially pleases me. But I cannot always read Cowper. His melancholy, though morbid, was so real, and the pathos of his language goes so directly from the heart to the heart, that, having passed the age when 'sad fancies we affect,' I cannot always bear it."

Of Robert Wilson Evans and the "Rectory of Valehead," he said:—

> "Our feeling towards the book is rather complex. We like it very much,—like it for its poetry, like it for its purity, like it for its piety.

But we must allow that, as a picture of real life,—I mean of any thing attainable in real life, even by the best Christian,—it is *an imagination.* I only wish that all fellows of colleges dreamt such beautiful dreams of this work-day world. Nor do I say this as an objection to the book in one sense: for I am far from thinking that an acquaintance with the views which a pure and pious mind presents to itself of human life and its possibilities is without its profit, as I am sure it is not without its pleasure. The only thing is, to guard those who may not know the truth against supposing that those persons among whom they may be thrown are bad men and worse Christians, because they do not resemble the imaginary pictures which have been presented to them."

To this period belongs a little reprint, made by Joshua Watson, of the Introduction to the "Holy Living" of Jeremy Taylor; and a small volume of Devotions selected from the same storehouse followed in 1831:—

"I have furnished myself," wrote his friend Sir John Richardson, "with some copies of your judicious selections from the evangelical Jeremy Taylor. I never use the epithet but with due reverence. The oftener I read him, the more I am satisfied of the excellence of his method of recommending holiness to the heart and imagination, as well as to the understanding of frail man, by dwelling on the infinite love and condescension of our gracious Father, in taking so much pains to make it attainable, if not easy; and by mixing it up with every act and duty of ordinary life, so as to make every hour spent in the world, as well as in the closet, when sanctified by its motive, an act of religion and obedience. I have often wished to hear Christianity inculcated from the pulpit on this principle. How different was the impression left on the heart from that sort of hopelessness, which you perhaps felt—I am sure I felt it—after the first perusal of Law's 'Serious Call.'"

Sir John Richardson also confirmed the very high estimation in which Joshua Watson held the *Ductor Dubitantium.* They considered it to be among the greatest of Taylor's writings, and used to say that some of our most eminent lawyers had owned themselves to be greatly indebted to it.

It was about this time that Joshua Watson took a lively interest in opposing a proposition made at the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to place a well-known manual of the pious Dissenter, Dr. Isaac Watts, on the list of the Society. Van Mildert's letters shew that he was in correspondence with him on this question, and shared his objections to the principle of admitting a separatist to a place among the Church's teachers. The proposition was rejected, very much on the reasons which Joshua Watson delivered at the meeting on June 7, 1831: of which we have probably the substance in the following letter, written by him shortly afterwards to a member of the Standing Committee who had supported it:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I regret more than I can well express the discussion of last Tuesday; not from any difficulty in the question, but from the differences it has a tendency to create amongst chief friends. For the question is one which will appear to both sides so easy to be settled, that neither, I fear, will be ready to do justice to the motives and feelings of the other. For my own part, however, I own I have so much respect and regard for those who divided from me on that occasion, that I cannot help shortly stating to you the grounds on which I found myself compelled to act. The question, I confess, came unexpectedly upon me: and, because of some of its foreseen consequences, I was sorry that it had been raised. But, when once raised, not on the merits of a book, or the worth of its author, but upon a general principle, I felt I had no choice. To my apprehension, no point can be more self-evident than that nothing short of necessity, nothing but that spiritual destitution which amounts almost to a famine of the words of instruction, could justify a Society like ours in sending its members to be taught by ministers of dissenting communions. This, one would think, might well-nigh be taken for granted. No separatists, none but well-affected members of the Establishment, can, by its fundamental principles, set a foot in its council-room, or take part in its deliberations. Is it possible, therefore, that they may be seated in our chair and go forth as teachers of the people, under our authority and at our expense? Can this be, if there be such a thing as consistency in principle or practice? The case seemed so impossible to be supposed, that it is, like parricide in the old Roman law, not even provided against by statute; whilst the mind of the Society is to be read by every one that runs, in her invariable, undeviating practice on this point for more than one hundred and thirty years. Throughout this long range not a single precedent is to be found in her proceedings, or her catalogues, as far as I have been able to enquire; for the admission of the 'Divine Songs' is any thing but a precedent; so perfectly unique is the subject and nature of the case. So that only a necessity such as no one can pretend, superseding law and practice, could warrant any other decision than that to which the question was brought, or justify a vote which, by formally admitting the instruction of the Dissenter, would have virtually proclaimed the incompetency of our good mother to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"I confess to you, I am not a little jealous on this point: so jealous indeed that, although not unaware how illiberal, and narrow-minded, and anti-catholic this feeling may be thought by many, and by some whom I love and respect, I could almost desire, since the doubt has been raised, that the point should be settled and the law publicly declared. Any thing seems better than this perpetual liability to agitation and dissension among ourselves. The principle is a broad one; and the Society, I verily believe, would be found ready to take its stand upon it when fairly laid down. Nor do I think that you, my dear Sir, if you looked at it in one of your clear lights, would long hesitate to entertain the same view. But that we may see alike, we must look from the same point. Do not then, I pray you, mistake my ground.

I consider the subject simply as an S. P. C. K. question; and I do not conceive that the most bigoted, among those who had the pain of differing from you on Tuesday, would, if they could, prevent the printing or proscribe the publishing, or even forego the perusal of Watts, Doddridge, Baxter, and numberless other worthies, whom we might be happy to imitate, as I think Johnson said with reference to Watts, in their piety, and charity, and benevolence, in everything except their nonconformity.

"The question, then, is reduced to this, in my apprehension at least, —Is it, or is it not, fitting that S. P. C. K., not only essentially, but exclusively, a Church Society, shall place a Dissenter in her chair of religious instruction; shall give her sanction to teachers not of her own communion, and employ her funds in forcing the circulation of Dissenting tracts? This really seems to me the question; and not whether Watts be a classic and orthodox Dissenter, who may be safely read; nor even whether his respectable recommenders may chance to be displeased at our non-acceptance. This consequence, however, I should be most anxious to avoid, as I hope I always shall be to avoid any unnecessary occasion of offence. And here surely your healing counsel may be heard with effect. If the recommenders are, as you speak of them, persons who deserve particular attention, surely you can have little difficulty in satisfying them that they have really no ground of complaint against S. P. C. K., if she has been unwilling to break her uniform practice, and to let in a new principle of action, out of mere respect to names and of compliment to a tract, of which the Christian world has been in full possession for at least a century, without any one of her members ever thinking it 'requisite to promote the designs of the Society.'

"Think of this, my good friend, and see what you can do to prevent a breach. Let not our house, if you can prevent it, be divided against itself. And personally, I will add, let not such questions separate between you and yours ever faithfully,

"JOSHUA WATSON."

It is remembered how on another occasion, in a conversation on such a question as this, when a friend had urged that the Israelites at a time of need went down to the Philistines to sharpen their axes and ploughshares, his rejoinder was, "Yes; but it was only when there was no smith to be found in Israel."

The effect of such a letter could scarcely fail to be conciliatory. The friend to whom it was addressed was one of the most earnest in his condolence with Joshua Watson shortly afterwards, when he was in the midst of his domestic affliction; and he joined his affectionate entreaty that he would return, as soon as he could satisfy his sense of piety and natural sorrow, "to those great duties, though voluntarily undertaken, which Christ and His Church had called him to discharge. The Church," he said, "as you know, requires your care, and will repay you in comfort and blessing a thousand-fold. I cannot help saying that I know no one to whom our blessed Saviour has entrusted higher privileges than yourself. May that blessed One, from whose store of blessed solace you have drawn and imparted to others, and amongst others to myself, still be your comfort, and stay, and guide."

But the feeling with which Joshua Watson inspired his opponents is perhaps still more remarkably displayed in the following letter from the same quarter:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have thought again and again over the words which I intended to use on Wednesday, and the interpretation put upon those which I did employ; and although unquestionably they were made to convey what I never intended to utter, yet an explanation of them is by no means my object in this letter; for I was drawn to express myself too strongly and too hastily. This, however, is not the point to which the sincere feelings of my heart compel me to advert now. I cannot let another day pass without assuring you, that if, as I fear, any word escaped me which gave you pain, I regret it as deeply as if I had uttered it to my own mother. Among all your friends and admirers there is not one who respects you more profoundly, or loves you more sincerely, than myself. I do not ask your pardon, because I know you gave it immediately; nor do I express a hope that your kind feelings towards me may not be quenched, because I inferred the contrary from your own expressions. All I wish is to unburden my mind by confessing to you the pain with which words that gave you pain have ever since filled my mind; and to express my hope that no sense of duty may hereafter betray me into such an appearance—Heaven knows it was an appearance only—of unkindness towards so dear a friend again."

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Church in India.—The Ecclesiastical Commission.—Joshua Watson resigns his Treasurership of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—The Address to the Primate, and Declaration of Lay Members of the Church in 1833, '34.

THE change which had come over his now solitary home did not drive a mind like Joshua Watson's to seek relief in a retirement from public calls to duty. We find him shortly again engaged in schemes for the same sacred cause to which his energies had so long been devoted.

The fatal rapidity with which Bishop Heber and his two next successors had fallen victims to the climate of India, was painfully felt by one who had done so much to promote the mission of the first English bishop to that great empire. It seemed as if the work must be interrupted by these successive losses; and it called forth some very earnest complaints in his letters to his friends. "Give me your counsel," he says to Dr. Wordsworth, "and tell me, if you can, what is to be done for India. Are we thus to offer sacrifice after sacrifice to the Mammon of Leadenhall-street? victim after victim to this Juggernaut of Europe? to go on sending forth one after another never to return?" Such words can only give a faint impression of the trial still to be undergone before the frugal charity of courts of directors and cautious policy of boards of control were brought to consent to measures more becoming the character of a Christian nation and government.

He was now, in December, 1831, interesting himself equally in efforts for the West Indies, where a fearful hurricane had visited some of the islands with ruinous devastation. He complains to Dr. Wordsworth of the parsimony of Cambridge in answering to his call:—"What! has your Caput taken snuff or pepper in the nose, that when an Oxford college votes £100, and a poor little West Indian island gives its £1,000 sterling, and its £2,500 West Indian currency, it rejects a grace for £200? Proh pudor! what a lame and impotent conclusion!"

It is indeed evident, from the affectionate remonstrances of his friends at this period, that he was exerting himself beyond his bodily powers; and Hugh Rose in particular earnestly exhorted him to allow himself a more lengthened interval of rest. A wearing cough seemed to be exhausting the strength of a frame which had never been robust. But, as another correspondent said of him, his case was like that of a physician in full practice, living at the mercy of those who were constantly seeking his advice.

> "I have bored you successfully but unmercifully," says Archdeacon Bayley. "I do assure you it has not been through forgetfulness of your painful endurance, but in the firm and deep conviction that, if the Church was to be saved under the present danger, it was to be done through you. *In te domus inclinata recumbit.* I shall never despair while you are spared to us. Once more you have put us in the right way; and may you live to see Heaven's blessing on your good work!"

He was watching with much anxiety the first measures of the Ecclesiastical Commission. The resolution taken in the outset, to make no reports of their proceedings till their plans of reformation were prepared, filled him with serious apprehensions. His own suggestion was, that a set of questions should have been prepared, to which the clergy might have given answers; and in this way the grounds of the changes in agitation would have come before the public before legislation was attempted. This suggestion was also supported by Van Mildert. But the commissioners, "marching on in double quick time," as he speaks of it, could not wait for such deliberate advice. Indeed, their haste was such as to give an appearance of unworthy fear in the progress of their measures, as was pointed out with the well-remembered caustic humour of Sydney Smith.

Joshua Watson had not ceased to regret that the composition of the Board had been such as to exclude the greater portion of the bishops, and to embody such an unequal proportion of the lay element. "Assuredly," he said of it long afterwards, "it ought on every account to have had much more of an ecclesiastical character in its first concoction, especially when it is considered that all its recommendations were to be referred to secular decision. But if the axiom of our philosophic statesman be true, we must be ready to give up as undesirable whatever we see to be impracticable; and therefore I say no more on that point." The justice of this view has been now for some time admitted, and all the bishops are, by virtue of their office, members of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had now established its Committee of General Literature and Education; which has been sustained to the present time, not without benefit to the classes for whose service it was designed. But its commission not being at first very clearly pointed out, there were some proposals put forth which might have led to inconvenience, had not Joshua Watson and H. H. Norris remonstrated, particularly one which contemplated the issue of cheap Commentaries on the Bible in penny numbers. The friends were not unnaturally startled at a scheme which implied such presumptuous haste in its promoters. They were jealous for the character of the old Society, and would not have her credit compromised by an inconsiderate effort in a matter of such importance, in which "neither friend nor foe would excuse a failure." Besides, it was not for the Committee of General Literature to undertake what was only to be properly sanctioned by the central authority of the Society.

One may regret that, under the various difficulties attending this design, it seemed as if the popular Commentary was never to be prepared; but we may judge of the degree of discretion which had dictated these proposals by another which followed from the same quarter, for a poetical version of the Epistles and Gospels. It was surely needful for the proposers to be asked to consider Marvel's "Lines to the Poet of 'Paradise Lost.'"

Joshua Watson's official connection with the Society was now drawing to a close. On the 2nd of July, 1833, it was announced at a meeting, at which Archbishop Howley presided, that he found it necessary to resign his duties as treasurer. Bishop Blomfield had written to him a few months earlier to ask him to defer this step, seeming to suppose that he had determined upon it from some differences of opinion between them:—

> "I do most earnestly entreat," he says, "that you will not forsake us; for I am perfectly sincere when I assure you that, in the present unsettled state of men's feelings and opinions, I do not think our two great Societies can go on well without the balance which is supplied by your experience and judgment. I am quite sure, that even those individuals who have been most opposed to your views on some important questions would be among the first to deprecate your retirement from among them."

It was, however, no personal regard to his own influence which had any weight in his decision; but a growing conviction, from the experience of continual bodily weakness and suffering, that his health was no longer equal to duties which he had always discharged with close and anxious attention. He did not cease for the rest of his life to consult for the good Society's welfare; and he was now cheered by the Primate's coming forward to take a more prominent part, as President, in its proceedings: but the period of near twenty years devoted to such self-denying labour might well plead for an honourable release, prompted only by a fear that his powers were not likely to sustain him under it as before.

On this occasion Archbishop Howley spoke with much feeling:—

> "There had never been an occasion, on which the best interests of Church and State could be advanced or secured, when Mr. Watson had not been among the foremost, both with his means and with his counsels, to aid their cause. His genuine piety and unaffected benevolence had secured to him the esteem and affection of all who, like the members of their board, had opportunities of estimating their influence. His sound understanding guided him at once to discern and determine what should and what might be done; and his diligence and courtesy ensured the hearty co-operation of his fellow-labourers."

He dwelt upon his firmness in essentials and absence of anything like pertinacity on points of less importance. None of the Societies to which he lent his assistance had suffered any loss through his want of pains or vigilance:—

> "For himself he could say, that from no man had he received such

ready and judicious counsel, or such friendly assistance, free from the smallest taint of selfishness, and guided with the most unaffected and retiring humility."

Bishop Blomfield followed with terms of equal affectionate veneration. And Van Mildert confirmed all by appealing to the experience of forty years of his own uninterrupted friendship with him. Joshua Watson could not prevail upon himself to encounter such a scene by being present; but a record of it was preserved by the affection of his brother:—

"You and I," he wrote to his niece, "are perhaps the only persons who can properly appreciate the truth of all that was said, and who, if we had been less nearly connected with the object of these high and well-earned commendations, could have added largely to all which fell even from the lips of our kind and good Archbishop and the Bishop of Durham, and which were so well and impressively delivered. I think the Archbishop must have been quite inspired by his subject; for I never remember him to have spoken so eloquently. But what endeared so much all that was said by them, and I may very justly add, by the Bishop of London also, was the abundant proof afforded by them, that it was not the language of compliment, but the undisguised convictions of the heart, to which they gave utterance in all its fulness."

A report of what had taken place having been sent to Joshua Watson at Guilsborough, called forth the following characteristic letter:—

"*July* 3, 1833.

"My dearest Brother,

"It would be as idle to dissemble, as it is hard to express, the feelings of high and pure gratification with which I read your despatch this morning, warm as it came from a heart always full of affection, and always too kind in its judgment. For the glow thus thrown over the whole picture I know how to make all due allowance: but, this done, there still remains enough to put me to shame for the infinite distance between the portraiture of the Archbishop and the lineaments of the original.

"On the subject itself I can no more speak than you could yesterday. Most unfeignedly do I feel it such an overpayment for everything but what I intended and desired, that I can hardly receive it without trembling. At my time of life, and with diminished powers, it would be vain to add that I will try to deserve it: I can only say that I am, and ever must be, deeply grateful for it to those who poured the precious oil upon my head, and not less to those who so affectionately rejoice in it. But while I am thus thankful to all His instruments, my heart overflows with gratitude to the great Giver of all my good, whose loving-kindness has followed me all the days of my life, even from my mother's womb, 'to hoar hairs carrying me,' and who, though He has removed the crown of all my earthly joys, lest I should indeed think it good for me to be here, has that treasure still, I humbly but fairly trust, in His holy keeping, and may even now permit her (is there harm in thinking so ?) to joy in the joy of those she so dearly loved. But I will not trust myself on this topic : I will only again repeat that I am, with all devout thankfulness, most affectionately yours,

"J. W."

The period was that of the suppression of the Irish bishoprics, to which allusion is made in a letter of Van Mildert's :—

"The detestable Bill stands for our second reading on Monday next. Sorely to my vexation and annoyance, I postpone my journey to the North till the first night of the debate is gone by, intending to tell my mind to their Lordships as briefly and temperately as I can, and then leave my proxy in safe keeping, in case the debate be prolonged to another night. The worst is, the probability that I may find myself in collision with the person of all others from whom I should most reluctantly differ. You know whom I mean. But I cannot help it : again and again have I considered the matter, and can see only one course open to me consistently with integrity or a safe conscience, or with my notions of sound policy and discretion. You may be assured, however, that my utmost endeavours shall be used to give no just occasion for offence to opponents or to friend."

The event seems to have been such as to remove his apprehensions in the particular instance to which he alludes, as Joshua Watson in his reply congratulates him on the unexpected ally whom he found in the Primate, as well as on the stand which he had so nobly made against a measure which they regarded as involving principles of spoliation.

In the autumn of this year we find him in correspondence with H. H. Norris, on an association which he had learnt to be in progress of formation at Oxford, to resist some expected project for reforming the Liturgy. This is nearly the earliest mention that occurs in his papers of the band of friends whose labours in many following years had such remarkable influence on the Church and University, resulting in the publication of the "Tracts for the Times" and the controversies arising from their publication, attesting the general anxiety excited by the uncertain prospect of the Church's temporal position, from the discovery and recognition of some deeper and more permanent principles of union. The first public step to which this association led was a preparation of an Address to the Primate, expressive of respect for his personal character, and gratitude for the firmness and discretion which he had evinced in a season of difficulty and danger; and pledging the subscribers to a cheerful co-operation and dutiful support to him in carrying out any measures which, while they preserved inviolate the apostolical polity of the Church and the doctrine embodied in the Prayer-book, might tend to revive primitive discipline, strengthen the connection between clergy and people, and promote the purity, efficiency, and unity of the whole body. This Address was in a short time signed by more than seven thousand of the clergy. When the subject was first mentioned to Joshua Watson, it seems to have been regarded with feelings of a mixed nature. He had not been altogether satisfied with Archbishop Howley's part in the Ecclesiastical Commission; but his hesitation also arose from convictions, which continued to appear in his conversation and correspondence to the close of his life. He was deeply impressed with the earnest zeal, the learning, and talents of the Oxford confederates. Some of their writings, and especially some of J. H. Newman's earlier sermons, he read with genuine admiration; but he felt that there was something unfixed in their aims and enquiries, something which wanted guidance, but could not find, or acquiesce in the counsels of, a needful guide.

"*Langton, near Tunbridge Wells, Oct.* 24, 1833.

"MY DEAR NORRIS,

"If you can call to mind John Whitaker's opening to his 'History of Arianism,' you will read therein a good answer to your enquiry as to my present state and condition,—perhaps not quite asleep, but very little willing to be disturbed or roused to any kind of exertion; still, however, I hope more from inability than from indifference. The truth is, as I was obliged to confess the other day to the Bishop of Durham, I feel the infirmities of premature age are come upon me, and find myself so slow in apprehension and conception, in expression and action, as to be greatly indisposed to exertion either of body or mind, and to be out of humour with every person or thing that would move me to either. You will understand, therefore, the spirit in which I set about the indispensable duty of replying to your letter just received, and make the necessary allowances for the influence it will probably have on the answer you call for. First, I want materials for an opinion. No prospectus has reached me, and I know not what kind of reform is supposed by the associators, nor by what kind of opposition it is intended to be met. But there is also, *prima facie*, an objection to the unauthorized character of the measure, until some sort of sanction, express or implied, be obtained from the heads of the Church. There may, indeed, be a reluctance on their part to speak on this occasion; and there will be occasions in which they may be glad to have that done, of which they may be able to say when done, that it was done without reference to them: but still, can you, who are in the habit of such frequent communication with all whose counsel is worth having, act in a matter of this moment without assuring yourself in some sort that you do not go against their wishes and their judgments? I trow not. Bayley talked to me some short time since of a plan for bringing the clergy to a general declaration of opinion, in a general Address to the Primate, expressive of their concurrence in all that he had effected, and their confidence in his zeal and discretion, and devotion to the Church in all that he contemplated. Such a declaration, if attainable in the present state of the clergy without compromise, would doubtless strengthen the hands of the Archbishop, and comfort him amazingly; but I fear, in losing the advantage I was most anxious he should make of the Ecclesiastical Commission, he let the best, if not the only, opportunity for doing this well go by. If you have not seen Bayley, I wish you would see him on this subject before his month of residence is out.

"Your affectionate friend,
"J. W."

H. H. Norris begins his answer:—

"My dear Joshua,

"I well remember the passage to which you refer. It is one which we admired and committed to memory together in those hours of sweet counsel at Guilsborough, when the spring-time of life was smiling on us, and the thing furthest from our thoughts was its present application. In that application, however, is conveyed the most powerful call you could make on me to disturb your slumber; and so I occupy some of my time in the discharge of this great act of charity."

He then goes on to explain the objects of the proposed association, to which he had already sent in his adhesion. But he adds, that he thinks the promoters of it were desirous of deliberate counsel "in forming the terms of a solid union of such a character, that those of their superiors who were true to their calling should find a body formed to which they could appeal, and which they could call to their support in the day of trial."

"It is no common occasion," he wrote again: "indeed, I know not one that has occurred during our whole course of service where all the experience and judgment that can be had is so much needed."

A rough draft of the Address was now sent up from Oxford; and it is evident that he was shortly afterwards closely and earnestly engaged in the business with Dr. Wordsworth, Archdeacon Bayley, H. H. Norris, Rose, and Lyall, and all whose cooperation in measures approved at Park-street was now almost habitual. The only detailed account of this movement which has yet appeared, as far as the present writer is aware, is the Rev. William Palmer's Narrative[a], published ten years later. The learned and diligent controversialist who wrote it could not well escape the difficulties besetting a man who makes himself the hero of his own tale. It is also written with some tendency to that vehemence and exaggeration which is apt to pervade the eloquent narratives of natives of the sister country. But it is a record of the impressions of one who took a lively interest in the proceedings, animated by a warm resentment of what he believed to be the beginning of desolation to the Irish Church[x].

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[a] A Narrative of Events connected with the Publication of the Tracts for the Times. By the Rev. William Palmer, M.A., of Worcester College. Oxford, 1843.

Mr. Palmer says that he himself drew up the form of Address to the Archbishop, but that it was "communicated to the most influential of their friends in London for revision." This is the only intimation which his pages afford of the benefits which his original draft appears to have received from this reference. It seems to have been revised by a quartet of friends who met in Park-street; and Joshua Watson, speaking of the result in a letter of Nov. 1, says,—"My great object was to prevent the reproach of unqualified opposition to all reform, without admitting the necessity of any; and in effecting this, to make as much use as possible of what had been got up at Oxford." Probably the precise character and amount of the alterations cannot now be ascertained. But it was after this revision that it was put into circulation, and obtained that remarkable support which could not have been secured without a persuasion on the part of the clergy that the public danger called for some such act of faithful concord, and that the paper was well adapted to the emergency. It is to the praise of the Oxford associates that they were the original promoters of so seasonable an expression of faith and duty; and it is no less to their praise that they yielded so far to the advice of those who, to an equal zeal for the common safety, added a more mature experience of public measures.

The project of a new association was shortly afterwards relinquished; and perhaps this also was in some measure owing to the advice of Joshua Watson. "I have the greatest possible confidence," he said, "in the principles and talents of its founders; but I cannot escape the conviction of the disagreeable alternative. If it fails, it will be an injurious demonstration of weakness; if it flourishes, it will be a sadly unmanageable body, a body without a head, presbyters without bishops, at once acephalous and anomalous[y]."

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[x] It is certain that Joshua Watson expressed surprise at the air of a party-movement ascribed to the preparation of the Address in Mr. Palmer's Narrative, and the inclination to make a great era of the year 1833. "I am only solicitous," he said, "to get rid of all the history of the agitation." For this reason he had deprecated the publication of the Narrative itself.

[y] Compare the words of Robert Southey in Mr. Palmer's Narrative, p. 92: "I do not perceive how such an association is to act. It is not

He expresses himself more fully in a letter written at the close of November to Lyall, who was then Archdeacon of Colchester:—

"I had prayed Norris earnestly to lay before his correspondents the danger alike of success or failure, for I knew not at this time which would be worst for the Church. They were, however, too far committed to be open to such counsel as would have suspended all action; their 'Suggestions' were already in circulation, though I had not seen them, and many promises of support had poured in upon them[2]. And when such men as Keble, Newman, Palmer, and others were once up and stirring, it was little likely they would be put down by one who had never been applied to for an opinion, or that counsels of expediency would prevail with these high-minded men over the dictates of duty. Something, therefore, was to be done, and so done as to unite as much as might be those whom an association would be sure to disjoin. And for this, nothing seemed to me so promising as an Address to the Primate. It allowed a declaration of principle without its appearing a mere gratuitous act, for the Archbishop had earned the confidence and gratitude of the clergy; and it involved neither a denial nor an admission of the question of reform; but by expressing thanks for the past and trust for the future, it bespoke the clergy to be such as the Archdeacon of Colchester, in his Essex Charge, had assumed them to be. It is true, that in the various revisions and modifications the paper has undergone, it does not effect this so completely as was intended; but I do hope that it says enough to satisfy most people, and enough perhaps to excite our admiration of the readiness with which the first movers of the association have come down from their own high ground to meet us. But above all, I hope that you, my dear friend, will see in it, with all its imperfections, enough of the spirit in which it is conceived, of its tendency to strengthen the hands and comfort the heart of the Archbishop and to unite the great body of the clergy in one general demonstration, without any compromises of opinion or feeling of invidiousness towards their own bishops,—enough of all this, I hope, to ensure your hearty concurrence and support. It was certainly with these views that I returned to the Address, not as connected with, but as superseding, associations, tract circulations, &c., altogether; and with these views, until better advised, I shall be very much inclined to recommend subscription to all who ask my opinion. The direction has been strictly to avoid every approach, save a personal friendly one, to the officers of the Church, and everything which could give an air of authoritative interference to the application for names. For it was to be an expression of opinion made spontaneously, or it would be nothing worth. It was not, however, intended that the officers should be excluded from the general muster-roll of the Church; and it is hoped that they will not desire it."

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likely that it should avert the evils that are intended; and certainly it will prepare the way for a reaction." Van Mildert's advice was to the same effect.

[2] See Southey's letter to John Miller, in his Life and Correspondence, vol. vi. p. 221.

The Clerical Address was immediately followed by a Lay Declaration, which in a short time received the signatures of 230,000 heads of families. It was drawn up in the following form:—

"At a time when the Clergy of England and Wales have felt it their duty to address their Primate with an expression of unshaken adherence to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of which they are ministers, We, the undersigned, as lay-members of the same, are not less anxious to record our firm attachment to her pure faith and worship, and her apostolic form of government.

"We further find ourselves called upon, by the events which are daily passing around us, to declare our firm conviction that the consecration of the State by the public maintenance of the Christian religion is the first and paramount duty of a Christian people; and that the Church established in these realms, by carrying its sacred and beneficial influences through all orders and degrees, and into every corner of the land, has for many ages been the great and distinguishing blessing of this country, and the means, under Divine Providence, no less of national prosperity than of individual piety.

"In the preservation, therefore, of this our national Church in the integrity of her rights and privileges, and in her alliance with the State, we feel that we have an interest no less real and no less direct than her immediate ministers; and we accordingly avow our firm determination to do all that in us lies, in our several stations, to uphold unimpaired in its security and efficiency that Establishment which we have received as the richest legacy of our forefathers, and desire to hand down as the best inheritance to our posterity."

It is stated by Mr. Palmer in his Narrative, that this Declaration was prepared in London by a layman, "whose virtues, abilities, and munificence had for many years procured for him the veneration of all true Churchmen." The fact appears to be that it was drawn up by Joshua Watson. "I have been working hard," he writes to his brother on the fourth of January, 1834, "with Oxford and Cambridge; and I fancy I may now report progress. The Master absolutely compelled me to get up a Declaration for them; and to my great surprise, notwithstanding our expected conflict and collision of opinion, it has been unhesitatingly accepted by all to the very letter. And though I have some sad misgivings as to the success, or rather sad apprehensions as to the consequences of failure, it must now go forward, and I can only say, God speed it." It was intended, as he writes to Mr. Sikes, that while it approved of the Address of the Clergy, "it should go beyond them in expressions of determination to oppose, by all lawful means, all devices, however specious, which might threaten to impair the influence and lessen the authority of the established Church, and so rob the State of all the benefits and blessings derived from it." "I am not quite without my fears," he says to another friend, "that the laity will hardly be moved to run before the danger in sufficient numbers to prevent it; but there are those who, like your correspondent, will prefer to set up their wall in troublous times, for the sake of being sure, before the enemy makes the assault, which their want of preparation would itself invite."

The Declaration, however, was accepted with remarkable unanimity among Churchmen of all ranks. Among other letters was one from Sir Henry, afterwards Viscount, Hardinge, and known to be then, as at other times, the great Duke's mouthpiece, giving him authority to apply for the signatures of several noblemen. These were not in the sequel found wanting. But Joshua Watson felt and insisted, that it was desirable, first, to bring out the feeling of the commonalty, of tradesmen and yeomen, and then, as far as possible, to obtain the sanction and support of the higher ranks. It was accordingly promoted by meetings in some of the most populous towns, particularly Nottingham, Birmingham, and Bristol, as a measure of expiation for the tumults and disorders which some of these neighbourhoods had previously endured; but also in York, Gloucester, Liverpool, Norwich, Bath, Cheltenham, Hull, and Newcastle, and many other places. There is a sign of his characteristic prudence and modesty in his answer to some curious enquiries, forwarded to him by his brother:—

> "As to the query, whence it comes and whither it goes, the only answer is, what does that signify? Never mind, if it dropped from the clouds. If you like it, sign it: if you do not, leave it alone.
>
> "As to its ulterior destination, I reply that, without the gift of second sight, I pretend not to answer. If it please God to prosper it to the prevention of any aggression, it has done its work, and may be laid up as a weapon no longer wanted. If, on the other hand, the assault still comes, it may at once be directed to the defence of the point attacked, and without loss of time be made the foundation of an Address to the Throne, or a Petition to Parliament. In the meanwhile it will have brought out and created an amount of excellent feeling. At least, so says and so hopes,
>
> "Yours most affectionately,
> "J. W."

A deputation of lay-members from Nottingham waited upon the Premier, Earl Grey, with a copy of the Declaration, in the month of February, 1834. The Earl, after reading it, expressed his full concurrence in the sentiments it embodied, and said that, in any measures which might be brought forward by himself or his colleagues, it would be his endeavour to maintain the stability and promote the efficiency of the Church; and disclaimed any sympathy with a memorial which had been presented to him by a Mr. Howitt, a political dissenter of Nottingham, as of a destructive tendency. The general result of these unusual efforts was undoubtedly beneficial. It demonstrated the latent feeling of the English people to be still a deep-seated loyalty and attachment to the Church of England, and that at a time of need it would make itself powerful to preserve its own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Charities.—Reflections of a man long occupied in labours of charity.—Death of Thomas Sikes, related by H. H. Norris.—Van Mildert's readiness in charitable calls. His care of his charge at Durham. The New University there.—Joshua Watson at Auckland, in Scotland, and on a visit to the Poets at the Lakes.—Last acts and death of Van Mildert.

THERE was a very estimable and highly gifted clergyman, who was about this time discovered by Joshua Watson to be silently suffering under a visitation of trying sickness and poverty. When the case became more widely known at a subsequent period, it was further aided by a literary effort, in which the late Spencer Compton, second Marquis of Northampton, took a generous interest. But the first relief came in a remittance of £300, sent anonymously to the clergyman's wife, and by her acknowledged in a public advertisement as having been received "with unbounded gratitude and astonishment." It was a joint contribution from Joshua Watson, T. Sikes, and H. H. Norris. The note in which it was inclosed was as follows:—

"MADAM,

"There is too much confidence in the true dignity of that mind, which has hitherto carried itself with so noble a bearing under its severe trials, to go about to propitiate Mr. ——'s favourable acceptance of the inclosed. It comes therefore simply as the tribute of Christian sympathy for sufferings which an All-wise and All-good God has permitted for the benefit of those who witness them, and, it may be humbly hoped, for the greater reward of the sufferer. And it comes with only one condition, but one on which there is a perfect inexorability, that it is to be applied strictly to obtain a respite from that labour under which, if continued, the powers of an eminently fine mind must certainly and literally break down. . . . Let, then, dear madam, time be taken for a rally; and then we might humbly hope for the blessing of God upon our endeavours so made, and more cheerfully leave the result in His hands, who never fails, when His poor creatures have done their parts in active faith and pious trust, to ordain that which He knows to be best for them.

"Yours, dear Madam, &c.
"X. Y. Z."

Van Mildert was no sooner aware of the case, than he wrote to request he might have a share in what was done, and with the same secrecy.

"I well recollect," he says, (and the reader, who has accompanied us through some of the preceding pages, will understand the grateful allusion,) "when a certain individual, in temporary difficulties far less urgent, was extricated by the benevolence of another individual, who insisted that the aid afforded was to be regarded in the light of a duty to his mother Church, rather than as a largesse to the person so relieved. I would fain, therefore, adopt the same view of the matter in the present case, and persuade the good recipient that the help administered emanates from a sense of public duty no less than from personal regard, and is therefore clear from anything that shall be painful to a sensitive mind. No one will know better how to do this than yourself, and such as may co-operate with you in what is to be done. . . . . . I will add but one word: £200 you will take as my minimum; to be increased, as you may advise, to £500."

Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield were not slow to offer their bountiful aid for the same purpose: and their benevolence following what Joshua Watson truly called Van Mildert's "noble and prompt response" to his representation, naturally drew forth his grateful praise in reply:—

"*July* 25, 1834.

"MY VERY DEAR LORD,

"I would if I durst, and if I could, would as I ought, thank you. But it is above my acknowledgments: it is like yourself, who, instead of the *bis qui cito*, bid us read *et bis et cito*. How little do those, who would fain make more equitable distribution of the revenues of the Church, know of the manner in which its largest revenues are expended! Would to God that, without offence to Christian humility, the plain unvarnished tale might be fairly told in the ears of all the people.

"Your affectionate friend,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

The limits of this Memoir will not allow the writers of it to multiply such instances of his laboriousness in well-doing, continually as they arose, and were rather extended than confined to a narrower circuit in his years of comparative retirement. It will not be of less interest to give an extract from a letter written at this period of his life to his brother, by whom these as well as his other counsels were affectionately cherished. He says he had felt it as "a danger, lest the business of religion and charity itself, in which they were continually occupied, good as it was in itself, should engage their time and thoughts to the comparative, if only comparative, exclusion of the far higher and better contemplations to which they were invited. Commissions and Committees for Churches and Schools, for Almshouses and Parish Trusts, for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and Propagating the Gospel, are doubtless good in themselves, and in their consequences to others. But may they not," he asks, "become a snare to ourselves? May they not so employ our strength as to leave us little leisure and less energy for harder duties, more personal and individual; and delude us into the notion that we are spiritual, whilst really we are in some sort carnal, and doing perhaps some things which are almost sacred in a spirit well-nigh secular?" "Meditation and prayer are absolutely necessary to fit us for active duties, and it is self-delusion to fancy that we may omit the one, because we are required to discharge the other."

Throughout the year 1834 the health of Mr. Sikes had been declining. Lyall speaks of it in one of his letters with an expression of deep concern: "For I look upon him," he says, "almost as a part of one of our old institutions." The tidings of his death on the 14th of December in the same year was communicated to Joshua Watson by H. H. Norris:—

"I had two most edifying interviews with him in the course of yesterday, at the last of which the whole household were assembled, and I read the Visitation Service, in the whole of which he joined with a strength of voice never surpassed in his most vigorous days; and I sat with him in conversation afterwards, till drowsiness overpowered him. He had a very composed and comfortable night, and the stroke of death was, as his physician had said it might be, almost instantaneous. Thus closes with me a friendship associated with my earliest recollections, and from which, even in our boyish days, good influences were derived, ripened afterwards by persevering nurture into whatever manhood has produced of congeniality with his own excellent spirit, and of co-operation with him in that ministry which he has so assiduously fulfilled. That sweet counsel, which we three took together in the commencement of our career on the spot from which I am now addressing you, always reflected upon with delight, now forces itself more powerfully upon me. It is to be enjoyed no more during our probationary course; but I humbly hope, and most earnestly pray, that we may both so finish that brief space which we have yet to run, that the antepasts of earth may be consummated in heaven."

The same spirit of humble gratitude and generous affection expressed itself in a few lines of thanks to Joshua Watson for a birthday greeting the same year:—

"How many happy returns of this day have I seen, and how largely has the trifling incident which first brought us into close contact, contributed to them! How much do I owe to that ephemeral occasion, and almost forgotten circumstance! Though *haud passibus æquis* is an insufficient phrase to express my defective advances in the race compared with yours, yet, such as they are, they have been guided by your counsel and animated by your excitement; and I can never be sufficiently thankful to the good providence of God for having brought us at the commencement of our career together."

Sir Robert Peel's return to office for a short time in 1834-5, had served to cheer Van Mildert in his hopes and plans for Durham. He writes, March 9, 1835,—

"I would fain hope that prospects are brightening, though there is still more than enough to check any sanguine expectations. From my interviews with the Primate and the Premier, I am convinced that there is the best possible feeling on the part of the Government towards the Church; and I cannot help thinking that my own views of the expediency, the obligation, and practicability of preserving the constitution of our ecclesiastical system entire and unbroken, are strongly felt with reference to capitular bodies in particular. The case of Durham especially seems to be regarded with a more favourable eye than I had expected; and at all events, I am assured it will be considered on its own merits as entitled to separate attention. My object will be to follow up this friendly disposition, and not to let it slumber. I have also laid a foundation for effecting our purpose of annexing prebendal stalls to academical offices, and moreover for obtaining a royal charter for our University. I have not found any discouragement to either of these projects, but a wish to facilitate their attainment."

It was not, however, granted to this new founder of Durham to see the charter obtained. It was obtained in the year after his death, in 1837. Private friendship could act where public consent was not equally able to impose a constraint upon its exercise; and the Editor of this Memoir must be allowed to place on record an instance of it, which, while it would be ungrateful on his part to suppress, will supply no uninstructive picture of the correspondence of the two admirable friends towards the earthly close of their long intimacy.

Joshua Watson and his daughter were on their way to a tour in Scotland during the summer of 1835; and were entertained for a few days by Van Mildert at Auckland. "It will be a gratification to me beyond all price," he said, "that you have seen Auckland and me together before one or the other, or both, may be levelled with the dust." It was at this time that the Bishop presented the Editor to the living of Crayke,—an act which called forth the following characteristic letter:—

"*Callander, North Britain, Aug.* 25, 1835.

"MY VERY DEAR LORD,

"This is our first day of rest, since we left your castle; and it is, by every right and title of grateful obligation, yours. Our hours in Edinburgh were so unceasingly occupied, the mornings in seeing all the shows of that striking city, and the evenings in receiving the hospitalities of friends, that it was as impossible to find time as ability to express the sadly mingled feelings which had been called forth by the visit to Auckland. It was indeed a strange conflict of affections, and may perhaps be better conceived than declared. It told, however, too plainly that it had been better for us both if the visit had been made before the widowed feelings, as it were, of each of us had robbed the meeting of half its charm. But this, perhaps, it is not good for us to dwell upon; and after all, and with all this alloy, it must ever be a great joy to have seen your Lordship at Auckland, and to have shewn Mary her own early friend, and one of the oldest of her father's remaining friends, in the full possession of the homage which it is in the power of the State to render to the Church, and in the receipt of the honour due to the public and private virtues of the Christian divine.

"One thing, however, is far too much on my mind, and too individual, not to be recurred to. I could say little about Crayke at the time, but your Lordship's kindness there touched a string which vibrated home indeed; and you, who know so well under what circumstances the only request I ever preferred on private grounds was made and granted, will easily apprehend how this following up of the kindness was accepted. The tender is to me of more value than I can tell. I feel it as a renewed offering to the memory of one who, living, lived as far as a Christian could, more for others than herself, and dying, still sought the happiness of those she loved: and with this feeling, I need not say, the kindness never will, never can be, forgotten. And here I will have done. The subject must neither be enlarged upon, nor followed by lighter topics. I will therefore only add our most affectionate remembrances, and earnest hope that the God of all mercy will afford to you the largest measure of comfort and support that He knows to be best for you. So will ever pray,

"Your affectionate Friend,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

"I dare not trust myself," Van Mildert writes in his reply, "to go into the delightful, yet painful topics of the main part of your letter. Yet be assured they excite in me every kindred emotion to those that passed in your own mind when you committed them to paper, and I trust they will not have been awakened in vain. As our earthly enjoyments droop and fade away, we have to cling with more fixed resolution and with firmer hold to those which can never be taken from us, and hope for a reunion of affections, only begun here, to be perfected where they can have no alloy. As to Crayke, every day increases my satisfaction in having had the opportunity of rewarding good desert on the one hand, and on the other, of enjoying the purest of all gratifications in testifying my affection for the very best of personal friends, and the best of benefactors to everything deserving of support in Church and State."

On their return from Scotland, where, as Joshua Watson spoke of it afterwards to Van Mildert, "they missed nothing that they had wished to see, of cities or men, lakes or mountains," they passed some days at Ponsonby Hall, near Egremont, the seat of G. E. Stanley, for a time M.P. for Cumberland, whose wife was a niece of Mrs. Van Mildert, and whom they found "surrounded by a fine family of delightfully trained and sweetly tempered children." They found Southey at Keswick, and Wordsworth at Rydal; and with Wordsworth they had more special communication, "as he good-humouredly undertook to direct their movements till they reached him, and, himself a lion, to lionize the party after they had joined him." In fact, his directions were given in a letter dated September 5, minutely tracing for them a tour, beginning at Wastdale, and ending at his own village, where he regretted that the illness of his beloved sister prevented him from asking the travellers to make his house their head-quarters.

After a few days, when Joshua Watson had passed on southwards, and had written to thank him for his hospitable attentions, we find the poet writing to him again:—

"Why did you give yourself a moment's trouble upon my having to walk three miles, and through so beautiful a country? I was indeed disappointed in having an hour or two less of your company, and not being able to shew you more of the Lake: but my walk from Lyulph's Tower to Hallsteads was beguiled by throwing into blank verse a description of the scene which struck Miss Watson and me at the same moment:—

'Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen:
From the brook's margin wide around the trees
Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Following in patient solitude a course
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm,
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt;
But to its gentle touch how sensitive

> Is the light ash, that, pendent from the brow
> Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
> A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
> Powerful almost as vocal harmony
> To stay the wanderer's steps and sooth his thoughts.'

I am sorry not to have been able to transcribe these lines for Miss Watson with my own hand, but my arm is become so much worse that I cannot even tie my own neckcloth. I remain, my dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,
"W. Wordsworth."

It was not long after his return from this summer-tour that Joshua Watson learnt with much sorrow that Van Mildert's health was rapidly failing. In the middle of November he received a letter from him, in which he said that his physician had told him he must expect to be a downright invalid, but encouraged him to cherish the hope that, through God's mercies, he might be permitted to pass the remainder of his days without such extremity of suffering as he had sometimes mournfully anticipated:—

"But I cannot get over the listless disposition of which I complained to you, and which makes me sit down to pen and paper with a reluctance such as I was not wont to experience in better days. Let this be my excuse for abruptly closing this poor semblance of a letter to one with whom I have been used for so long a period to lay open my inmost thoughts upon all subjects. I can take but short flights, and am soon weary. Only let me add that, whenever you can bestow half-an-hour upon me, on whatever topics, private or public, you will do a real act of kindness, as well as of gratification, to one who reckons it among his best privileges to be esteemed always, most truly and affectionately, yours,

"W. Dunelm."

This immediately drew a long letter from Joshua Watson. but chiefly on subjects of temporary interest. It was a time of severe distress in Ireland. On his friend's report, the charitable Bishop immediately sent a contribution of £200, in addition to £100 which he had just subscribed at Auckland. The letter went on to make some sagacious and characteristic remarks on the proceedings in "the Ecclesiastical Divan."

"Athough," he says, "I have had an Ecclesiastical Commissioner here, daily going in and coming out for a fortnight, yet I have done little more than laugh at the expected secrecy of printed papers and copied resolutions, when our friend has come home every afternoon with his packet stamped with the talismanic words, *Strictly Private.*"

Van Mildert's last letter to his friend, written only three weeks before his death, and dated Jan. 28, 1836, shews how his last cares were devoted to the charge which he had so nobly and faithfully administered:—

"I have written somewhat largely to the Archbishop," he says, "on our Durham University concerns, and the arrangement of our prebendal stalls, which, I much fear, will not go on so smoothly as when Sir Robert Peel was an Ecclesiastical Commissioner. I have stirred up the Archbishop to do what he can for us; and, knowing his good-will in the matter, I hope for the best. But what is to be done with deans and chapters? I can gain no gleam of information. A rumour prevails that, because four residentiaries suffice at St. Paul's, therefore the rest may be reduced to that number, which, if carried into effect, will be as decided a case of spoliation and confiscation as can be imagined, and can hardly lead to less than the dissolution of the whole body. But the mist must soon be cleared away, and our destiny disclosed."

William Van Mildert expired on Feb. 21, 1836, in the seventy-first year of his age. The bodily sufferings which he endured in the latter period of his life had not been without intermission, and he struggled manfully against his feeble condition and weariness of the flesh, that he might still be employed in acts of duty. In a letter to a friend at Llandaff, dated Auckland, Dec. 8, 1835, he had sent his last customary gift of £100 to be distributed in Christmas charities in his former diocese, and spoke of himself as then a great sufferer, but ended with words of cheerful piety and blessing. His last illness, of ten days' continuance, was attended with such weakness and languor, as to admit of little communication with those around; but he had joined in prayer, which was offered for him by his chaplain, the Rev. T. L. Strong, with his habitual fervency. The pulsation at the wrist had seemed to cease two hours at least before he died. His form, always slender, and now attenuated by long weakness, became wonderfully emaciated before he breathed his last, which he did almost unconsciously. By order of the Dean and Chapter his body was laid in a vault which they had caused to be constructed near the foot of the altar in his cathedral. It is no unfitting resting-place for the mortal remains of one, who for his charity and learning was a worthy successor of Richard Poore and Cuthbert Tunstall, of Cosin and Joseph Butler. A monument executed by Lough, a sculptor in whose prosperity Joshua Watson took a lively interest, was raised by his friends to his memory.

It was not long after his death that Joshua Watson was conversing with a familiar circle on a quiet Sunday evening, when the subject was Jeremy Taylor's treatise on Baptism, and the blessing of prolonged life compared with that of dying in a state of innocence. He said that he had once put a question to the good Bishop, whether a Christian, who feels a comfortable hope of salvation, should pray for longer life, or would not rather be spared all further trials and danger of falling from grace. The Bishop's answer was, that as perfect assurance belongs not to mortals in this present life, he thought that the best of men must always pray for more time, that they may endeavour to become more fit for heaven, and also to attain higher degrees of glory. Nothing short of such perfect assurance could make any one wish for death.

CHAPTER XIX.

William Wordsworth. His advocacy of the claims of education. His efforts for Church-building in the Lake-district.—H. H. Norris. His view of the decline of the Nonjurors.—Deacon and Cartwright.—Origin of the Society for Additional Curates.—Joshua Watson draws up its rules.—Dr. Samuel Wilson Warneford.—Dr. W. H. Mill.—Death of Hugh J. Rose.—A change made in the National Society.

THOSE who have taken charge of the literary remains of the poet Wordsworth have done right to direct their attention chiefly to the history of his poems: but some regret has been expressed that something more could not be told of his private life and social habits, particulars which, relating to such an extraordinary man, could not be without public interest. There can be no doubt, however, in his case, that his poems were the image of the spirit of his life. The energetic vindication of the rights of the people to freedom and protection in all innocent pleasures, the claim of the humblest to be taught the rudiments of moral and religious truth which he delighted to assert in so many ways in his harmonious verse, he was not unwilling to repeat on suitable occasions to listening hearers in his native vales. He had been no unconcerned spectator of the progress of education among the poorer classes from the discovery of Dr. Bell; from which, in his own words, "it was impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity."

"The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.

> Thus, duties rising out of good possess'd,
> And prudent caution needful to avert
> Impending evil, equally require
> That the whole people should be taught and train'd.
> So shall licentiousness and black resolve
> Be rooted out, and piety descend,
> Like an inheritance from age to age."

He appears to have been in frequent correspondence with Joshua Watson on this and other kindred subjects in the early part of the year 1836. "I send you," he writes in April that year, "a Westmoreland Gazette, containing an Address of mine. The conversations I have had with you upon the subject of education tempted me to take an opportunity of making public some of my opinions on this question. I am pleased to hear that they have met with good acceptance in this quarter; so much so, that I have been requested to print the Address."

It will be seen by a reference to the Poet's Life, that he was then taking an active part in an effort, afterwards happily completed, to build a new church in his native town of Cockermouth; to which the late Earl of Lonsdale generously contributed an endowment. This design was the chief subject of his letters at this period; but he throws in remarks on other passing events: "I avail myself of the opportunity to condole with you on the death of the excellent Bishop of Durham. It is an event which every rational friend of the Church must have looked forward to with mournful apprehension." Of another Oxford divine of a very different school, since raised to a place on the bench, he says, "His notions, if correctly given in the newspaper-extracts from his lectures, respecting Creeds, Declarations, and Articles, appear to be irreconcilable with any Church, however Latitudinarian." He scrupled at this time to ask for a local appointment which he desired for his younger son, although he believed he had personal friends among the ministers of State, at whose disposal it was. "I do so deeply deplore," he says, "and so strongly disapprove of their public conduct, especially in respect to the Protestant Church in Ireland, and their Municipal Bill for that unhappy country, that I cannot solicit a favour at their hands. As to the municipal measure, what should we say of an order for two men's shoes to be made from the same last, though their feet differed some inches in size? We have as yet little reason to applaud the new casting of the corporations for England; but for Ireland and the empire at large, the application of the same plan must be ruinous." It must be for time and history to test the truth of these opinions.

In the summer of 1836 Joshua Watson met with an accident from the overturning of his carriage, in which, though his life was preserved, his neck was injured, and for several weeks was sensible of great suffering, the effect continuing to be felt occasionally till the end of his days. It happened at Eastbourne, as he and his daughter were driving from the house of the wise and benevolent Davies Gilbert. They were carried back to the house, and were received by the master of it with the greatest kindness and hospitality till surgical aid could be procured, and the patient could safely be removed home. The accident for some time incapacitated him from appearing in public; but his private friends were able to profit by finding him more at leisure to afford them times for unrestrained conversation.

Mr. Norris was at this time collecting materials for a history of the Anglo-American Church, and conferred with his friend over a collection of letters from Dr. Chandler of Connecticut, Bishop Seabury, and other distinguished American divines. It is supposed that this correspondence is now in the hands of some of Jonathan Boucher's descendants. It was partly by aid of information derived from these sources, and on the advice of Mr. Norris, that a younger writer composed two historical articles on the American Church, which were printed in the "British Critic," and reprinted in America; and which may have furnished the most complete summary of that branch of ecclesiastical history, before the appearance of a work on the same subject by the present Bishop of Oxford.

It was also a part of his concern at this time to investigate the history of the decline and fall of the Nonjurors, more especially from his persuasion of its practical bearing upon the controversies of the day. There is a want of accuracy in the current statements about the latest members of this communion, which may perhaps be remedied by those who have the authentic records, lately in the hands of Thomas Bowdler. Mr. Hallam, speaking of William Cartwright, one of their last bishops, who died in 1799, has observed that "before his death he had become a very loyal subject to King George; a singular proof of that tenacity of life by which religious sects, after dwindling through neglect, excel frogs and tortoises; and that even when they have become almost equally cold-blooded[a]."

This is prettily said, but as far as regards Cartwright, without truth. Cartwright was never anything else but a loyal subject to King George. His adherence to the party of Nonjurors was given purely on religious grounds. There was a Scottish bishop, the Hon. Archibald Campbell, author of a treatise on the Intermediate State, who, from some difference with his northern brethren, had come to reside in England. Here he consecrated Roger Laurence, the learned author of a treatise called "Lay Baptism Invalid," acting alone in the consecration, and without the consent of the other Nonjuring bishops, about the year 1733: and subsequently Campbell and Laurence consecrated Thomas Deacon, who in 1780 consecrated William Cartwright.

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[a] Constit. Hist., iii. 341.

Thomas Deacon was himself an earnest Jacobite. He had two sons, whom he had seen attach themselves to the ill-fated Manchester Regiment at the rising of Forty-five. Both were taken prisoners at Carlisle, and one, at the early age of twenty-two, was doomed to fall by the axe of the executioner, and to have his head suspended at Manchester town-gate. It is said that the father on passing the place took off his hat, and thanked God that one of his children had been a martyr to such a cause[b]. But he was also, as might have been expected, a zealous assertor of Campbell's doctrines on the middle state; and by these doctrines Cartwright was attracted to declare himself a member of the sect, which they styled the Orthodox British Church.

> "I believe," says Cartwright, in an unpublished letter, "as the primitive Catholic Church believed, that there is a state between death and resurrection, in which the soul may be capable of receiving illumination, and of having its involuntary errors rectified. Is it not possible that communications may be vouchsafed to it in that state, and knowledge received, from which unconquerable or unknown prejudices and a wrong education here below may have precluded it? But the perversely obstinate and wilfully blind have no right to expect such favour; for *Pertinaciæ nullum remedium posuit Deus.*"

There is some reason for this pious opinion; and such doctrine relating to the middle state is a comfortable relief from the Sadducean disquisitions of some of Cartwright's contemporaries, who appear to have held that the soul sleeps from the moment of its separation from the body, and will so remain till the resurrection[c]. But since the like doctrine was preached by many learned and pious clergy in the Church of England at the same time, and in pulpits not far distant from Shrewsbury[d], it seems strange that any want of more precise definitions on the subject should have appeared to call for his secession to the little community, among whom it was made something like an article of their creed. Accordingly, Cartwright on his deathbed was probably visited by some compunction, and felt that his unbending orthodoxy had carried him too far. His last act was to receive the Holy Communion from the hands of the Rev. W. G. Rowland, an excellent man, who continued his ministerial labours in Shrewsbury, first at the Abbey Church, and afterwards as parish priest of St. Mary's, for more than fifty-five years, and died full of days and honour in the year 1851.

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[b] Many interesting particulars of Thomas Deacon may be found in "Byrom's Remains." He compiled what is sometimes called the Clementine Liturgy, a curious collection of devotions; and a doctrinal treatise entitled "A Full, True, and Comprehensive View of Christianity." Lond., 1784.

[c] Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and the author of an "Historical View of the Controversy on the Intermediate State." Lond., 1772.

It is scarcely correct to call the community, at least at this latest period of its duration, a community of Nonjurors. They did not care what king was on the throne; but they struggled on in defiance of Charles Leslie's prophetic warning[e], contending for points almost buried in the dust of primitive usage, as if they had been essential to the faith and discipline of a Christian Church. Thus poor Cartwright had consecrated Thomas Garnet; and Garnet, of whom nothing is known beyond his name, consecrated Charles Booth. Booth is said to have died in Ireland about the year 1805; and a crosier, which the community had among them, was not long since in the possession of a club of Odd Fellows at Manchester. The moral of the story is not so much that which Mr. Hallam sets down, as it is another instance of the tendency of all sects to break and divide from themselves, each several particle, like the limbs of some of those wonderful creatures discovered by the microscope, falling off to an independent state of existence, and fighting for its own hand, till the last fragments vanish out of sight. The lesson which H. H. Norris deduced from it, was a warning to all rigid disputants against multiplying divisions by stiff contention for unessential things.

The spring of the year 1837 was marked by the formation of the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Places. The Pastoral Aid Society had preceded it by a few months. The same effort had been made as in other instances to effect a union of different parties in the Church, but without success, the governing body in the association which was earliest formed having claimed powers incompatible with the free action of the Church's system. Joshua Watson was himself the framer of the constitution of the Curates' Society: its rules were drawn up in that spirit of simple trust in the apostolic order of the Church's discipline, by which he was always guided, and prescribing an equal regard to the wants of the parish, the rights of the incumbent, and the authority of the diocesan. He undertook the office of Treasurer, conjointly with Benjamin Harrison, Esq., the father of Archdeacon Harrison, and gave a donation of £500, which he followed up as long as he lived by an annual subscription of £100. John Keble wrote in zealous approval of the design: "One has the comfort of thinking that, whether it succeeds to any extent or no, it must, as far as it goes, do unmixed good." "I shall return to the Church," says H. H. Norris, "to aid her in this her need, all that my two dignities have put into my pocket." These dignities were two prebendal stalls, at St. Paul's and Llandaff.

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[d] See a sermon on the subject by Dr. Townson, pp. 211—222 of the "Practical Discourses" published by the late Bishop Jebb.

[e] See his letter on the New Separation. Works, vol. i., Oxford, 1832.

At the same time Bishop Blomfield was accomplishing his liberal-minded scheme for the promotion of metropolitan church building. To this Joshua Watson contributed also £500.

This year was also remarkable as having been the date of his first intimate charitable correspondence with the benevolent Dr. Samuel Wilson Warneford. Joshua Watson had before received occasional communications from him; but this year, during a visit to Brighton, Dr. Warneford sought him out, and began consulting him on those munificent schemes of doing good, which he continued from this time to carry on in concert with him to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. His first act was to place in his friend's hand a cheque for £500, intended to found a prize essay to encourage the study of natural and revealed religion among the medical students at Queen's College, Birmingham; but expressing at the same time his willingness to change its destination, if his friend thought it better to do so. Joshua Watson highly approved of the object, but wished the gift might have a wider sphere of usefulness by being entrusted to the metropolitan institution of King's College, London, which was now under the able direction of Hugh J. Rose, and in which he had taken an active interest from the date of its foundation. Dr. Warneford responded by sending him the same evening a second cheque for £500, not willing to sleep till he had done it, "mindful," as he said, "of the uncertainty of life." After a fortnight's interval, when he had returned home to Bourton-on-the-Hill, his Gloucestershire rectory, he wrote again to say that, as the plan had met with the full approbation of his friend Mr. Vaughan Thomas, he should again double the amount of his donation, and give £1000 to each institution. The benefaction to King's College was permanently invested, under the advice of Joshua Watson and H. J. Rose, to secure an annual scholarship to be given to the medical student who should pass the best examination in his professional studies, and add to them an acquaintance with Holy Scripture and the evidences of Christianity[f]. The "Analogy" of Bishop Butler was a book in which they were expected to prepare themselves for such examination.

It was a constant object with Dr. Warneford to promote the endowment of churches: "He preferred," he said, "those applications of temporal means which afford the prospect of doing most enduring good; more especially enabling the poor to have the Gospel preached to them."

He was a warm admirer of Bp. Broughton's character, never mentioning his name without some strong expression of esteem; and of this esteem he afterwards gave sufficient proof by his benefactions to the see of Sydney, of which some notice will be given in subsequent pages.

When, some years later, Joshua Watson had sent to him some public expression of Bishop Blomfield's admiration of his munificence to the Clergy Orphan School, his answer was, "Had I done less, I should not in my own mind have discharged my Christian duty as a clergyman, feeling that I am only a steward of the worldly property entrusted to my care." He was one who seemed to have a real enjoyment in the luxury of doing good, and often spoke of the opportunities afforded him with thankfulness. "Persevering in a good cause," he said, "we may ever calculate on ultimate success. And experience may convince us, that good deeds, as well as evil, are contagious; e.g. how many inactive personages have you, my dear friend, infected?"

But the transaction just mentioned was the first in the series of those works of charity which were henceforward continued through many years of friendly intercourse. There was no voluntary soliciting or suggesting on Joshua Watson's part. The first motion was always from Dr. Warneford, seeking counsel which, when given, he never failed to take; not blindly, or like one who wished to save himself trouble or responsibility, but with careful consideration, and with marks of increasing confidence and regard. A summary of his benefactions thus determined on may be found in the Memoir of this generous benefactor published by Mr. Vaughan Thomas. Those which were determined on in counsel with Joshua Watson appear to have exceeded £33,000.

In the year 1837, Dr. W. H. Mill, being then about to resign the post which he had filled with honour for many years in India, as President of Bishop's College, Calcutta, published the first edition of his able "Analysis of Bishop Pearson on the Creed." It was dedicated in the following inscription to the subject of this Memoir:—

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[f] See Vaughan Thomas's Memoir of Dr. Warneford, pp. 130, sqq.

> "To Joshua Watson, Esq., to whom from its first foundation Bishop's College lies under great and peculiar obligations, which can never be adequately acknowledged, this impression of one of its principal textbooks is inscribed, as a slight but sincere testimony of admiration for his long and varied services in the cause of Christ's Church at home and abroad, and of gratitude for much personal kindness and friendship by the Author."

In a private letter, dated from Bishop's College, Sept. 8, 1837, Dr. Mill desired his kind allowance of the liberty he had thus taken, and adds:—

> "It seemed to me, that the last of those connected with this place who intimately remembered Bishop Middleton, ought not to depart from India without leaving behind him in the College itself some standing memorial of what it owed to Bishop Middleton's constant friend and counsellor; though the actual amount of obligation is what I have not received your permission to disclose."

Before he left India he had the comfort of receiving a public address, attesting the sense which the clergy and friends of the cause of Christianity in that country entertained for his services; but he quitted his office under dispiriting circumstances, the Gospel Society having unfortunately found it necessary to reduce the staff of the College, and thus partially impeded the fulfilment of Bishop Middleton's designs for it. The native students under education there testified their own affectionate esteem for him in words of grateful simplicity; and his subsequent course of honour and usefulness at home, especially after his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew at Cambridge in 1848, was sufficient to prove that it was no desire of ease, or weariness of active duty, which influenced his return.

But while Joshua Watson was welcoming this learned and good man to England again, he was compelled to take leave of one still more dear to him, whose failing health drove him from a career of unwearied service to the Church, to seek refuge in the milder climate of Italy. There, after a protracted trial, borne with the serene spirit of Christian patience, Hugh James Rose breathed his last at Florence early in the month of January, 1839.

It is not easy to estimate the loss of such a man to the Church of England at such a time. It is certain that, while he lived, his eloquence in the pulpit, his ability as a writer, his wisdom in counsel, his learning in controversy, and the many graces of his personal character, had raised him, without his seeking it, to the rank of a master in the schools of the prophets, and enabled him to guide and animate the efforts of a large body of men of the highest promise at either University. When he was removed, the best of them were full of mournful forebodings; the bolder and less patient proceeded to those extreme expositions of opinion, which he had never ceased to deprecate; and the effects were in many ways disastrous.

"I think that review of Froude," he wrote to Joshua Watson in January, 1838, speaking of what had appeared in the "British Critic" a short time before, "the most to be regretted of anything which I have seen from our Oxford friends. It shews a disposition to find fault with our Church for not satisfying the wants and demands,—not of the human heart,—but of the imagination of enthusiastic, and ascetic, and morbid-minded men. This no Church does or can do by any honest means. He who has these desires may satisfy them himself. The mass of men have them not. To quarrel with the Church on this ground is to shew a resolution to quarrel with her."

It was only about two months before his death that John Henry Newman had dedicated to him the fourth volume of his remarkable Sermons. The dedication was dated Nov. 19, 1838, and was in words as follows:—

"To the Rev. Hugh James Rose, B.D., Principal of King's College, London, and Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother, this Volume is inscribed by his obliged and faithful Friend."

Alas! that the able and eloquent preacher should afterwards have suffered himself to doubt the claims of that true Mother, and have joined himself to one that has shewn herself too undeniably a step-mother to her most duteous children! The volume approved itself more to Joshua Watson's matured judgment than any other of J. H. Newman's publications. One of the sermons, the fourteenth, on "the Greatness and Littleness of Human Life," especially arrested his attention, and he was much moved by the solemn reflections which it contains, on the disappointment felt when good men die before they have had time to exercise the high powers of mind which they have begun to disclose. It was impossible not to connect the subject of that masterly discourse with the death of H. J. Rose. But in other respects the earnest practical tone and touching eloquence of those sermons left an abiding impression on Joshua Watson's mind, and he often referred to them with grateful remembrance.

The Editor must be allowed to repeat his own words on the death of H. J. Rose, written on hearing the sad announcement in a letter to Joshua Watson, preserved by him among other tributes to such departed worth, and equally felt as true and justified by later events, at the distance of more than twenty years:—

"Such high talents, governed by such admirable prudence, such entire devotion with singleness of heart to the exigencies of the Church in those trying times, such unremitting zeal and attention always ready to be directed to the quarter where any public difficulty lay; and all this in the midst of so much ill health, which might have been a just plea for honourable repose;—the loss of such a man in the meridian of life must in any case have been sad and difficult to supply. But now I sadly fear it will remove the one salutary check on the more extreme among our own valued friends, and leave us without the cement of public reason, on which his determination was always taken, and which from him spread its harmonizing influence over them."

Dr. Wordsworth wrote with equal sorrow and apprehension for the future:—

"His uses to his Church and country at this most needful time were of a kind and degree, which, I deeply fear, we must in vain look for again, with all their promise, had it so pleased God, of increasing power and efficiency."

His letter was also full of enquiries about his widow, an excellent high-principled woman, with qualities of mind and heart which had greatly endeared her to her husband's aged friends. "When the proper time is come," he said, "I shall hope to be a partner in some small part of your solicitude for her." It was known that H. J. Rose had been too liberal in all public ways to have found time to lay by worldly store, and it was feared lest his widow should have been left with insufficient maintenance: but her own extreme delicacy and firm decision of character prevented any effort from being made to mitigate the comparative poverty in which she passed the years of her widowhood. She would not even allow herself to profit by any sums that might be raised from the sale of her husband's writings, turning all such casual accessions of income to charitable uses; and allowed the booksellers to advertise as "Rose's Biographical Dictionary," a publication which they continued to bring out for many years after his death, serving to evidence the literary value of his name, but in which his own share could hardly have been prolonged beyond the first few numbers. Shortly after her return, she went to live under the roof of Hugh Rose's aged father, at Glynde in Sussex, and there continued to nurse his age till, after his death, which did not long precede her own, she removed to a house at Brighton.

Archbishop Howley one day asked Joshua Watson whether he could name any one to succeed their lost friend as chaplain at Lambeth. "I do not ask," he said, "for a man to supply Mr. Rose's place; that is impossible; it can never be supplied. But he must have a successor."

A letter of Bishop Inglis, written many years afterwards, is valuable, as representing the regard entertained by Joshua Watson for this admirable man:—

> "Pardon my poor memory," he says, "for recollecting your feelings and your expression of them, when you were all struggling and praying that even the last flickerings of life should be prolonged in such a man as Hugh James Rose. All hope of active employment had vanished; but you said, with very forcible expression, that his very name was a treasure; and, until the vital spark was gone, King's College, and the Church, and his friends would still possess more than common riches in his name. You infused your own feeling into mine, and there has been no change nor perversion since."

A monument was erected to Rose's memory at Florence. There was much correspondence between Dr. Wordsworth and Archdeacon Bayley, and frequent reference to Joshua Watson, on the terms of the inscription: and probably the words which stand on the tablet were the result of the combined counsel of the three friends.

It must have been a short time before this that he prevailed by his counsel at the National Society to induce them to make their terms of union more comprehensive. It will be remembered that this Society, in its original construction, was almost an offshoot from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and it was then at once convenient and natural to stipulate that in all schools connected with it the educational books should be those which were to be found on the list of the Christian Knowledge Society. But he argued that the parochial clergy might be as safely trusted with the selection of books for their schools as with the charge of delivering Christian doctrine to their adult parishioners. The restriction was accordingly removed, but it is probably known to few, as it became only casually known after a while to the members of his own family, that his persuasion had effected its removal.

On the original terms of union for schools associated with this Society, he wrote in one of the later years of his life:—

> "They were the best terms which our statesmen of that day in Committee would give us,—Lords Grenville, Colchester, Dudley Ryder, &c.,

—although, being happily free from liberalism on the Bench, we fought hard for more stringency in the exaction of Church-attendance. But they are now bound upon us by our Charter, into which, when I saw our downward tendencies, I was specially careful to have them incorporated, even with all their faults and deficiencies. And they must ever be witnesses to the principles of our constitution."

This was written in 1848. In speaking of "liberalism on the Bench" he alludes to Dr. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, who at a meeting of the National Society had held out an offer or promise of a large accession to its funds, if the teaching of the Church Catechism might be left optional. The question was decided by a few words from Joshua Watson: "You must bid much higher, if you expect us to sell the Church Catechism."

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CHAPTER XX.

Death of his brother, John James Watson, Archdeacon of St. Alban's. And of his daughter and only child.—His days of mourning.—Friendly offices of Archbishop Howley, Dr. Wordsworth, and Bishop Inglis.—Changes in his domestic life.—Public anxieties, and healing counsels. —Remark on the Life of Wilberforce.

IT is now necessary to record some changes in the domestic relations of Joshua Watson, which influenced the remaining years of his life. His daughter and only child was married in July, 1838, to the Rev. Henry Michell Wagner, Vicar of Brighton. In June 1839, her firstborn son, receiving his grandfather's name at the font, had been baptized at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. But the happiness of this accession to his family had scarcely been realized, before he was called to the dying bed of his beloved brother. The union of sentiment and affection between the two brothers had been so entire, that perhaps for that very reason the name of John James Watson has appeared with less prominence in the foregoing pages. It was a harmony which was never interrupted from childhood to old age, not expressed in words, and which words would fail to express. Archdeacon Watson expired on Sunday, June 9, after an illness with which his feeble frame, attenuated by many years of weakness and suffering, only struggled for three or four days. The stroke of death found him earnestly engaged in a plan for building three new churches in his large and increasing parish of Hackney. He had the comfort in the course of his last brief sickness of hearing the successful result of a meeting of his parishioners to promote this object; and among the last words which he uttered, he said with reference to this good news, "Then I am satisfied."

On the 17th of June, Joshua Watson, with his brother's widow and all the family, followed his remains to the grave. But they were not alone: "They could not but be cheered," to use Joshua Watson's words to the Wordsworths, "by the extraordinary demonstrations of feeling from without. I know not whether any report has reached you of this extraordinary tribute of affectionate reverence from a whole parish,—for indeed it was no less,—towards one whom all seem to have loved exactly in the degree in which they knew him."

The following account, it is not known from what pen, appeared at the time in a public print:—

"It is customary to record the testimonials of respect which are frequently paid by the members of their respective flocks to living clergymen: it seems equally due to the memory of the departed, and to those who loved and esteemed him while living, to record a very impressive and valuable testimonial of respect which has lately been paid to the memory of their deceased rector by the parishioners of Hackney. The venerable Archdeacon Watson, after having been incumbent of Hackney for forty years, during which time he was ever actively engaged in promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of his parishioners, and never more so, as far as health would permit, than at the time of his decease, was, on the 9th of June, after an illness of only three days, taken from them by death. No sooner was this melancholy event known throughout the parish, than there was a strong wish expressed by the inhabitants that they might be allowed to shew their respect for their departed rector, and their unfeigned sorrow for his loss, by attending his funeral. And this wish being most kindly complied with by the family of the deceased, gave rise to a scene on Monday last, the 17th of June, the day of the funeral, which those who witnessed it can never forget, and which will be heard of with interest and gratification far beyond the boundaries of the parish in which it took place.

"Those who know the locality, and the proximity of the rectory-house to the church, will not be surprised at hearing that the funera was a walking one, by far the more simple and impressive method of conducting such a ceremony when practicable; and it was attended by *all* the members of the family of the deceased. A large number of parishioners, four a-breast, took the lead of the procession; then followed a large body of the clergy in their robes, the greater part of them uninvited, but willingly coming, some from considerable distances, to bear testimony to their great esteem for their departed brother, and to have the sad gratification of following his mortal remains to the tomb.

"At the entrance of the churchyard, the officiating clergyman, the

Rev. H. H. Norris, brother-in-law of the deceased, met the mourning party; and as the long extended line slowly and silently, save when the commencing words of the Burial Service fell upon the ear, approached the great entrance of the church through the avenue which leads to it, the effect was most solemn and imposing. Every part of the immense edifice was crowded with spectators, by far the larger portions of them, poor as well as rich, shewing by their dress that they came there as mourners. This respect for the character of Archdeacon Watson was not confined to members of his own congregation, or even to Churchmen. The Dissenters of the parish were equally ready with their neighbours to close their houses and shops, as an evidence that a parochial loss had been sustained; and many of them, of various denominations, joined the funeral procession. The scene presented to the eye on this occasion was, as may well be imagined, most deeply interesting and imposing; but of far higher interest and value was the moral lesson which it taught. It proved, for the encouragement of those who are still bearing the burden and heat of the day, that, even in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, the minister of God who faithfully and conscientiously discharges the duties of his solemn trust, and maintains his opinions with firmness and yet with kindness, with Christian courtesy and yet without compromise, may gain the esteem of those around him, and may go down to the grave universally lamented. Christian character, in whatever rank of life it appears, but more especially when it is exemplified in those who, from their public station, are as cities set upon a hill, must have its due weight. In its influence upon the feelings, and, we trust, upon the hearts and lives of the inhabitants of Hackney, it has not been displayed for forty years in the person of the late lamented rector entirely in vain."

It was one of the remarks which the occasion called forth from Joshua Watson, "The world is juster than one thinks." It is remembered that a stranger, a casual visitant at the place, on that day sought admittance at a shop which, like the rest, was closed, and was repelled, as he afterwards related, with the answer, "Do you think us heathens, to be buying and selling on such a day as this?" The keeper of the shop was not any particular ally of the deceased rector; but his conduct was a proof of the general esteem held of one, of whom Bishop Inglis truly said, "The sweetness of his Christian temper diffused his love very generally around him." When his medical neighbour, who had long known and attended him, came to announce to the family that there were no longer hopes of his recovery, his words were, "We shall lose the pivot of peace in this parish."

The still greater bereavement of the following year may be here more briefly related. On the 16th of July, 1840, he wrote to his brother's family, full of joyful gratitude, to announce the news which he had just received of his daughter's safety, and the birth of her second son. The same feeling carried him down rejoicing to Brighton on the 18th; but before he had seen her, cause had arisen for the most painful anxiety, and on the following evening, July 19, Mary Sikes Wagner expired.

H. H. Norris and his wife, and his nephew, J. D. Watson, and one of his nieces, who hastened down to Brighton to be ready to give any comfort that he could receive at their hands, were witnesses of his deep and tender sorrow, and of the thankful, loving gentleness with which he accepted all such solace as they could offer him. It was a pang to him, though he felt the arrangement to be right, that his child's remains should be laid apart from those of her parents; but he received and acquiesced in his friend H. H. Norris's words, "Remember at that day there will be no space."

It is a feeling remark of the poet Gray in one of his letters, "I know what it is to lose a person that one's eyes and heart have long been used to; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss[g]." But there was something more touchingly persuasive in the words of Joshua Watson, when he spoke at this time in the freshness of his sorrow, as he was wont to do at later times, of the salutary impressions which grief should teach us to cherish, and that we should not wish the pain away till it has done its work:—

> "If it is good for us to be afflicted, it cannot but be good for us to bring back to mind, with all the force we can, the impressions which affliction made upon us. Time and the world are fighting against us for their extinction, and we must do all we can to revive and nourish them; for hard as it may seem in the early period of our visitations to believe that it ever can be thus, we shall assuredly find we need all such helps to a right use and improvement of the dispensation of a love wiser than our own."

"Fear not," he said to one of his nieces, who had consulted him on this question at a later period,—"Fear not that there is danger either to yourself or others, unless the mind be diseased, in doing all you can to keep your feelings and recollections as fresh as at the first." In this solemn persuasion he kept up an annual remembrance of a day or week of mourning, carefully defending it against intrusions from without.

There were some whom the spectacle of such Christian sorrow naturally prompted to say to him, "Suffering is such a privilege to those that are God's servants, that one feels assured it must be sent as a special favour to you, that your honoured gray hairs have been spared for such sorrow." He acknowledged the kindness of such words, but he would not accept them as they were meant. Rather would he speak of his bereavement as a proof of love indeed, but yet as a merciful correction, of which he felt his need. "The privilege of suffering," he said, "could belong only to those who suffered for Christ. No one but himself could know his omissions of duty; for he had been most singularly blest throughout a long life, and he knew he had not improved his advantages as he ought. His lot had been cast in a fair ground; he had passed very many years of enjoyment, and had no excuse for murmuring." He repeated a little parable from a book which he had been reading:—A gardener who has reared a tender flower with much care and anxious toil, suddenly misses it when it has arrived at its full prime and beauty, and in great distress and anger enquires who has dared to touch it. He is told that his master has taken it, and is immediately satisfied, for it was for his master that he had reared it.

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[g] Correspondence of Gray and Mason, p. 17.

He had now to shape his course anew, for all his views for the short remainder of his life had been swept away by this unforeseen affliction. The question was brought to a practical issue by an offer which was made him for the lease of his house in Park-street. He resolved to accept the offer, desiring to set himself free from the incumbrances and responsibilities of housekeeping. But it was a very unwelcome necessity which was thus forced upon him to attend to the details of arrangement involved in the change; and he was sometimes much depressed, and scarcely equal to the task. He occupied himself at the abode of so many touching remembrances for a good part of the month of August, and toiled at the accumulated papers, records of his long-sustained charitable services to the different Societies, and rules for their management, in many instances drawn up by him, though the framer's name had never been suffered to appear. The niece who was with him noticed with admiration the very exact method in which these documents were kept, in drawers and cupboards full of divisions, all carefully labelled, and how great was the number of the trusts which he had discharged, even from the time when he was quite a young man. It was a re-opening of the stores of one whom all had regarded as the safest of public guardians. But with these papers the memory of much that he accomplished has also perished.

It was his own earnest wish at this period to retire altogether from public life, and to spend his remaining days in trimming his own lamp and waiting for his summons. But he was not allowed to escape without earnest remonstrance from his friends; and some words of Archbishop Howley had probably some weight with him. This revered friend, who had warmly attested his sympathy on the death of his brother in the previous year, now again called upon him; and Joshua Watson spoke afterwards very gratefully of the kindness and affection with which he had urged upon him the duty and the blessedness of persevering in his appointed work to the end. His thoughts turned both to his brother's family, and toward the house at Clapton, in which he had formerly resided, now occupied by other relatives, who most gladly opened their door to receive him. Eventually he divided his time almost equally between both, but he made no definite plan; and his thoughts and feelings may be best reflected in the words of his long-tried friend, Dr. Wordsworth, written to him at this time from Buxted:—

"I am much interested by what you say of the possibility of your taking shelter again for a few months of business at Clapton. How wonderful will it be if, after a lapse of so many years, and of so many changes and chances of this mortal life, I should ever again visit you there,—a spot peopled with so many distant but touching and tender recollections of friendship and love. Can I ever forget your dear and venerable father, (to draw a veil over others not far off,) playing on the bowling-green with my dear boys, and the delight, the sweet delight, he took in ministering to, and partaking in, their innocent pleasures?"

Among more distant friends he was cheered by letters from Bishop Inglis, who, after sustaining a long struggle in England for his colonial Church and for extension of missionary labour, had again returned to Nova Scotia.

"I know," he wrote, "that you have applied, in all the submission of a holy resignation, to Power which has no limit, to Mercy that is never wearied, to Wisdom that never errs, to Love which cannot be extinguished; and from the united application of all these, I trust, yea, I am sure, you have found a stream of consolation directed to your wounded heart, and a balm like that of Gilead to heal its bleeding. Oh may these be so poured upon you, and so abundantly, that you may realize the mercy and the wisdom which assuredly belong to the blow with which you have been stricken."

And another letter, a few months later, in which he again speaks of the heavenly comforts which he trusted were his friend's blessed portion, closes with the heartfelt wish, "May they long be continued in all their healing freshness!"

Reports of a threatening illness led the Bishop to say, in a letter to H. H. Norris in 1841,—

"I need not tell you how deeply and sincerely I have mourned over the account you sent me of our dear friend, of whom, however, God be praised, the latter accounts are more favourable. His loss, to our view, would be irreparable. We have a friend in Boston, whom I have always thought to resemble him in many points, and also in look and manner.

My son Charles in writing of him says, 'Mr. Appleton is, I have no doubt, the Joshua Watson of America; but anything equal to the prototype himself will not be found from one end of the Union to the other.' May he still be spared to us, if so it shall seem good to the Wisdom that cannot err. His name, his bare existence on our planet, is something, yea, it is hope, and strength, and power. Remember me most affectionately to him, and to all the circle who love him as we love him."

And again he wrote in May, 1842:—

"There is no person on your side of the ocean more frequently in my affectionate thoughts than our dear friend Joshua Watson. No packet sails by which I do not wish to write to him; but I fear my letters would be troublesome, and I would suffer great privation in preference to adding the weight of a pin to any burthen upon him. Pray let me know how he is in health, spirits, and occupation."

But shortly afterwards he wrote again directly to Joshua Watson himself:—

"Since we cannot retrace our steps, and would not if we could, it is surely better that we should pass with humble but confiding hope through the short passage that leads to our rest; and until the summons comes, surely we are bound to preserve the thankfulness of heart which may well be excited by a recollection of the blessings which have mercifully been afforded to us. How ungrateful should we be if, when we outlast many of our enjoyments, we should be willing to lose the thankful recollection of them, great and unmerited as we know them to have been. That every comfort may be imparted to you, and pre-eminently among these an increasing and confiding trust in the mercies of God through our adorable Redeemer, is the earnest prayer of your long-attached and ever-affectionate friend."

It was long before Joshua Watson felt able to resume the thread of correspondence with a friend like this, to whom he was unwilling to write shortly, or without touching on subjects which he felt to be sacred; but a letter has been preserved, dated from Clapton, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1843:—

"It has been no small comfort to me, my very dear lord, though, perhaps, an undue encouragement in my long silence, to know that you have from time to time been assured, by one kind friend or another, of the strong feeling I had of the persevering kindness of your letters, and of the deep sympathy and Christian consolation with which they were continually charged. But this can no longer be done by commission; and though I find the subject of so much affectionate expression on your part as unapproachable still in correspondence as in conversation it ever will be, yet I must break the spell by which my pen has been restrained from communicating with those few distant friends who knew and felt as you did, and tell you, my dear Lord, that your wine and oil were amongst the most precious balms that were poured into the wounds of your friend, and assure you that my gratitude, though silent, is anything but cold.

"Of those who are gone before I will not attempt to speak; and of myself I will only say that I have never dared to murmur. I knew the lesson was wanted, and why I was left the last, cumbering the ground; and have only had to pray night and day that the lesson and the long-suffering might be improved to the ends in so much mercy meant; and for this I know I have had your prayers, my dear friend, and must still earnestly beg them."

The letter then goes on to speak of such public matters as were then deemed of moment, and to give intelligence on subjects of more private and domestic interest, prefacing the communications with a characteristic remark:—

"Having now broken the ice, I begin to feel as heretofore, that a very short letter to a distant friend is like a formal bow to an old one, more of a cut than a kindness; and so I may go on talking with you, as I have often done before, without really having anything to say, rather than seem to be desirous of bringing our parley to a hasty end."

Indeed he was, during this period of recent mourning, in frequent communication with Archbishop Howley and with Bishop Blomfield, on questions of the deepest interest to the English Church. The bitter extremities of controversy were a source of painful anxiety to the aged Primate; and he is reported once to have said that he sustained his soul from day to day by repeating the sacred counsel of the inspired text to himself, "Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure: fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil." In these conversations, as Joshua Watson afterwards spoke of them, "his chief comfort was derived from the contemplation of the Archbishop's own calm temper, sound judgment, and Christian prudence, equally distinguishable from the indifference of some, the indiscretion of others, and the temporizing expediency of many more."

The efficacy of these healing counsels is attested by many proofs which, were not the times too recent, might be here more fully exhibited. While he was yet at Brighton, he had many interviews with a distinguished scholar and theologian, whose name had been, and still is in some associations, made use of as a word of controversy.

"I am glad," wrote this learned and pious divine, "to take this opportunity of expressing to you how cheering to me were those interviews. We seem to have been plying against wind and tide of late; and so many blasts have beat upon us from different, and some unexpected quarters, that one seemed to have little to look to except the trust that we were in the ark. One had become so much the object of suspicion, that I cannot say how cheering it was to be recognised by you as carrying on the same torch which we had received from yourself and from those of your generation, who had remained faithful to the old teaching. We seemed no longer separated by a chasm from the old times and old paths, to which we wished to lead people back; the links which united us to those of old seemed to be restored. It seems hard to wish to keep you from your greater rest; yet I trust you will be for some time spared to us, finding rest in diffusing peace amidst our troubled waters, and a witness yet further to the principles you have brought down to us."

It was during this period that he read with lively emotions the "Life of William Wilberforce." The mutual regard which Wilberforce and many of his friends had entertained for Alexander Knox and Bishop Jebb, shared equally by Joshua Watson and H. H. Norris, had tended, towards the close of his long and honourable course, to mitigate the remembrance of some things in which these highly conscientious men had conscientiously differed; and they were nearer together as they alike drew nearer to their mortal bourne. "Have you yet read your five volumes?" Joshua Watson asked of a friend, whom he knew to have provided himself for their perusal. "And if so, with all the defects of the biography and the little blemishes of the hero, do you not really like Wilberforce better than you did? From the date of his involvement, to use our friend Norris's word, in his son's misfortunes, does he not deserve our unfeigned esteem? And does he not *set* beautifully?"

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CHAPTER XXI.

John Inglis, third Bishop of Nova Scotia: his life and labours.—Extracts from his correspondence.—State of the colonies comprised in his diocese.—His visit to Boston and New York.—Withdrawal of the State allowance from the British North American clergy.—Efforts of the Bishop to meet the emergency.—His progresses in England in 1839, *and remarkable success.—His Christian counsels to English friends.—His private life.—His country-house at Clermont.—His illness and death.*

SOME account has been given in Chapter VIII. of Joshua Watson's intimacy with John Inglis, third Bishop of Nova Scotia; and the reader who has accompanied us through the preceding chapter will have seen this good bishop evincing his Christian sympathy in letters to his distant friend in the days of his domestic sorrow. But it is due to the memory of a character of rare excellence to devote a little separate space to a record of his life and labours, and to shew with what continual communion of counsels he corresponded with the subject of this Memoir.

The friendship of John Inglis with Joshua Watson and his brother, and with H. H. Norris, began in the earliest years of the present century, and probably originated in their mutual intimacy with Jonathan Boucher. He had accompanied his father to England in his childhood, and was with him a guest of Archbishop Moore's at Lambeth in the year 1787, when Charles Inglis was consecrated first bishop of the first colonial see[h]; but his letters to his English friends have been preserved from the time when, in his father's later years as his representative, and afterwards as Rector of Trinity Church, Halifax, while the succeeding bishop was unhappily infirm and non-resident, the care of the diocese was already in great measure upon his shoulders.

At the distance of half a century, when the progress of our colonial empire has been so rapid, and the facilities of intercourse by navigation so marvellously increased, it is difficult to estimate the obstacles which then existed to any timely remedy for the emergencies requiring aid from home to the Church beyond the Atlantic. Inglis speaks of himself as having been sixty days at sea on his return from a visit to England in 1813[i]. There was a great want of system and legal provision for the first colonial bishoprics. In cases of discipline the bishop had no power to require lay-evidence, or to enforce a sentence canonically pronounced. His rank was not defined; and this omission led to subsequent contests with the Romanist prelates in different colonies. Patronage was almost left to hazard. The Gospel Society might be called the patron of their missions; but as the missions were often parishes, the governors of the provinces claimed the appointments, and in some instances the people claimed them in virtue of some clause in a colonial act of legislature. Some of these anomalies Inglis pointed out in one of his early letters; but he added words which shewed his faint expectation of any relief from them: "These are evils to be guarded against *in limine;* they might be provided for in Archdeacon Middleton's appointment for India; but it will never do to leave them to depend on references to England; and I fear they will be out of date when this letter arrives[k]."

His father, after some years of infirmity, disabling him from all public episcopal functions, died early in 1816. He had been in his youth the friend of the excellent and honoured Dr. Chandler; and was subsequently Rector of Trinity Church in

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[h] Letter to H. H. Norris, March 27, 1848.
[i] To the same, Nov., 1813.
[k] To the same, April, 1814.

New York. His care had been displayed towards the Negroes and Indians in America. His loyalty during the revolutionary struggle had been maintained with immediate peril of his life. He was banished by Act of Congress in 1783, and sojourned in England a few years, till, in 1787, he was sent forth as Bishop of Nova Scotia. Of his services it would be ungrateful to withhold his son's testimony.

"I am mortified," he writes[l], "to find not a syllable respecting my dear father in the records of the Society. His correspondence with the Secretary for more than twenty-five years would form a very interesting and curious history of the young Church in Nova Scotia. He subdued many difficulties of various kinds by his temper, prudence, zeal, assiduity, fortitude, and orthodoxy. He had the happiness to see nearly thirty churches rising up in the wilderness in opposition to very strong prejudices. Under his auspices, and chiefly through his zealous and persevering struggles, a college has been built and endowed, and has already produced many valuable soldiers in our citadel; and at this moment the Church is looked upon with a respect that was hardly to have been hoped for. Ought all these things to pass away without a memorial or tribute to their active and useful author? Deduct as much as you please for the fond partiality of a son, and you will still leave my father in possession of more merit than falls to the share of ordinary men. He was especially fitted for the delicate and difficult station in which he was placed, and used his opportunities with great judgment and proportionate success."

In the following year he writes to John James Watson, shewing his zeal for the extension of Christian education in his own province, in furtherance of the designs of the National Society.

"Our school was opened under many discouragements in December last; now it has one hundred and ten scholars, and will have more than double the number in another year. It was visited a few days ago by the Earl of Dalhousie[m], attended by the council and assembly, and exhibited a very perfect and striking specimen of a national school. Our great defect is the want of a school-mistress. Do but send us one equal to our master, Mr. West, and although I cannot promise, like Dr. Bell, to rival Archimedes, I will promise a very rapid diffusion of the system over an immense extent of country, and most important benefit to the cause of pure religion and morals. You must not consider it merely as a gift to Halifax, for we shall train masters and mistresses for all British America. And if we have the blessing of God with us, for which we will earnestly hope and fervently pray, we may be instrumental in the prevention of much mischief, and the extension of the most valuable of earthly goods."

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[l] Letter to H. H. Norris, June, 1816.

[m] The then Governor of the province. Inglis speaks of him, in a letter to H. H. Norris, as "a plain straightforward soldier, but extremely benevolent man." "He has certainly acted nobly towards us," he says in another letter.

He was one of those cheerful spirits which seem to rise under difficulties and dangers; but in his happy temperament it was still more the elasticity of a pure and loving heart and mind.

"The whole business of the diocese is now thrown upon me again," he writes[n], "with all the responsibility of a bishop, without his dignity and authority. But I bow with contentment and thankfulness. The new bishop has at all times treated me with unlimited confidence; and in return I have endeavoured to render him whatever assistance it has been in my power to afford."

In fact, this invalid bishop, after remaining a year at Halifax, during which he was incapacitated from all active employment, sailed for England in the autumn of 1817, and never returned. For nearly twelve years no episcopal act was performed in the diocese.

"I had seated myself," he writes again to H. H. Norris[o], "for the purpose of opening my box of evils; but I know not how it is, whenever writing to you my views become more bright, for either I hope for valuable counsel and assistance, or I think it necessary to avoid giving you pain."

Such words speak something both of the writer and the friend addressed.

At length, in March, 1825, he was consecrated at Lambeth; and there is abundant evidence of the active interest which Joshua Watson took in previous arrangements, striving to secure for him such a moderate income as might suffice for the needful expenses of his episcopal duties, without involving him in harassing cares for his family.

"I cannot express to you," the Bishop wrote, just after his consecration, "how truly happy I should be if I could now be made easy about the provision for myself, and turn my attention earnestly to better objects.

"Pray forgive me; I shall soon be too far away to trouble you every day as I now do, but not too far to recollect with affection and gratitude how much I am yours greatly obliged,

"JOHN NOVA SCOTIA."

"We leave you," he wrote again, "with a regret that we are obliged to subdue by every effort that we can make; with hearts filled with a sense of your kindness, and with the most affectionate thankfulness, the only return we can offer, joined with our prayers that all good may be showered upon you."

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[n] To H. H. Norris, Nov., 1817.

[o] March, 1818.

In September, 1826, the Bishop sent a thankful report to his friend of his first visitation. He had journeyed four thousand miles, consecrated thirty-five churches, and held forty-seven confirmations; and in one week preached twelve times. His charge then comprised Newfoundland, Bermudas, and New Brunswick, as well as Nova Scotia. A few years later he had to report nearly one hundred new consecrations. In voyaging and visiting different stations on the coast of Newfoundland, he had been followed by boat after boat from one settlement to another, the people sailing when he sailed, and anchoring when he anchored, that they might land and worship with their brethren where he came.

"Bermudas," he said, "is the most church-regarding colony I have seen, and deserves all the encouragement it requires. All the wishes of Government with respect to the negroes might be accomplished there if judiciously pursued; and if accomplished there, the example might assist in procuring similar results in other islands. New Brunswick ranks next to Bermudas in this respect. It was settled by loyalists after the peace of 1783; and men of principle and influence were scattered throughout the province, whose value is still felt. There also, in the missionaries Scovil and Andrewes, we had our western Schwartz and Gerické, who, with God's blessing, firmly planted the Churches round them. In Nova Scotia we have more difficulties. Dissent took an early hold; and the immigrations, which are chiefly from Scotland, are adding largely to the seceders and the Romanists. But even here, thanks to God, we are advancing."

He speaks more fully of his visit to Bermudas in another letter. He had been received there with unbounded kindness, and met with the readiest inclination to attend to his advice. He had consecrated nine churches, confirmed near 1,300 persons of all ages, ordained two deacons, and preached for them seventeen times to immense crowds of both white and black people. His peculiar aim was to establish eight or ten superior schools for the blacks, and his designs were such as to meet with the acquiescence and co-operation of the masters.

So incessant were these labours, that it was not till two years after his return to America that he could first congratulate himself on having met with another English bishop on that soil, and refreshed his spirits in an opportunity of brief intercourse with Bishop Mountain of Quebec.

Shortly afterwards he visited Boston and New York, in company with his brother-in-law, the ingenious and benevolent Judge Haliburton. His open-hearted frankness made him acceptable in the social circles of these great cities; and the Americans saw with pleasure the keen and almost playful interest with which he enquired into their institutions. The reader will not be unwilling to see the following letter to John James Watson recorded at length; more particularly from the notice it contains of the cotton-factory at Lowel, which has more lately attracted attention from other sources in our own country:—

"*New York, June 6th,* 1828.

"My dear Friend,

"My last letter will have told you of our embarkation in the 'Ringdove.' After a pleasant and quick passage we landed at Boston on the 23rd of May, intending to remain there for two or three days; but the unbounded kindness we received detained us three weeks, and at last we broke away with difficulty. The Bishop[p] was absent, but the clergy were as attentive as possible. It was a subject of much joy and hope to me, to see that the Church was gaining ground. Since the open avowal of Socinian principles, which has been prominent for twenty or thirty years, the Calvinists have not been wanting in their opposition to them; and many are daily manifesting a desire to find that happy union of faith and reason, on which they may repose amid the conflicts of extravagance on either hand. Nothing can be more unfixed than the sentiments of the Socinians. No two persons have the same opinions; and indeed if they will but agree in denying the Godhead of the Son, they seem at full liberty to believe or disbelieve whatever else they please. They may receive the Scriptures in the literal sense, and admit their inspiration; or they may deny this entirely, and allegorize *ad libitum.* It is impossible to believe that this state of mind can continue; and it is very gratifying to think that much may be accomplished for the prosperity of the Church in the change that seems inevitable.

"I turn to more pleasing details of existing circumstances. The dwelling-houses in Boston are palaces, and very expensive; but everything else bears the mark of great frugality and good sense. Their hours are early, and their habits very temperate. There is a moral sense diffused among the people that is very striking. Among the many Institutions that we visited I must name a cotton-factory at Lowel, twenty-five miles from Boston, where a beautiful town has arisen within the last five years. Such a factory I never saw before. Its entire neatness and the healthy appearance of the people employed are most gratifying. Nearly three thousand young women, from fourteen to twenty-five years of age, are employed. They look like the better sort of ladies-maids, whose dress is peculiarly neat, without extravagance or finery. Among this large number there has been but a single instance of improper conduct in five years, and that terminated in a very appropriate marriage. I endeavoured to get at the reason of so remarkable a fact, but was not able to satisfy myself entirely. The candidates for employment are the daughters of independent yeomen, who, encouraged by the certainty of success if they are prudent, are looking for a little sum that will secure their independence, and assist their settlement or marriage. The wages are high, and their object is attainable in four or five years, beyond which period very few remain in the manufactory. They are very hawks in watching each other, and the least levity of conduct induces all the rest to refuse working in the same room, or lodging in the same boarding-house, with the suspected individual. There may be some influence also from a religious excitement, which is common among them; and many of these young women have contributed twenty dollars to a church or meeting-house. They all read and write, and are very well informed in their station. Most of them have been brought up in good moral habits, and with encouraging examples in their families. Whether this state of things can be preserved, as manufactures increase, and employ the mass of the population instead of a select few, is a problem to be solved only by experience.

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[p] Bishop Griswold.

"The provision at Boston for universal instruction is very sufficient. The teachers are amply provided for by a general tax, and schools of every class are alike open to all, free of other expense. I visited several, and found much that was gratifying. The National system, though opposed as a pauper system, seems likely to gain its ground, but there is less need of it here perhaps than in other places.

"If I might venture an opinion upon the Harvard University, I would say that it is well qualified to give general and useful education, but offers little inducement to much erudition. No person can take a degree unless he maintains a respectable character for diligence and moral conduct, which is ascertained by yearly examination; but no other examination is necessary for degrees.

"Judge Haliburton, my brother-in-law, is with us, and we were fortunate in visiting Boston when their Government and Legislature was to be organized, and several unusual public dinners were given, to which we were invited. The oath of allegiance and fidelity was administered by the Governor in the most impressive manner to more than four hundred members of the Legislature. Then he called upon those to come forward whose scruples of conscience prevented their taking an oath. From these a declaration was required, and it was attended with equal solemnity. I wish its concluding words were appended to your substitute for the original test:—'And this affirmation I make under the pains and penalties of perjury.' If the declaration in England had been so accompanied, and not confined to the influence derived from office, I could have voted for it.

"This is a wonderfully increasing country, and must be very powerful. An old Scotch gentleman, whom I saw this morning, told me he well remembered the deputation from the vestry of Trinity, that was sent to Maryland, to invite my father to this city. It then contained 15,000 inhabitants. Its present population exceeds 200,000. Bishop Hobart is absent on duty for a few days, but I shall soon see him, as he has been watching for me during the last three weeks.

"*June* 24. Bishop Hobart has returned. Three days are to be given to the Theological Seminary. I have preached in crowded churches, and to many of my father's old parishioners."

The correspondence of the years that followed, while thankfully recording the progress of the Church under his charge, "with happy influence securing respect, and extending her borders under blessing from above," is yet full of sad and earnest deliberation how in any degree to avert the consequences of the withdrawal of the funds hitherto supplied by the Government at home to the Colonial clergy. It will be remembered, that the State had long made an annual grant of £12,000 to the Gospel Society, on an agreement that the Society should pay a stipend of £200 a-year to each missionary. A promise had also been notified in Downing-street of pensions to retired missionaries and their widows. All this was now to cease. It was most disheartening to see the Colonial Church so crippled in her resources at the very season when she seemed able most efficiently to employ them; but the threatened sufferings to his clergy weighed even more heavily on the Bishop's heart. Joshua Watson's sympathies were deeply stirred; and he urged upon his willing friend the adoption of the plainest language, that at least among the people of England the cry for justice might be heard.

"You know," he wrote in September, 1834, "I have always been urgent for strong words and strong deeds in this case, and have been the more obstinate in my conviction that there was no other safe way of dealing with it, because it was in spite of my general tendency in action to insist more upon the *suaviter in modo* than the *fortiter in re.* It may be indeed that those who prevailed against me before may now think that the time is gone by for any vigorous expression of feeling, (though they did not deny it might have had some chance when first urged upon them); and perhaps they might prove to be right; but still I would neither withhold the attempt, nor despair of its issue. A stronger case than your poor clergy have can scarcely be conceived; and if they call loud enough to be heard, I think they must be answered."

The college at Windsor was experiencing the same kind of treatment at the hands of the Colonial Government, and was then and in after years the subject of most earnest solicitude to the Bishop and to his friends. But he firmly refused to purchase continuance of favour by any abandonment of the distinctive character of the institution. "I will try, with God's blessing, to maintain our integrity, and submit to present evil, in hope a day may come for its removal; but the character once gone can never return."

One of these letters contains a warm tribute to the memory of the Rev. Mather Byles Debrisay, a descendant of Cotton Mather's, whose death, the effect of his abounding zeal, had "left five congregations waste:"—"I preached and read prayers in two of his waste churches on Sunday, when none could approach to speak to me but in tears." In another he pours out to his friend a more depressing grief which had come upon him—the discovery of misconduct in one of his clergy whom he had trusted and esteemed. "The affair has given me a long-continued heart-ache in this time of peril and of mischief." But jealous as he was of the purity of the ministry, his loving heart yearned towards the offender; and in seeking his friend's faithful counsel on the course to be pursued, he wrote,—

> "I wish he would consent to an open penance; in which case I would minister in his church, question him, exhort him and all around him, and pray for him from my inmost heart. I received a most kind, confidential letter and advice from the Archbishop on this difficult case. It was truly paternal."

Of the general body of clergy in his diocese he bears this witness: "They feel the duty that is laid upon them, and increase their labours as their wages are diminished. But they will not lose their reward." "Write when you can," he thus closes one of his letters. "Your letters have always something that refreshes, although they do not convey as much comfort as you would wish them to impart." Again: "Many thanks for your letter of May 3. Your communications are very encouraging to my poor labours, and more cheering under difficulties than you will readily believe. We owe you much for the successful efforts on behalf of our college, which, I rejoice to say, is looking up again."

The letter of May 3, 1837, thus referred to, will explain the nature of these efforts:—

> "Your lordship's well-timed, and in all respects most satisfactory, detail of facts has made a strong impression on the Archbishop's mind. Oppressed as it is by all the anxieties of a double representative of Church and State, it is fully alive to the striking statements you have made; so much so, indeed, as to have thought at one moment of moving the House of Lords for the production of the official papers. In truth, he only relinquished the notion from a fear that the air that might be given to it of party or political feeling under recent differences would prejudice the cause which ought to have a much loftier origin. With this original purpose in mind, his Grace did not communicate your representation to the last Board, but he has since laid it before the Committee. . . In committee, therefore, I hope to follow it up; and whatever little I can do, or drive others to do, shall there be done. We shall not indeed lose sight of any occasion of assisting your indefatigable exertions for the prosperity of that portion of the Catholic Church which a good Providence has placed under your lordship's charge. But it is impossible to disguise to ourselves that whatever good is to arise at this time must come out of evil; and so we may well be content to go on doing

our own clear duties, and patiently and piously leave results to Him who alone can do that great work, and has the times and the seasons in His own counsels. In this confidence I am much inclined to a bold use of the funded property, for which you seem so solicitous. The Church at home and abroad is, to all human calculation, in a great crisis; and to her immediate relief I am for applying all her present resources. I would not husband, for I think I have no right to do so, the actual means which the love of Christ's Church has put into our hands. We must make great sacrifices and run great risks, and leave to our posterity the example of our forefathers; and unless and until we fix ourselves in this conclusion, there is, humanly speaking, no hope for us. If we dare not for a few years to come spend much more than our income, what is to become of your college and nursery of young divines, what of India, East or West, and what, especially, of Australia?"

Bishop Inglis was at this time framing his Church Society, and employed his friend's agency in his communications with the parent Societies at home.

"My great object," he says, "is to make our members understand our Scriptural and evangelical doctrines in the real meaning of the word, and our apostolic order, from a conviction that, as these are better known, they will be more loved; and as they are more loved, the facilities, even among ourselves, for upholding and perpetuating them, under the Heavenly blessing will be largely increased."

And before he closed his letter, he was able thus to report his success:—

"We have had our meeting numerously and well attended, harmonious and respectful. All my points were agreed to without a dissentient voice, and I trust that, with the blessing we have implored, the Society will be an instrument of good. My clergy are dispersing; and it is a subject for unfeigned thankfulness that all our *own* concerns and all our intercourse have been gratifying without a single alloy. We lament our external condition, and are grieved that those who should support us are despoiling us; but we are endeavouring to have recourse to Him who will never leave us, and to exert ourselves under Him, and with an eye of faith to His blessing, as we are bound to struggle.

"Do not laugh at our pigmyism when I tell you we collected more than £100 in our room. I repeated my exhortation over and over again, that money was a secondary object, and I implored that one contribution might not be guided by another; and that all would give with a recollection that if our main objects were blest with the success for which we hope, their own feelings would constrain them to larger gifts hereafter. I begged for the smallest offerings of the humblest and the poorest: our desire is to link together *every member* of our Church. Our first receipt was the dollar of a poor widow. I hear every half-hour of new members. Our Governor has just announced his acceptance of the office of patron, and his yearly subscription of £10."

Soon after this Bishop Inglis was again in England, labouring most energetically to excite co-operation with the Society for Propagating the Gospel, throughout the country. In this behalf he was led to adopt what was then a measure of doubtful promise, the advocacy of his cause at public meetings and on platforms, to a degree, the necessity of which Joshua Watson, to say the least, regretted, and doubted whether he could thus add permanent strength to his cause. But the two were in constant communication, and laboured together with one accord for the increase and efficiency of the staff of working officers at home, while they sought to secure the unity and purity of the missionary body. It was to Joshua Watson that the Bishop looked for counsel in the difficult question of balancing the calls of duty at that juncture in England and in Nova Scotia. He was still attending meetings at different towns, and receiving requests for more, when, in Sept., 1839, he wrote from Huntingdon in terms that shew he was then preparing to return home. He referred the question to Archbishop Howley, and finding that he concurred with Joshua Watson, he writes like a man relieved after his labours, "feeling younger and happier." But a short time afterwards there were some encouraging results to be expected by his exertions and those of his friends in Downing-street; and in his care for his diocese he determined to stay through the winter. The following note of Joshua Watson's shews us a glimpse of the prudent diplomacy with which these matters were conducted:—

"*Wednesday night.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I cannot help fearing that if your friend S. S.[q] will take upon him the task of answering H.M.'s High Commissioner in a hurry, clever as he is, he will break down under the burden.

"No time is to be lost certainly, neither will any good result from a perfunctory execution of the work. To do the thing quickly, and to do it well,—both indispensable in the undertaking,—I can see but the way already mentioned. Let three clever heads and hands be immediately set upon the job, with the threefold division we talked of. Let Croker[r] take the party-politics, the Clock-maker the local politics, and my good friend the Church politics; and all that is wanted will be had as soon as wanted, and no sooner said than done.

"To such a combination, or rather constellation, none of the lesser stars, I am sure, can contribute any light. I really have none to add, even if I had all the time I want; or most gladly should your call be answered by

"Your faithful friend,
"J. W."

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[q] Mr. Justice Haliburton.

[r] The Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

In the following spring, Joshua Watson wrote to his nieces, telling of the Bishop's departure:—

"It has been a sad parting; for nothing can be more beyond human expectation than the hope of ever seeing his face again. The Society for Propagating the Gospel has greatly gained by his stay in this country. Certainly it owes to him the thousands of friends, and ten thousands of pounds, which have been raised in the last two years. Without him, literally, there had not been a single public meeting in town or country; there had been no struggle for Church reserves or school lands, no bishop in Newfoundland, no chance of one in New Brunswick. So that, although I vehemently urged him to return last year, I am compelled to admit that he has not remained in vain; and I hope to send after him a strong expression of our obligation to him for really unparalleled services. Besides overcoming all the discouragements cast in his way, and stirring up others to unwilling action, he preached eighty sermons, and personally attended and pleaded at nearly one hundred meetings; and the result will be, I verily believe, trebled funds before the year is out."

Bishop Inglis was a man in whom religious feeling flowed freely forth from the springs of a warm and generous heart, winning its way with the hearers by a plain sincerity and earnest simplicity of eloquence, to which it was impossible to impute affectation or parade. He did not adopt a course which has been taken by some younger colonial bishops, and which the circumstances might have justified, of soliciting funds for his own province; but feeling, as his friend Bishop Hobart felt, that the existence of the reformed Church in America was, under God, attributable to the sustaining care of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, he undertook the effort for the general cause of the British colonies, trusting to a sense of justice in those who administered the funds at home that his own clergy would not be neglected. This feeling he did not fail to impress on his comprovincials when he had returned to Halifax.

"Our people here," he wrote in his first letter after his arrival, "are full of gratitude for what has been done, and is doing, in England, which, I trust, will not be allowed to rest. I will pledge myself for more than inactive thankfulness as its result in this diocese. You have given me a text; I have a long and urgent sermon to preach upon it."

So little did he claim of merit for himself in what had been done, and so little did he think of rest after his toilsome embassy.

His gentle spirit and vigilant prudence preserved his diocese from any inconvenience arising either from the disputes excited by the Oxford Tracts, or subsequently from the Gorham controversy. He sometimes conferred by letter with Joshua Watson on these questions. When the strifes at home began to be heard beyond the Atlantic, he wrote in 1841,—

"I am only able to gain a very slight knowledge of particulars in reference to Oxford movements. But this I know, all my soundest men feel grateful to them. Still I wish they would not write so much that requires explanation, nor speak so tenderly of Trent."

Of his own clergy he was able to say,—

"We are as nearly as possible of one mind; and surely there must be strength in such unity. We shall have, when two vacancies are supplied, on one continued line of road, eighteen missionaries, not only most exemplary in their lives, but particularly distinguished by soundness and activity, by zeal and devotion to their holy work. Shall I not then cordially, but humbly, thank God, and take courage?"

He responded most gratefully to his friend's letter of Feb. 24, 1843, mentioned in the preceding chapter:—

"*Halifax, April* 3, 1843.

"MY VERY, VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I cannot describe the sensations which your thrice welcome letter of Feb. 24 created. I hope a prevalent one was that of gratitude. That you are able to write as in past time, and that you are not unwilling to use that ability for the gratification of your absent friend, could not fail to awaken both joy and thankfulness. It is also a rich enjoyment to be assured that you have precious consolation in realizing the wisdom and the mercy of the sorrows and sufferings which have been your portion. I will no longer condole with you, but offer my congratulations on the triumph of your faith. It is the victory of heaven over earth. *Laus Deo!*

"I was not without uneasiness, before I left England, on account of the extraordinary want of prudence in many of those who had power to confer inestimable benefit upon the Church, and who, in despite of headlong indiscretion, have conferred much benefit. Like all who knew them, I was a willing captive to the engaging simplicity of their conversation; but still I thought they were throwing away an opportunity for doing more good than had been effected in many ages. Yet after all, can we, or are we authorized to, hope for any essential benefit, except through much tribulation? If in the dawn of Christianity all the progress of its Divine Author was marked, in every step, by suffering and sorrow, was there not intimation by this example, as well as prediction, that the servants were to look for like difficulties? And may we not humbly hope that the very sufferings now brought upon us are harbingers of the Church's growth and increasing influence?"

His thoughts on episcopacy, as opposed to systems of less primitive character, were expressed with equal modesty and moderation.

"We are not bound to pronounce, even to ourselves, upon the views of others; and often we are glad to abstain from strong opinions respecting them. We are bound, however, to decide on what is necessary for ourselves, although the plain inference from this necessity in reference to others may be painful. I cannot believe that I could have a valid commission, if it had not come in some succession from the origin of the authority. I may be told that the certain inference must be that Dr. Chalmers has no valid commission. I cannot help this. I do not dwell upon it. I will not pronounce dogmatically upon it. I can join Dr. Chalmers in relieving the sufferers at Paisley or at Hamburgh; but I cannot take part in his lectures on Church establishments, or his views of non-intrusion. But after all, we must acknowledge the narrow limits of our knowledge, and our proneness to mistake and error. How necessary is it that we should be guided and controlled in our words, and works, and thoughts!"

Bishop Inglis's correspondence in 1845 shewed an unwonted depression of spirits, partly the result of ill health, but probably in some measure influenced by what he speaks of in a letter to H. H. Norris, "the follies and the sin of those defections" from which the Church at home was then suffering, which, he said, "should humble us to the dust." These things made him ill able to bear the tidings that, after the struggles he had so long sustained, rallying under so many adverse circumstances, the Gospel Society was forced to withdraw its grant from his college. He would not, however, yield to the sense of despondency, and merrily replied to a letter in which his friend had written a few words of encouragement:—

"I certainly am no chicken now, but I could not have received more benefit than your *peppercorn* has produced. It has cured my *drooping*, and given me fresh elasticity and courage. . . . . It is a curious fact, that though we can now scarcely procure a fifth of the extrinsic help which we formerly enjoyed when we attempted to build a church, we build more than five times the number of churches that we ventured to begin when we were more dependent upon distant aid. But still, many of our settlements are so poor, that one trembles at the loss of any help they were accustomed to receive or hope for. In my late visitation I have broken up some new ground, and the first produce of this is always sweet; but it requires cherishing, that the first effects of the sun may be retained. Your P.S. has encouraged me, and I shall proceed with new hope in the efforts to which my attention must now be directed, trusting in Him who has long been our Helper and Defender."

Certainly it was never the habit of Bishop Inglis to fold his arms and desist from virtuous efforts under any temporary discouragement. Speaking to H. H. Norris of an applicant for

English charity from America, who had diverted the stream towards some less legitimate channel of his own, "It appears to me," he said, "the sooner the case is allowed to go to sleep the better; and we should go to work with some fitter object as speedily as possible." Yet the yearnings of Christian friendship were such as sometimes to make him feel painfully the distance which severed him from more frequent comfort and counsel:—

> "You must deliver to your whole circle an ample share of our real and affectionate regard. You have spoiled us for this side of the ocean, and we think too much of you for our own comfort. Yet there is something delightful in the recollection, though it invites many a sigh. But it would be visionary to think either side of the water would be permitted to afford enjoyment without the inseparable alloy of this uncertain transitory state. Such joy is reserved till our voyage across a wider sea shall be completed; and blessed is the faithful hope that points to it [s]."

His latest letters to Joshua Watson abound increasingly with expressions of affection for his friend, and all who were about him. "That you all may be eminently blest in every hour of your pilgrimage, is the fervent prayer of your grateful and affectionate friend, John Nova Scotia." "How much, and how heartily, I desire all blessings for you all, I may humbly tell to Him who hears the silent movements of the heart."

It was a subject of gentle regret to him in his old age, that none of his three sons were destined to continue those labours in the Christian ministry which had been his best inheritance from his father. But he wrote with an honest pride of the first services of his eldest son, the late Sir John Eardley Inglis, in Upper India; and perhaps the domestic pattern of joyous zeal and untiring duty might have some influence in sustaining the firm soul of the gallant defender of Lucknow. He spoke of his fatherly anxieties for his soldier-sons:—

> "They are great," he said; "but we try to keep alive that humble, faithful trust which can alleviate them; and I have very often felt that this state of mind is a preparation for the liveliest and most holy gratitude, if it shall seem fit to a gracious Providence to regard our prayers and gratify our hopes; while it is perhaps the only preparation, humanly speaking, for rightly receiving the disappointment of our hopes, if He, who cannot err, shall see it right to bow us down by such disappointment."

It was with a stedfast and confiding hope that he contemplated the approach of death.

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[s] To H. H. Norris, March, 1826.

"I cannot believe," he wrote, "that the contemplation of our end, rightly entertained, should in the least diminish the enjoyment of the earthly blessings permitted to us, while it must surely enhance the value of those mercies which aid our passage to a better world. Nay, I think we, who are old, should be ready to go up in comfort to Mount Nebo and die, or to draw up our knees in our beds, and be gathered to our fathers in perfect contentment, and in holy blessed hope. If we take a patriarch's view of our pilgrimage, we shall be ready for a patriarch's enjoyment of our home."

His letters to his friends were sometimes dated from Clermont, a country farm at ninety miles distance from Halifax. It was a place, as he spoke of it, particularly endeared to his father, who had reclaimed it from the wilderness. It was the scene of his first little labour in the Church, and where he had passed some of the happiest and most tranquil hours of his life.

"Our friend Norris," he writes in 1847, "has often smiled over my father's familiar letters to Mr. Boucher from this place, in which he could not help mixing up a little enthusiastic admiration of its beauties and advantages. I may be less warm; but the remembrance of my father's happiness, when here, where he considered himself as on a single plank thrown safely ashore,—the remembrance of his happiness enhances mine, and, I hope, enlivens our gratitude for the enjoyment which is permitted to all of us in a brief visit to this retired and peaceful scene."

It was from this place that he wrote to two younger friends in England on their marriage, telling at the same time an affecting story of a lately-appointed pastor of Clermont, whose death had left the Church destitute :—

"He was a descendant of Bernard Gilpin, at Houghton-le-Spring, and had sailed for Bermudas, his native soil, where his widowed mother required his assistance, and a very engaging bride awaited his arrival. He obtained with difficulty a passage in a ten-gun brig, having two little boys with him, going to their families from the academy at Windsor. The vessel has never since been heard of, and all hope of hearing of her has long since been given up."

The letter ends with the following beautiful Christian advice :—

"If you are as happy as I hope and wish and pray that you may be, your lot will be as joyful as the inevitable cares and trials of this world will permit. Do not allow your expectations to be too buoyant; be prepared to comfort each other under sufferings that may be consoled and sweetened by real sympathy. Do not trust too much even to your attachment to each other. Cultivate and strengthen it by unvarying offices of affection, such as may restrain every rising of impatience, and keep down every movement of fretfulness. Pardon this old man's failing, since it will betray itself. I am sure you will forgive my last suggestion, which is to implore you never to forget how essential to your happiness, under every event, the unceasing blessing from above must be. Your attachment, I doubt not, was consecrated in its first risings by being commended to heavenly guidance; let it for ever be cherished by piety and prayer."

His useful life was now drawing to a close. In the autumn of 1850 he was attacked by sickness, from which he rallied sufficiently to come to England for medical advice; but it was too late for human skill to arrest the progress of the complaint. He expired in Curzon-street on the 28th of October, within reach of the friendly visits of H. H. Norris, who survived him only a few weeks, and receiving the ministrations of the Church from Mr. Ernest Hawkins. Joshua Watson was not permitted to see him again, being then in Northamptonshire.

"Clearly," as he wrote to H. H. Norris, "for some time past our dear friend, as all his correspondence has shewn, was waiting only for the Bridegroom's knock. Greatly should I have been gratified to be with you, to have had a last converse with him, and to have helped you in ministering to the comfort of the survivors. But this has been denied, and other improvement must be made of the visitation. The deathbed of every good man and his dying words are, to my mind, the most precious of God's providences to those who are permitted to have any part in them."

CHAPTER XXII.

William Grant Broughton, first Bishop of Australasia. His appointment, first as Archdeacon, and afterwards as Bishop of Sydney.—State of the colony thirty years since.—Character of its Governors.—His labours in founding Churches and Schools, and providing Endowments.—His visit to New Zealand, and views of the freedom and limit of Episcopal power.—His view of qualities requisite for a colonial mission.—Judge Burton.—Mr. Moore's benefactions.—Protest against the Papal Archbishop.—His See made Metropolitan in the colony.—Principles of Metropolitan power.—His last visit to England, and death.

THE last, but not the least deserving of honour, among the colonial bishops, friends of Joshua Watson, was William Grant Broughton, first Bishop of Australasia. This Memoir has introduced the mention of his name, with that of Middleton and Inglis, in the eighth of the preceding chapters: but there is something more required to exhibit the character of this vigilant, firm-spirited, and far-sighted Christian prelate, as well as to do justice to the wise and benevolent counsels with which his aged friend at home continued to sustain his labours to the last.

It was before mentioned that Broughton was introduced to Joshua Watson before his first mission to Sydney as Archdeacon in 1829. It appears that the introduction was due to the friendly offices of Archdeacon Bayley; but the immediate object was probably to forward some plan of aid to his new charge from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. In these plans a ready interest was taken also by H. H. Norris, to whom Broughton wrote, Feb. 9, 1829:—

"You are quite right in saying that there is no ground for congratulation on my appointment. I see the whole extent of the prospect before me, and shadows and darkness rest upon it; but after the fullest consideration I could give to the question, it did not appear to me that I could decline a post to which Providence seemed to have led me, without subjecting myself to self-reproach as backward and fearful in our Master's service. Whether I have chosen rightly, or have taken a step which prudence cannot justify, events may, to some extent, determine; but I have always the consolation of knowing that the final judgment to be passed upon it will be one in which, I humbly trust, success or failure will not so much be the points enquired into, as the motives by which I have been guided, and the fidelity with which I shall have sought to fulfil the duties I have undertaken. You have taken what appears to me to be the truest view of the relation in which the maintenance of the Church of England stands to the present and future happiness of mankind; and it is truly in the hope of recommending such views that I am going to what I know and feel to be a banishment. On account of my dear children, I should have been thankful to have been spared the necessity of removing to an untried country; but, such being the appointment of God, I say most unfeignedly, May His will be done!"

He did not overrate the difficulties which he manfully encountered on this first mission. When he first reached the shores of the great southern continent, forty-two years after the foundation of the colony, he found there were eight churches and twelve clergymen in all New South Wales, and about four churches and six or eight clergymen in Van Diemen's Land. The voluntary emigrants were much like those who had settled a century earlier in North America, persons of little education or refinement, of unfixed opinions, of a democratical turn in politics, and indifferent to religion. About one-third of the resident population were Roman Catholics, children of expatriated Irishmen; and these, though, as in England, children of the poorer class of society, had a powerful friend in the Governor, General Bourke, whose aim was to place the Church of Rome at least on an equal footing with the Church of England. An order in Council was obtained from the English Ministry in 1833, by which the Church lands provided in the colony were taken away: and these complicated difficulties at length determined the Archdeacon to re-visit England, in order, if possible, to delay the execution of this act of public spoil.

> "There is little," he said[t], "in the political or moral aspect of these days, which gives me encouragement; but so all-important is the object of laying in this country the foundations of our pure Protestant Church, upon such a well-devised system as may, under God's blessing, uphold her principles among the people now and in future ages, that I do not dread the prospect of a voyage round the world in the hope of being, by any lawful means, the instrument of accomplishing it."

He came in the following year. The fluctuating counsels of Lord Melbourne's Administration for a while delayed his return; and he appears at one time to have suspected that they were not inclined to let him go again.

> "If they would indeed set me free from the responsibility," he said[u], "I might be under a weighty obligation to them; but I hope my resolution is taken not to abandon the post of duty by a voluntary act, as long as there remains the most distant prospect of doing good, or even the shade of an obligation upon me to maintain it. Your own undeviating line is that which I shall try to pursue, that which, after all, I believe to be the safest and most satisfactory."

At length the wishes of those who desired the best things for the colony prevailed, and arrangements were made for erecting the archdeaconry into a bishopric. On Feb. 14, 1836, he was consecrated at Lambeth. The two Societies at home were successfully urged by Joshua Watson to place a liberal grant at the new Bishop's disposal in the outset of his work. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this was done by the prime mover with characteristic delicacy. "Your very kind support," Bishop Broughton wrote, "was so unexpected, that, till you rose, I did not know you were in the room."

Of the good effects of this timely aid his first letters from Sydney were full. The Church-people in the colony made generous efforts answerable to the encouragement they had received from home, and a sum of more than £3,000 was raised at a meeting attended by the principal merchants, settlers, and public officers. But his own words are too remarkable to be withheld:—

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[t] Letter to H. H. Norris, Oct. 1833.

[u] To the same, July, 1835.

> "I feel," he said, "that in having such a spirit to direct, and so to apply it as to ensure the greatest possible share of benefit to the present and future generations, I have a weight of responsibility resting upon me enough to make me tremble. See what this country has arisen to in less than fifty years, and then calculate what it may arrive at in one or two centuries. Feel for me, who am placed here as it were single-handed, to work this mighty engine. May God give me His grace to devote myself to the work, neither with foolish self-confidence, nor with nerveless timidity!"

He had need of such support. It would seem as if the Government at home was still regarding this rising colony as little better than a convict settlement; and the deputies who were sent to administer its affairs, were chosen with far too little regard to their fitness for a task of such importance. The Archdeacon had been, by royal patent, a member of the Legislative Council; but on his return in his new dignity as bishop, Sir Richard Bourke thought proper to exclude him, as not entitled, under that name, to a seat at the Board. It cannot be expected that all general officers of the army should know that every bishop is, by virtue of his order, whenever he pleases, his own archdeacon; and yet, what would be thought of a commander-in-chief, who should refuse a colonel his place in a military council because he knew him to have been advanced to the rank of a major-general? But this piece of sharp practice kept the Bishop defrauded of his rightful claim, and was not rectified without reference to the Government at home, after a delay of two years.

The proceeding was the more suspicious, as the Governor was at this time aiming to obtain a Colonial Bill, appropriating a large grant of money to a scheme of education, from which all distinctive religious instruction was shut out. The bill was hurried forward, and passed the Legislative Council, but not without a protest from four of the oldest and most respected members of that body. The Protestant Dissenters on this occasion supported the Bishop in his opposition to it. Probably the sense of the indignity which had been put upon him gave strength to their united effort, by which the measure was eventually defeated[x].

"He is valiant
That yields not unto wrongs, not he that 'scapes them."

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[x] See Archdeacon Harrison's Memoir, pp. 19, 20.

A second struggle of the same kind was to be encountered a few years later, when Sir George Gipps was governor. But on this occasion also the Bishop's efforts were successful; and what was most gratifying, the contest was the means of cementing a cordial friendship between the two public servants in the Australian Church and State, which continued to the end of their lives[y].

Indeed, as Broughton wrote to Joshua Watson in October, 1836, the beneficial effect of the grant from the Church Societies in England was immediately perceptible.

> "I can now reckon," he said, "more than twenty churches, which are in the fairest way of progress on the terms proposed by the Government, viz., the inhabitants subscribing one half of the cost; and such subscriptions have been principally encouraged by the advances which I have made or promised from the funds placed at my disposal. Some of these advances do not exceed £25; and yesterday I believe I secured the erection of two school-houses in a district where there had never been one, by an advance of £5 a-piece."

He found among the colonists some men who could not be surpassed in worth and sincerity, who were ready to guarantee a sufficient income for a clergyman in their own locality; but for some time he had to sustain the depression of not being able to supply these wants, and wrote to his friend in much sickness of heart from hope deferred. At last, in November, 1837, he poured forth his grateful acknowledgments on the arrival of an advanced detachment of four new labourers, whose coming was an earnest of more to follow. "Each of them may, I think, have the effect of adding a year to my life, or of preventing its being shortened through overwhelming anxiety and distraction." Before another twelvemonth had expired, he was able to report the welcome arrival of ten more, sent out with the aid of the Gospel Society. Yet in the widely scattered settlements where they were sent to labour, they seemed, as he said, to be lost like drops in the ocean.

It was his anxious endeavour to secure to the new country, as far as possible, the practical benefit of the parochial system, though the name of it was as yet almost unknown. In this he was assured of the warm sympathy of Joshua Watson, who had said to another friend[z], "Our strength lies in the fortification of our parochial system. Parochial pastorship lies at the very foundation, not only of the National Society, but of our national Church." To promote such a system, however, he had few resources except from the charitable funds raised in England.

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[y] See Archdeacon Harrison's Memoir, pp. 21, 22.

[z] To Archdeacon Harrison.

The letters patent under which the bishopric was erected and incorporated, enabled the Bishop and his successors to hold lands and tenements assigned for the endowment of the Church of England. It was his design to lay out the money with which he was entrusted in the purchase of landed property, the income from which might be made to provide independent benefices. "To work out this scheme successfully," he wrote to H. H. Norris[a], "will demand years of care and anxiety; but I shall cheerfully bestow them, and hope for the end, to endow our clergy with some independence, however limited, in lieu of the stipendiary pittance which is now proposed for them."

While he was thus prospectively concerned for more remote places, he was building and preparing for the building of more churches in Sydney also; and ventured, in a spirit of faith, upon the purchase of a plot of ground in the most populous part of the city, at a cost of £1600, feeling confident that there were people who would gladly avail themselves of the privilege of worship with the Church of England, if the church were brought to their doors.

The poor outcasts then in Norfolk Island, and the Church missionary settlements in New Zealand, were the next objects of his attention. He wrote to Joshua Watson on the eve of his voyage to both these scenes of strange interest:—

> "We have, I trust, and shall have, the prayers of many good men in our behalf; and this, coupled with the clearer assurance, which I seem every day to acquire, of the soundness of our Church-of-England principles, gives me confidence in the continued and effectual protection of God."

An account of his visit to New Zealand in December, 1838, was published in the Church Missionary Record for the following year: and some particulars have since been given in the "Annals of the Diocese of New Zealand[b]." There can be no doubt that his visit and report aided the subsequent colonization and happily constituted diocesan regulation of that interesting country.

He had heard with some dismay of the sweeping changes, sanctioned by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners at home, of the cathedral establishments. "I may be mistaken," he said to H. H. Norris: "but to me it appears that the time is only now coming when their usefulness will be proved." In fact, he seemed to anticipate, what has since been felt, that from such bodies, as in earlier times, missions were to be nourished and sent out; and by them the quality of candidates for missionary services would be best secured. "Send me," he wrote again, "graduates of the Universities if possible." But he thought it necessary to send a caution against what is sometimes the vice of a learned education, a too fastidious temperament, or sensitive disposition, in a scene of labour where they must sometimes expect all day long to witness some invasion of conventional propriety, and would need the strong shield of impenetrable patience.

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[a] Letter, Sept. 1836.

[b] Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, pp. 23—28, 1847.

"Last week," he wrote on another occasion, "I consecrated a church standing almost on the shore of Cook's River, near its entrance into Botany Bay, and within a stone's throw, perhaps, of the very spot where the great navigator says he landed, at the north point of the bay, and upon ground which I think it very probable he, with Sir Joseph Banks, may have walked over when here seventy years ago. With respect to schools, I hope to have eight or ten more finished within next year. My plan is to build them substantially, and as much in ecclesiastical taste and form as possible."

For all this he sought further aid from the Societies at home; and it was with a glad zeal that Joshua Watson became his advocate, and was instrumental in the accomplishment of more than he asked, even before the bountiful munificence of Dr. Warneford began to flow towards the Christian nurseries in Australasia. But had he needed urging to greater efforts, he might have been incited by another active fellow-labourer, a colonial judge who visited England in 1840, and whom Bishop Broughton had mentioned in terms of high commendation, as a most upright man, and stedfast member of the Church, who was also honourably distinguished by his concern for the poor reprobates in Norfolk Island. Soon after his arrival in his native land, Mr. Justice Burton wrote to Joshua Watson:—

"My dear Sir,

"Knowing the interest you take in all matters relating to the Church's welfare, and especially to that part of it which is under the jurisdiction of the good Bishop of Australia, I presume to mention to you a subject of more than ordinary importance, and upon which I feel a corresponding anxiety. The stipend of his office, which is £2,000 a-year, I know to be quite inadequate, under the yearly increasing expensiveness of all the necessaries of life in the colony, to more than the decent maintenance of even his moderate establishment; and quite unequal to the additional charges of travelling, on the necessary and frequent visitations of his extensive diocese, and the discharge of those rites of hospitality to which his own disposition would lead him, and which his station renders unavoidable; whilst his lameness (even if the dignity of his office, in a country where almost every tradesman of the better class keeps his carriage, did not demand it of him), would make the keeping of one in his case absolutely necessary. Besides all this, there are those constant claims, public and private, on his benevolence, from which no Christian, and least of all a Christian bishop, can withhold his hand. In a new country these are out of all proportion greater than persons enjoying such an income in England are subject to. I assure you, my dear Sir, so strongly impressed am I with the sense of the weight of his burden, that I really wonder any man can retain under it so elastic and active a mind and body as he retains. It can only be attributed to the bountiful favour of his heavenly Master, and, under God, to the cheering effect of the aid and support he has received from the Church in England. In the colony his friends have always felt the duty of alleviating his burden as much as possible."

It was by this time known that Mr. Moore, an old and wealthy Australian settler, was purposing to bequeath his property to the Church. While there were any who had a natural claim upon him, the Bishop had studiously discouraged him from his design. But, upon the death of his wife and step-son nearly at the same time, the objection seemed to be removed. "I must regard it," Bishop Broughton said, "as a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence looking upon our poverty, and by the most unexpected means supplying a portion of daily bread for His Church." One part of the estate intended for the future benefit of the see was a house and land, then let upon a twenty-one years' lease. Judge Burton and Joshua Watson concerted together the raising of a sum to buy up the lease, so as to make the house at once available for the Bishop's use. And a grant was procured from the Gospel Society of a stipend for a clergyman to be attached to the Bishop's person, so as to prevent the undue pressure of ordinary clerical duties upon him. But it was found impossible to overcome his resolute disinterestedness.

"Tell me," he said, "my dear friend, what could be done? Here were and are two places full of ungodliness, for which no clergyman could be provided. I could not endure to witness the continuance of such a state of evil, in order that my own personal exertions might be saved." "At this moment in the town of Sydney, containing about 18,000 members of the Church of England, I have but two effective clergymen,—Mr. Allwood, who brought, and who has justified to the full, a recommendation from my Right Rev. Brother of Gloucester and Bristol. He is a most invaluable man, but not strong in bodily constitution. The other is Mr. Walsh, not to be surpassed, I am confident, in any good and effective quality, so far as his strength, which he taxes to the utmost, will carry him; and the more valued by me because the last legacy, I may say, of the good Archdeacon of St. Alban's. Our other clergyman, Mr. Cowper, who has been thirty-three years in the colony, has lost the sight of both eyes, and is on the point of going to England to seek relief by couching. In order, therefore, to prevent the closing of his church, I am compelled to buckle on the armour of former days, and to execute all the duties of a parish clergyman."

Shortly after the date of this letter, in 1840, Mr. Moore had peaceably ended his days. He had assigned his landed estate for the endowment of a college, and had bequeathed £20,000 in equal proportions, for the augmentation of clerical stipends, for the maintenance of clergymen's widows and orphans, to the Diocesan Church Societies, and to almsmen and almswomen, members of the Church.

"The will is really a noble document," the Bishop wrote, "worthy of better times, and shews how much good sense and sound principle may be manifested under circumstances apparently the least likely to encourage or draw them forth; for he was bred, and originally came to this colony, as a ship-carpenter."

His next communication was saddened in its tone from the tidings he had received of the death of his friend's beloved daughter, one of whom he spoke as such as he could most desire his own children to resemble; and he desired to assure the solitary mourner, that at least one Bishop's tears had fallen in the remembrance of her whom he still called Mary Watson.

"I can comprehend," he continued, "the all but total severance of your affections from earth, which is consequent upon this stroke Still, my dear Mr. Watson, I should form a wrong estimate of your principles and disposition, were I to admit the supposition, that so long as it pleases God to continue you a member of His Church on earth, you will withdraw yourself from a regard for the welfare of those who are of the same household. I am sure that with a view to your own personal satisfaction, as well as from higher principles, it is to be desired that while preparing to follow those who are gone before, your mind should preserve its activity and interest in those plans which were cherished by you and a few others within the bosom of the Church at a time when the world at large, though retaining the word Church in the Creed, yet seemed to have forgotten that it had any proper meaning. You have lived to see the revival of a better feeling.

"Our episcopate now is, or shortly will be, so extended as to encompass the world, excepting only the continent of South America; and when you look back to the commencement of this under your great friend, Bishop Middleton, and consider what a share God has permitted you to bear in all that has been done towards the subsequent progress, I feel persuaded that the subject will be among the very last from which you will suffer your attention to be withdrawn. I shall hope, therefore, to be allowed the privilege of continuing from time to time my rambling reports of what is passing here; and if the effort be not too painful, that you will send me now and then a line, if it be no more, to inform me that you sometimes direct a thought towards us."

"You ask me," says Bishop Broughton in this letter, "why I visited New Zealand, not being within my diocese. The immediate reason was, that Sir R. Inglis, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, had asked me to do so. But I had a further reason for complying with that request, to prove to the Romanists by practical evidence that they are guilty of injustice in affirming that we neither have nor can exercise any episcopal powers except such as are derived from our letters patent under the great seal. I grant that I would never within the Queen's dominions exercise episcopal functions except within those limits which the Queen appoints; for this, I contend, is the object and effect of letters patent, not to confer spiritual powers, but to define the range within which each prelate shall exercise them. Beyond the limits of the British sovereignty, I contend that every bishop has an inherent right, in virtue of the powers conferred on him at the consecration, to officiate, especially wherever the good of the Church may be promoted by his so doing; and there has been no episcopate previously established upon which he would be an intruder. This view I think you will find confirmed by Leslie in the Regale and Pontificate, and even by Archbishop Wake, who seems to me to go upon rather low ground[e]. Here, then, was a case in point: New Zealand was a branch of the Church of Christ not within the British dominions, not within the bounds of any other episcopate, the members of which needed and invoked my offices.

"In doing so, I thought I took away all plea for the Romanists saying that I possessed no power, nor dared to exercise any, except under the authority of a temporal patent. I am for ever henceforth in a situation to give a contradiction to this false pretension of theirs; because I have exercised all the powers of a bishop, ordaining, confirming, consecrating, and issuing marriage licenses, in a country to which my letters patent neither extended nor pretended to extend. Now, indeed, New Zealand forms a portion of the British empire; and therefore, as I have reported to the Archbishop, a portion also of my diocese and of his Grace's province. But then it did not; and I assume to have done all I did in and by that spiritual right which I derived from those true bishops who, by the laying on of hands, admitted me to their own order. I do not know whether any observation has ever been made upon my undertaking this visitation; I studied the subject carefully, and felt convinced that I was acting canonically, and that my acts were valid. These were my motives, as now stated to you; and if there be the least question raised as to my course of action, I wish very much to have an opportunity of making them generally known."

Joshua Watson entirely approved of these orthodox views, both of the freedom and the limit of episcopal power.

Bp. Broughton continued also to correspond with H. H. Norris; and of him he wrote in Sept., 1841, having then received an unfavourable account of his health:—

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[e] "As for those realms in which the civil power is not Christian, natural reason will prompt the members of every Church to consult together the best they can," &c. Wake's Authority of Christian Princes, p. 266, ed. 1697.

> "There is no man living whom I hold in higher estimation; and there is the less reason for my hesitating to say so, because there is no probability that we shall in this life ever meet again."

He rejoiced greatly in the prospect of a bishop coming to New Zealand. "The Bishop of London's letter to the Archbishop is," he said, "most admirable; and will entitle his name to veneration in this hemisphere as long as the sun and moon shall endure." Bishop Selwyn and his wife paused at Sydney on their way; and Bishop Broughton wrote to the house in which Joshua Watson then was, as well knowing the love which was there felt for them, and the pleasure which his strong expressions of regard for them would give. He spoke of Bishop Selwyn as one with whom he could commune as with a friend and brother, hoping to maintain the earnest and affectionate intercourse then begun, to the day of their separation by death. Of Mrs. Selwyn, who remained longer under his roof, he wrote,—

> "We had great satisfaction in enjoying so long the society of one who has every qualification to render it delightful, whether her talents, information, or principles are regarded. When she had been here a week, I told her it seemed utterly impossible we should not have been longer acquainted; such rapid strides did we appear to have made towards a maturity of friendship."

The next important subject that appears in the correspondence is the protest which Bishop Broughton felt himself obliged to make against the Pope's appointment, in 1843, of an Archbishop of Sydney, and the avowed purpose of the colonial government to give the honour of precedence to a papal title. He wrote on this subject both to H. H. Norris and Joshua Watson, feeling very sensibly that such homage would be both an infringement of the oath of supremacy and an indignity offered to the Queen's appointment, and also a violation of the rights of his metropolitan.

> "It would be far easier and more agreeable," he wrote, "to let the thing alone; but I am unable to reconcile such an acquiescence with my notions of what a watchman's duty is, to give notice to those under his charge of a danger to which, unless he point it out to them, they will surely be blind. . . . I take such a step only under a sense of necessary duty, such as does not allow me to balance alternatives; but not without a full sense of the responsibility attendant on such a proceeding, and of the consequences which may follow."

He was forced to act without counsel, and without any certainty of having his acts approved and confirmed by those for whom he was acting. He was very anxious for the best opinions on the point, either to strengthen his hands if he was right, or to convince him if wrong; in which case, he said, it would never be too late to retract.

Of the step actually taken we have Joshua Watson's account in a letter to H. H. Norris:—

> "You are aware of all the Sydney circumstances, I think. How the Bishop, on ascertaining the Governor's construction of Lord Grey's despatch as giving precedence at any government meeting to Dr. Polding as Romish archbishop, has protested against such an indignity, in his person, to the Queen's appointment, &c., &c. Having done this, he committed the case to his friends in England, leaving to their discretion the choice of proceedings at home, with full power to act on his behalf as they saw fit, even to the resignation of his see. I tried hard to persuade the Committee to turn at once from a colonial to a Church question, having at all times power to fall back upon the original and particular point. But this was not judged expedient. And so Lord Grey has been allowed to escape upon the questionable assumption of the superiority of metropolitical to archiepiscopal authority. The principle is asserted, the ground is open for canonists and civilians to dispute. Only in the meantime Lord Grey's order goes out, and our good friend of Australasia is saved from personal and official degradation. And so we are to be satisfied."

He wrote also to the Rev. Benjamin Harrison, now Archdeacon of Maidstone, on the same subject:—

> "In every quarter in which I have heard the protest spoken of, (and in consequence of the Bishop's expressed anxiety for the judgment of friends in England, I have invited opinions in many,) I have heard but one sentiment of approval of the temperance and firm spirit in which the protest is framed, and of the discretion with which he has cut off all occasion of complaint."

It was a source of unfeigned satisfaction to this conscientious man that his procedure met with the entire concurrence of Bishop Selwyn.

Bishop Broughton dwelt thankfully at this period on the encouragements which abounded amidst his difficulties, especially in the diminution of his responsibilities by the establishment of fellow-labourers around.

> "But of all my consolations," he wrote, "the principal is my having among my clergy so many of right views, earnest, thinking, conformable, and devoted men. We all work together with so much harmony that the impression is quite cheering, and the effect most exemplary. Whatever efforts the Romanists may make, and, to do them justice, they are not backward, they gain *no* advantages upon us. On the contrary, I see clearly there is a sentiment of respect for the Church of England silently extending itself among them, which, whenever their own hierarchy shews its genuine character and purposes, will give us

> a fair prospect of gaining all from them who are true Catholics at heart, and not capable of going any further than they have gone in adherence to what is simply Roman.
>
> "We have daily service twice in our principal church here: it has continued since Jan., 1842. The attendance varies from ten to forty; on festivals it amounts to many more. We have a weekly administration of the holy Sacrament in one of the Sydney churches, monthly in the other three. There are weekly collections at the doors in all the churches, as well as the offertory. In St. James's during the last year about £692 was collected by voluntary oblations; and in the other churches the sums varied from £150 to £400. Thus we are not without our fruits; and there are those of another sort in the more frequent coming of persons to their clergy to disclose their secret offences, to ask advice, and thereupon amending, and being reconciled to enemies of old date through the influence of the Gospel and in reverence for the Church."

He speaks again in another letter of the advantage which the quiet, calm attitude maintained by the Church of England gave her in the eyes of the more thoughtful and candid Romanists:—

> "Much of this feeling of increased respect is attributable, I am persuaded, to our mode of dealing with Dissenters; not attacking or irritating them, but positively and decidedly standing aloof from association: maintaining that we have a claim to advance which they have not, and cannot have, whilst they continue in their present position. My having ordained a Presbyterian minister, and my purpose of acting so in a second instance, has given rise to discussions, which have been in the end most highly beneficial."

A letter dated Dec. 22, 1843, was written the day after his return from an absence of fourteen weeks, spent in the Port Philip district:—

> "Such a visitation here is an arduous thing, principally because there are no clergy to be visited. It is a noble province of the empire, of greater area, I conceive, than the whole of England and Wales and Scotland. My position was extremely painful, but I did what was in my power. In ninety days I preached very nearly sixty sermons. *Deus providebit* is still my maxim; but it is not to be concealed that I have upon my mind the impression which dwelt so painfully upon the feelings of your great friend, Bp. Middleton, that he had *more* to do than it was possible for him to accomplish."

> "My description, in brief, of a colonial bishop," he wrote again, "is, that he must be a man ready for everything and everybody that may require him; while himself must require nothing but just what he happens to find. My two dear brethren and colleagues in the neighbouring sees [Tasmania and New Zealand] are altogether men of that stamp."

His diocesan visitation in 1845 afforded him, he said, "in all directions proof of much sincere, well-regulated piety, and of much genuine Church principle prevailing where perhaps it would hardly have been expected they should be found." In that year he had consecrated twelve churches, and laid the foundation of eighteen or twenty more, all which he hoped to complete in the succeeding twelve months, if the good old Society could hold out in supplying him with a few more hundred pounds.

"But, alas!" he continued, "it is too true and too evident that Christianity cannot be propagated, nor its genuine influence impressed upon a nation, by the mere building of churches. We need in addition the services of *men*, with heads and hearts filled with the love of God, and with correct principles and sound learning, and willing to devote themselves and all that they have to working out the great purpose upon which we are sent forth. Coleridge sends me from time to time encouraging and hopeful accounts of the progress of St. Augustine's; and very thankful am I, my dear Mr. Watson, to find that the Archbishop had, with his usual judgment and calm discrimination, placed your name on the list of his committee. Indeed, I must say, if the discretion had been offered me, I do not think my inclination would have led me to make an alteration of even a single name. The entire character of the colonial Church will be moulded according to what St. Augustine's shall be during the next twenty years; and therefore I earnestly hope and pray that all things may be ordered and settled there by your endeavours upon the best and surest foundations."

It was about this time that he was forming his disinterested plan for the subdivision of his diocese, which was subsequently effected. Joshua Watson's counsel appears to have been of some weight in determining the future position of the Bishop as Metropolitan. There were objections to the style of Archbishop of Sydney.

"Patriarch," Joshua Watson wrote, "was obviously the fitting thing, ecclesiastically speaking. But this involved, in my opinion, a sovereignty of its own; and, by cutting off all particular relation to the Church in England, would have made the patriarchate of Australasia in no greater degree related to the united Churches in England and Ireland, than to Sweden or Denmark; provided, that is, that the succession in these has been preserved. And to such absolute independence in matters ecclesiastical, I expected the most decided objection from our statesmen at home, from its loosening the best bond of colonial allegiance to the mother country[d] under circumstances in which, with half the world between them, they could ill afford to let go any hold of connection. From the first, therefore, I have pressed for a patent raising the present see into a metropolitancy, with jurisdiction over the new sees absolutely, and over the old sees conditionally at this moment, (i.e. upon the surrender of their present patent of exempt jurisdiction by the actual incumbents,) and hereafter peremptorily in the letter of the succeeding patents. All this I have thought might be now settled, at once and for ever, by a patent creating you in that manner Metropolitan of Australasia."

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[d] Bishop Inglis mentioned, as a fact known to him, that of the claims proved by American loyalists, nine-tenths were those of Churchmen.

The Bishop in reply said that he had read these observations on the form of ecclesiastical regimen with great interest, and with entire agreement in most respects. Only he suggested a doubt whether "in retaining for the archbishopric of Canterbury the primacy over us for the sake of the political consolidation of the several branches of the empire, there might not be an inexpedient following of the example set by the Emperor Gratian, who, he thought, was influenced less by a religious than a political motive when he threw into the hands of the chief bishop that universal jurisdiction which was given by making him the centre of all appeals[e].

"So if our Primate have a corresponding privilege, it will be difficult to make the world comprehend that we mean it to be only *ordine ecclesiastico*, and not *jure divino*."

In a letter written on the 21st of August, 1847, Joshua Watson congratulated his friend on the completion of this arrangement, rejoicing heartily in seeing him in his proper position and relation to the immense charge so long and so well sustained by his Atlantean shoulders; and assured him that on the point in question there was as little difference between them as there had hitherto been in matters of common discussion. He spoke of the episcopal quaternion, consecrated on St. Peter's day, none of whom, he said, were altogether personally unknown to him:—

"It is indeed a matter of devout thankfulness to the great Lord of the harvest that He has moved four such men to go forth, turning their backs on brighter temporal prospects at home, and devote themselves to His work in the wide-spread fields before them."

With Bishop Tyrrell in particular he had enjoyed some very gratifying intercourse, from which he felt assured of the mutual comfort which the Suffragan and the Metropolitan would find in each other:—

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[e] Bishop Broughton here alludes to an act of a council held at Rome in A.D. 378, at which St. Ambrose was present. See De Marca's treatise De Primat., c. 12. Joshua Watson's view of primitive metropolitan jurisdiction is also confirmed by De Marca.

> "May a blessing be on both, I would say, if blessings could ascend, and the greater be blessed of the less."

There are several allusions in the correspondence to the theological seminary which the Bishop was endeavouring to establish in Sydney. To it Joshua Watson devoted a considerable portion of his own library; and both contributed himself to its funds, and directed some of Dr. Warneford's willing liberality into the same channel.

> "As your lordship very well knows," he wrote in 1847, "I have always looked to the foundation of provincial, i. e. local or colonial colleges, as the best provision for the spiritual wants of the people in the several dependencies of the British empire."

A period now ensued during which bereavement, and illness, and sorrow, and care pressed heavily on the good Bishop, and restrained his pen from taking counsel with distant friends as of yore.

> "Under all my distresses," he wrote, "I have derived comfort and support, first from believing, and afterwards from hearing, that you would and did sympathize with me. . . . The year 1849 has been rendered memorable in the annals of my life as the season of chastisement and taking up the cross. God grant it may not have been in vain!"

But when in 1852 he communicated his fixed purpose to come over to England, he was able to speak with revived spirit:—

> "As my bodily strength and powers do not seem more unequal than they ever were to the labour, I do not think I could be justified in declining it. Many advantages may arise from this exertion; and I do not know how it could be in my power better to wear out my remaining years."

The circumstances of his voyage and of his short sojourn in England are well known. One of his very first acts was to visit his aged mother.

> "Seventeen years ago I left her," he wrote, "at the age of seventy-six; and we then looked upon each other as for ever separated in the body. And now to return and to find her still surviving has almost the appearance of a miracle."

On his return from Sutton Coldfield, where this venerable lady was living, the Bishop paused for two nights at the Lodge, Daventry, and had most earnest and cheerful converse with his old friend.

This chapter may best close with the following little note, written by Joshua Watson to Canon Wordsworth, on Feb. 21, 1853:—

"My very dear Friend,

"*Heu! valde deflendus!* The good Bishop was yesterday released from his sufferings and his labours, and, we may humbly trust, is gone, through the mercies of God and the merits of His Son, to an antepast of that final reward which is promised to all good soldiers of Christ. He has, so far as man's judgment may dare to pronounce, been permitted to fight the good fight, and literally to spend himself in his great Master's service. He is, indeed, little less a martyr than many whom the Church gratefully remembers. He came with a clear foresight of all the perils he was to encounter in a solitary voyage from one end of the world to the other, with a certainty that, if prosperously ended, it would be to battle with the dangers of a changeable climate at the worst period of its year. Against this he was seriously warned: but no dissuasions moved him. He thought there was a chance of his being enabled in some way to advance the interests of the Church Catholic at home and abroad; and with this possibility in prospect he determined to brave all evils and inconveniences. And verily, so far as I can see, he has not been, humanly speaking, without reward even here. He died in hope, the last words he was heard distinctly to utter being, 'As the waters cover the sea!'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Oxford Tracts, and the controversies growing out of their publication.—Richard H. Froude.—Newman's Sermons.—Joshua Watson's opinions on Nos. 89 *and* 90.*—Prosecution of J. H. Newman.—Dr. Godfrey Faussett.—The "British Critic."—Suppression of that review.—Secession of J. H. Newman.—"Essay on Development."—Bishop Broughton's judgment.—Silence imposed on Dr. Pusey.—Joshua Watson's remarks on it.—His value for the alliance of Church and State.—Notice of Dr. Arnold's views.—Their correction to be found in the life and labours of such men as Joshua Watson.*

IT had by this time become evident that the association which had produced the Oxford Tracts, and which now exercised a sensible influence over the studies of that University and in the Church at large, was no longer what it had appeared to be in the outset, an alliance for the defence of the Church of England; but comprised, among many of its leading spirits, men whose views went beyond the existing emergency, and who were endeavouring to discover and promulgate another theory of Catholic union, to which all other considerations were to bow.

The first clear indication of this new principle was seen in the publication of the "Remains of Richard Hurrell Froude," a young man of great promise, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, who died at the early age of thirty-two, and of whose stray papers, letters, and remnants of conversation a full collection was published by J. H. Newman, then a Fellow of the same College, now for some years past a member of the Society of the Oratory in the Church of Rome. The first two volumes of these "Remains" were published early in 1838. The work never obtained a wide circulation; but enough was done to give deep offence to many minds, and to unsettle the principles of many more.

Those who knew Richard Froude best, knew that he was in the habit of expressing himself, both by writing and in conversation, in strong, pungent sentences, such as are not altogether uncommon with young men of brilliant minds and vivacious temperament, and are often used by them as much with the design of provoking answer and contradiction, as that of conveying the speaker's real sentiments. But when the Editor, in his Preface to an unlimited and indiscriminate accumulation of such winged words, claimed for them the consideration due to the deliberate opinions of a matured reason, it was a mode of treatment which stamped them with an importance not properly their own, and justified the censure of those who, without concerning themselves much for the reputation of the dead, or making allowance for what was with too little decorum brought before the public, saw the publication announcing itself as an expansion of the principles of the Tracts. And this claim was made, although poor Richard Froude again and again declared himself in the pages of these volumes as one whose mind was in a state of progress and puzzle, sympathizing at one time with Roman, at another with Puritan, till, in a lengthened illness and absence in foreign lands, it fed upon its own solitary musings, with that morbid dissatisfaction at all things which sometimes accompanies the decay of vital power. However, the appearance of such an unreserved exposition of distracted fancies was a great discouragement to the hopes which had for a while found their centre at Oxford; and the disease of Richard Froude's mind seemed to have communicated itself to his more distinguished editor.

There was nothing to be condemned simply in those longings for a more comprehensive principle of unity, which now found frequent vent in the writings of some of the associates. The same feelings had prompted some of the most earnest aspirations of the ardent William Law in a former century[f]; but without disloyalty to the Sparta which had been no very indulgent mother to himself. But with J. H. Newman from about this time the idea appeared to have absorbed all others; and he could no longer speak of attachment to the Church of England, but as what he called an insular theory, a national fancy, or a hankering after the privileges of Judaism in hearts which should be free from the pressure of such bondage. And what was a mark of the unsound judgment with which the subject was treated, certain pointed phrases, more remarkable for wit than wisdom, but not the less effective, except with those whom the worthy Bishop Huntingford used to call "men of *subact* minds," were now invented, and passed into proverbs, against those who held more strictly to the national Church.

Some incidental notices of the way in which these changes impressed themselves on the mind of Joshua Watson and his confidential friends have already appeared in these pages; but it may be expected that a more separate space should be given to the opinions which he from time to time expressed. It is not easy altogether to satisfy such an expectation. It is certain that, about two years after the publication of Froude's "Remains," J. H. Newman dedicated his fifth volume of "Parochial Sermons" to Joshua Watson; but this was, as the terms of dedication expressed it, "an unsanctioned offering," made, as it must be supposed, on the grounds of such public respect as the writer entertained at that time for one whom he acknowledged as a long-tried public benefactor. It is not known or supposed that any previous private intimacy had prepared the way for this act of public homage. The truth is, that his principles were such as almost instinctively shrank from any attempt to guide the current of opinion. It was not easy to call forth an opinion from him, and he never voluntarily offered an opinion where it was not solicited. But at the same time, he felt acutely for the danger to the Church, and to the teachers and followers of what he sometimes called the new Oxford School.

Thus he answers a friend in Feb., 1841:—

"On the subject of the Oxford movement I dare neither argue nor speculate. It is to me a fearful one. Hitherto I have delighted to consider our friends as in some points only trimming the boat, and avoiding *le juste milieu*, which their principles, their piety, and their learning would naturally have led them under ordinary circumstances to occupy, from a very justifiable dread of the dangers of an upset from the heavy bearing of the *extrême gauche.* And in this light I have liked to look on any little overstraining, as it might seem, of either opinion or practice, and shall still strive to do so. For I am most sure that we have sorely wanted severe correctives both in the one and in the other; and the stick has been so long bent in one direction, that it is perhaps—I only say, perhaps—only by forcing it in the other that it can be made straight again. But I will own to you that my confidence in these views has received some rude shocks lately. From nothing perhaps so rude as from the last number of the Tracts, No. 89, on the Mysticism attributed to the early Fathers of the Church."

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[f] See his Appeal for the Truths of the Gospel, 1756, p. 277.

Whatever anxiety he may have felt about No. 89, it was absorbed in the following month through the graver alarm occasioned by No. 90.

"My dear Norris," he wrote in a little note to his friend in Grove-street, "I am distressed more than I can tell you, and send an express to ascertain whether I read and understand aright the Introduction to No. 90. I have just perused it, and it is so startling that I cannot rest until I know whether there is, in your apprehension, ground for half the fears which oppress your affectionate friend,

"J. W."

Yet he could write with cheerfulness to those who sought his advice, quieting their fears of evil which might result from the proceedings taken at Oxford. He dissuaded any attempt at multiplying declarations on the controversy which was now excited, justly regarding it as too deep for any summary or arbitrary decision. But he sought with much earnest solicitude the counsel of his friend Dr. Wordsworth, as one who, on his post at Trinity, could neither be ignorant of the strife, nor excused from the duty of advising many who were then likely to look to him for guidance.

Dr. Wordsworth had been so warm an admirer of some of Newman's earlier sermons, that he had spoken of himself as ready to burn his own, that he might for the future preach Newman. But when, thus prepared, he took No. 90 in hand, and deliberately read it, he could only exclaim, "Oh, what a fall! Its perusal has lowered my opinion of the writer more than I could have thought possible. I refer to all the important points of learning and logic, history, clearness of ideas, and accuracy of language and sentiment." It does not appear that Joshua Watson partook of this impression of the decay of the writer's ability or skill; but in conversing about this famous Tract sometime afterwards with another friend, he said his objections to it were mainly twofold. Being a work of thought and learning, only to be judged of by persons of thought and learning, it should have been written in Latin, not in English. This would have brought it before competent judges, as an appeal to the Church, instead of throwing it nakedly on public opinion, as if it were an appeal to the world. Being an advance towards another Communion, it seemed hardly fair to the Church of England to reach the hand so far, without demanding some corresponding advance and concession on behalf of the common truth and peace. This was remembered afterwards as a singularly pointed, yet calm and dispassionate and charitable, judgment, amidst a tempest of passion and prejudice, with which this unfortunate Tract was assailed, and in which all candour and charity for a time seemed lost.

These things are still of too recent an interest for their history to be impartially written. It is only the duty of those who are responsible for the present Memoir to shew what was the part taken by the aged counsellor, whose virtues it aims to record, at different stages of the controversy, without any intention of rekindling the smouldering fires, but not suppressing any fact from motives of fear or favour. He spoke with renewed regret of the loss of Hugh J. Rose: "Others," he said to Dr. Wordsworth, "may allay the storm, but he would have prevented the outbreak. He was perhaps the only man who, not going all lengths with the authors of the movement, was really respected by them."

After the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford, at the instance of four tutors of different colleges, had taken the unusual course of passing a kind of public censure on No. 90, and the Tracts, on the seasonable advice of Bishop Richard Bagot, had been brought to a close, there was a short pause in the controversy. But the strife was renewed by Dr. Godfrey Faussett, the Lady Margaret Professor, who on the 3rd of June in the same year ascended the pulpit in the Divinity School, and delivered a lecture, partaking most emphatically of the character of a tirade, against a battery which the enemy had ceased to work and abandoned on capitulation. The Professor had not sufficient self-restraint to follow the Knight of La Mancha's rule alike of courtesy and valour, to provide, if possible, a bridge of silver for a retreating foe.

This ill-timed assault was resented with equal bitterness. The next number of the "British Critic[g]," which had now been for the last two years conducted by an Oxford editor, contained the famous apologue of "the 'Squire's two dogs, Growler and Fido." Growler was the duly installed house-dog, too well-fed to bestir himself when thieves were on the premises. Fido, the pointer, uneasy at certain symptoms, but unwilling to encroach on Growler's province, at last in foolish honesty and love attacked one of the robbers; whereupon Growler wakening up, seized, not the plunderers of the larder, but its vigilant defender.

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[g] Published in July, 1841.

The "British Critic" had passed into the hands of J. H. Newman in the spring of the year 1839. The writer of these pages had done his utmost from his retired position to prevent the review from being consigned to such able but perilous custody. But his aged friend H. H. Norris was now no longer able to exert the salutary influence which he had repeatedly employed in the more vigorous period of his life. The London clergy seemed weary or otherwise engaged with more pressing duties. There was no effective editor to be found among them. It was for many reasons unadvisable that such an organ of ecclesiastical literature and policy should be conducted by men whose vocation was in that special kind of contemplative life pursued at a University, even if the danger had not now been greatly increased by the existing controversies. But the keen hopes and strong alliances then in energy were such as to overbear all cautious counsels from a distance.

The same number of the review which dealt with Dr. Faussett much in the vein of Junius with Sir William Draper, contained a bad and bitter critique on the theological character of Bishop Jewel, ending with the consistent resolution: "As we go on we must recede more and more from the principles, if any such there be, of the English Reformation." The writer of this critique is supposed to have been Frederick Oakeley, sometime Fellow of Balliol College, now a priest in the orders of the Church of Rome.

The review did "go on" for about two years longer, when it was brought to its last furrow in October, 1843. It is probable that Newman had for some time ceased more immediately to direct it; and it had been guided by some of his younger disciples, who, as usually happens in these public heats, went beyond their master; since, as Joshua Watson happily expressed it to Archdeacon Harrison, "in all serpentine movement, the head must take the impulse of the tail." But he now thought that Newman permitted extravagancies which he could not altogether approve, thinking that the zeal of the phalanx was thus more likely to be kept alive, and his own position strengthened against opponents; that the guerilla-warfare might be auxiliary to more regular operations. For he judged that such a leader did nothing without a reason.

It was a pity that, after a good half-century, during which the trim old vessel had been successfully piloted by Nares and Van Mildert, caulked and careened by Charles Lloyd, manned by an orthodox crew, among whom were at one time Bishop Gleig and Bishop Horsley; at another, Dean Rennell and his son Thomas Rennell, Dean Lyall, and Charles W. Le Bas; it should have come to such an unworthy close. But after it had torn down its English colours, it is less surprising that it should have foundered in quicksands, pursuing a wisp-fire of Catholicity.

In 1845, after a period of much mental conflict, and after witnessing the secession of many who had been in close relations with him, J. H. Newman himself took leave of the Church of England, and gave to the Church of Rome one who may be pronounced the most highly-gifted theological convert she has ever made from the Anglican communion. Of his reason for this step he gave an account at the time in his "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," following a theory which in its essential features had been long ago propounded by the learned Jesuit Petavius. Bishop Broughton in Australasia had heard of this event before he had received a copy of the book, and he appears to have written to Joshua Watson in some despondency.

His friend answered, June 16, 1846:—

"Surely these things cannot have taken you by surprise, neither need they cause you to despair of the true Anglican Church system. Nothing has happened but what one has foreseen for a few years past far more clearly than one has been willing in charity to enunciate. Let not, therefore, your heart, which has never yet failed you, be cast down. Let us trust in God, my dear friend, and He will deliver us, but in His own good time; for which Churchmen just now seem to me especially called upon to wait, watching the signs of the times, and possessing their souls in patience.

"Our chief danger here appears to the calm and considerate to lie in the impatience of the young and ardent, who, stimulated by the imprudent teaching of those they look up to, run abroad for that which they cannot immediately find at home; whilst no warning voice is raised against the perils of apostacy, no Jeremy Taylor or Bishop Bull is to be heard amongst their prophets, no Dissuasives from Popery, no statements of the corruptions of Rome to alarm and restrain them; but the masters of the schools deal with it as with an open question, and all equally refuse to consider the point of doctrine. One treats it as a question of jurisdiction only; another is carried away by the seraphic devotions of the convent and the monastery; whilst many more, from self-distrust and personal feelings, are led not only to think charitably but to speak kindly of the deflections towards Rome; not only unwilling to cast the first stone at their erring sister, but shewing themselves both to her virtues very kind, and to her failings very blind.

"Notwithstanding all this, my dear lord, I see much more to hope for than to fear in the present signs of the Church. Nobody knows better than yourself the greatly improved feeling of the mother country towards the Church in the colonies. Your voice, you must know, has not been raised in vain; and I will hope that we shall yet feel the blessing and the benefit of antipodal reaction."

Before this letter had time to reach its destination, another from Bishop Broughton crossed it on the seas, dated from Sydney, July 20, 1846. The Bishop had now seen Newman's book, and was able to report the impression it had made upon him.

"To make a candid confession to you," he says, "I did not open it without some uncomfortable apprehensions as to the formidable assault which a writer of such high repute would make upon the towers and bulwarks of the Jerusalem from which he had fallen away. You may believe my assurance that I have really studied the book, reading it piece by piece with attention many times over; striving to make myself master as well of the general argument as of the several details. And now what shall I say? It is the farthest thing possible from my wish or intention to say anything savouring of arrogance; and I would be the last person to think or say that anything written by Mr. Newman could be without its degree of cleverness and clearness. Still, I will pledge my small share of judgment upon the assertion, that even as regards those points, it is inconceivably below what he has heretofore produced; and that considered as a justification of a man's desertion of the Church of England for the purpose of joining the Church of Rome, it is the most inconclusive and unsatisfactory performance that it ever fell to my lot to examine.

"Indeed, the Introduction is even worse. The sum and substance of his argument appears to be, that the dictum of Vincentius[h], if it admit the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity, cannot exclude the doctrine of transubstantiation and the like; it cannot condemn Aquinas and protect St. Athanasius. It is on this point that I would come to issue with them. My consolation is in thinking, after a very careful and, I trust, impartial scrutiny, that upon the grounds of Scripture, reason, and antiquity,—the grounds which Waterland lays down as his basis,—we may embrace and hold fast those blessed truths which our venerated mother, the Church of England, has given us to confide in; and yet may upon the same principle reject the errors which a pseudo-catholic system strives to obtrude upon us, as really satisfying the criterion of Vincentius. For myself, I feel much more composure since reading Mr. Newman's book. It allays all my apprehension of his ability to say anything which can seriously embarrass the advocates of the Church; it awakens in me a strong hope that it will rectify the views of many who have allowed themselves to be warped by his influence and example."

The conviction thus expressed in his habitual calm temper by

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[h] "Magnopere curandum est, ut id teneamus quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est; hoc est enim vere proprieque Catholicum." Vinc. Lir. Adv. Hær., c. ii. ix.

Broughton, was that of many more of Newman's more immediate friends. Indeed, to a well-disciplined enquirer, the best apologies for the Church of England are the controversial essays of those who have seceded to the Church of Rome, from the days of Rainolds or Cressy to those of Newman and Manning.

It will probably be remembered that the proceeding which appeared to accelerate Newman's final valediction to Oxford and the Church of England, grew out of a prosecution instituted against the Rev. W. G. Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church." The promoters of the prosecution, which had for its object to deprive Ward of his degrees, or banish him from the University, were labouring to visit the author of No. 90 with a portion of the same penalty. A majority of the Heads of Houses had consented to the proposal of a decree to Convocation, by which the acceptance of the Tract should be declared heretical under the University Statutes; but the Proctors, Guillemard and Church, interposed with their veto, and the measure was shelved. For the four years which had passed since the first censure of his Tract, the author had been living in comparative retirement at Littlemore, near Oxford. But when four hundred and seventy Oxford graduates exhibited this keen desire to bait him on the public stage again, it was a proceeding which threw on them a portion of the responsibility for the consequences.

Of the conduct of the Hebdomadal Board in this new emergency, Joshua Watson said to Archdeacon Harrison,—

> "I have no love for it; and certainly I think they have played their game ill; but the cards were dealt to them, and if they had refused to play, they had surely failed in their duty to the University as *custodes juventutis academicæ.* Nothing could release the body from their obligation to protect those entrusted to their charge from looking upon the bonds of subscription as a mere rope of sand. Let who would bring the bill, they were bound when it was brought, by their oaths of office, to find it a true bill, and send it to the regular tribunal for judgment. I love justice; and I think it has as little been dealt to the Hebdomadals now, as to the six doctors heretofore."

By the six doctors he alluded to those who in 1842 were concerned in the decree by which Dr. Pusey was for a time forbidden to appear in the University pulpit. His opinion of this sentence was expressed at the time as follows:—

> "I believe this to be the right view of the Vice-Chancellor's sentence. It passes no judgment upon doctrine, but silences the preacher, not as an unsound, but as an unsafe, teacher of the youths committed to his academical care, under the existing disposition to fall away to the Romish Church."

His words seemed to be intended to state the ground on which the authors of the decree might justify it, rather than to convey the impression that it met with his own entire approbation. But he disapproved of those who were raising a cry of persecution against the sentence. "They have simply silenced him," he said, "honestly considering that what may not be unsound, may still be very unsafe teaching."

Eighteen years have passed since this sentence was pronounced and the opinion given. Dr. Pusey has lived to refute the calumnies and suspicions which were then rife in many quarters; and if he should peruse these pages, he may bear with a patient smile the modified defence which Joshua Watson made for the honesty of the alarmists, who by this time probably know him better. Nor will he probably deny that the discipline of age and experience has served to modify some, and to mature others, of his own earlier views and opinions; for one who is in so many points a fervid follower of St. Augustine, will not be likely to forget, that one especial claim of that unequalled teacher to the reverence of all after ages is to be found in the calm wisdom of his Retractations.

It would be easy to multiply passages from the letters or sayings remembered in the conversation of Joshua Watson, all bearing on these and other kindred questions, if the compilers of these volumes were to hold themselves under no restraint or just reserve in the use of words never designed for the public eye, and written or spoken under the changing aspect of different questions, often only in the way of progress to their full solution. It was certainly the bent of his mind to dissuade from measures, the necessity of which was not imperative, and the probable effect doubtful. He does not appear to have gone further than to state the balance of difficulties which he expected to be found in either scale on the revival of Convocation. He foresaw that the introduction of the lay element would be the first disputed point. "Lord Lyttelton, Gladstone, and Hope, with many more of their way of thinking, would urge for their admission on principle; the colonial episcopate would press it upon grounds of expediency; whilst the most orthodox of our clergy, on the ground of primitive and apostolic practice, would contend most earnestly for their exclusion." He wrote thus to Dr. C. Wordsworth in one of the latest years of his life, fearing that even the agitation of such a question might create a schism in what he would still call the Establishment. On this point his apprehensions were perhaps carried too far.

He was conversing with a young clergyman, who had imbibed what he considered to be Anti-Erastian sentiments, and who was inveighing against the choice of bishops by the State:—

"By whom would you have them appointed? By the Clergy? We know but of one Bishop who is chosen by ecclesiastics, and those of the highest order,—the Pope at Rome! By popular election? Such elections have been times of uproar. See what it is, when an Incumbent of a parish, as is done in a few places in England, is elected by the parishioners. I have witnessed an election at Clerkenwell; it was an occasion of such blasphemy as made one's blood run cold. I marvel to hear the Regal choice complained of by men who claim to be high Sacramentarians, as though the act of consecration could not repair any defect in the appointment. I am well convinced, that any appointments are safest in the hands of high and responsible authorities. I hate democracy in any shape; but of all shapes the worst is an ecclesiastical democracy."

"You complain," he said to another, "that statesmen have chosen as bishops the tutors of their own sons. But an English nobleman of ability and prudence would desire to choose for the instructor of the heir of his family the man whom he thought best endowed with the very qualities that would fit him for a bishop. Let Bishop Wilson be taken as an example. By this reasoning I formerly almost convinced Bishop Hobart."

Such sentiments, which he was frequently in the habit of expressing among his friends, and imparting to younger enquirers who sought his counsel, may suffice to shew what he thought of the Oxford movement, how far he regarded it with favour, and how entirely he stood aloof from those who would have loosed the vessel of Church and State from its old moorings. "Church and State," he said, "in this kingdom, by the Providence of God have been happily joined together. And woe be to the hand that would sacrilegiously divide them! Call me, if you will, an Establishmentarian. It is a *sobriquet*, which, as a hearty lover of my country, I cannot conscientiously repudiate."

Such sentiments are as far removed from the Roman system, as an able essayist of the time could see and pointedly affirm, "as the constitutional monarchy of England from the despotism of Morocco[i]." One is only surprised that a mind so able as that of the late Thomas Arnold should have been incapable of marking this distinction. But Thomas Arnold's energetic vehemence, urged on by the instinct of what he calls "his earliest dislike," and perhaps a little jealous of the remarkable influence then exercised by Newman, led him into other equally singular confusions. He could see the genius, but not the reasoning power, of Jeremy Taylor. He could find no apter terms in speaking of the saintly Ken, than to describe him as one of a "fierce and slanderous" heresy and faction[j]. His studies in

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[i] Quarterly Review, Jan. 1837, p. 214.

[j] Arnold's Life, sixth ed., p. 400, 442.

English history did not deter him from saying that "the Puritans led to the Nonjurors," a kind of descent which one would imagine would be as little recognised by the fathers as by their supposed children. In fact, the memorable character of Thomas Arnold is only one of the latest proofs that universal philanthropy is impossible to poor human nature. Comprehensive as it was of almost all lights and shades of opinion, it was contracted to a microscopic point when the shadow of a High Churchman crossed its path, or one of those "base" and "detestable" Tories, whose vision haunted him in his dreams. To such lengths did he carry this aversion, that he even shrank from the noble efforts which were making to send bishops to the colonies, because such efforts were advocated by believers in Apostolical Succession[k]. But, alas! what was the system of Thomas Arnold himself, but another phase of the Christianity of men above ordinances? There appeared to him "to be in all the English divines a want of believing or disbelieving any thing, because it was true or false[l]." That is, they did not determine their belief, as poor Arnold too often did, by consulting only the idols of their own cave[m].

We have spoken of these two eminent leaders of others' minds, because the picture of the calm, practical, and retired wisdom of Joshua Watson was, to all who witnessed it, the most instructive contrast and preservative of those who came within its influence, from the glare and dazzle of the rival and eccentric scintillations. What were the fruits to be attained in a school equally distinct from that of Newman and of Arnold, by a disciple of Jackson, of Bull, and Waterland, by one who dwelt in holy meditations with Taylor and Ken, while his counsel and his labour were ready for every call by which the cause of religion and charity could be advanced, and his spirit rejoiced in all good that was effected by other hands, the closing years of Joshua Watson's life manifested with growing clearness to the end.

Of the Oxford movement he could hope, with a confidence only vouchsafed to a patient and faithful watcher on his post, that whatever was monstrous and extravagant would, for that very reason, die a natural death; and the good, which the most reasonable even of its opponents did not deny, would be permanent; as has been seen in the revived studies of Patristic Theology; the greater depth, and freedom from narrow party-shackles, which has marked the doctrine of English professors and preachers; the care of students to be acquainted with the truth of Ecclesiastical History; and at the same time the advancement of works of Christian popular instruction, increased services, and concern for the beauty and order of the house of prayer. Those who have witnessed how many prejudices have been surmounted, how many salutary changes effected, during the last thirty years, will see reason both to cherish a portion of the same confidence for the future, and to seek to imitate the patient self-denying prudence, by which alone the Church or the world can be persuaded to be made better.

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[k] Arnold's Life, sixth ed., p. 604. [l] Ibid., p. 400, note. [m] Some remarks of Joshua Watson on Arnold will be found in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Joshua Watson's old age.—Retirement at Clapton and Daventry.—Recollections of his conversation.—Letters.—Resignation of the Treasurership of the National Society.—Committee of Council on Education.—Management Clauses.—Samuel Wood, T. D. Acland, and Gilbert Mathieson.

THE remaining portion of this Memoir has been supplied from the notes of one of Joshua Watson's nieces, who during his later years was to him as a daughter. Some selection has been made; but otherwise it seemed that it would be most just to the subject, and most acceptable to the reader, to present it nearly as it was first written down. And, unless the Editor deceives himself, this will be found by no means the least interesting portion of the narrative, exhibiting, as it does, the calm old age of a mind unwearied in those charitable and benevolent occupations which had become like its daily food, and recording the emanations of a bright unclouded spirit in the domestic circle in which it conversed with such entire confidence and communion of thought and feeling, as no less intimate experience could supply, and which continued without interruption to the close.

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WHEN William Stevens once declared himself to be "now only fit for the chimney-corner," his young friend Joshua Watson's response was something like this: "that is the place one would most wish to be fit for."

How this aspiration was fulfilled; how through God's grace and mercy his old age became the fitting crown and completion of a life spent in a humble following of the Great Example; and how, in the large measure of "wisdom and knowledge and joy" which was granted to his grey hairs, he was reaping what he had sown in his days of greater vigour and larger opportunities; those ought to be best able to tell, who were allowed to witness all this most closely, and whose happy duty it was, as bereavement and increasing years withdrew him gradually from the scene of his abundant labours, to welcome him to his evening rest. And however faint and imperfect the picture may be, yet, if the touches be but true and faithful, they may suggest something of the encouragement and stimulus which such a character is fitted to supply. And this is the whole object of this collection of Reminiscences, which are gathered, with but little attempt at arrangement, from letters and other contemporary notices of his sayings and doings during the last fifteen years of his life.

The late venerable Primate of Ireland said in a letter to Canon Wordsworth in 1855, that "every incident of his departed friend's life and character would so well bear to be exhibited in the fullest light, that the simple and truthful enumeration of his various virtues and good works would be both pleasing and most useful." To the very thankworthy degree in which this high praise was deserved, it seems the part of those most constantly with him to bear witness, especially if we receive a maxim of his own, that the best way to test the workmanship of a building is to examine some of its minuter and more hidden parts. In this view his unvarying courtesy, never failing in the most familiar intercourse of daily life, had no small share in the charm which old and young alike felt in his presence. One of his younger relatives observed that "No one ever wanted a listener when Uncle Watson was of the company." No little service rendered to him, however insignificant or habitual, ever lacked its thankful acknowledgment.

He would never reproach any one for a fault or failure, unless he felt that it called for direct reproof. His playfulness in conversation and quickness of repartee were never sarcastic, and found their most frequent exercise in giving point and grace to some expression of love or commendation. The refinement of his taste was so delicate, that a friend who knew him well declared it was "as if his whole study had been ideal beauty." It was critical to a degree that might almost seem excessive in trifles in which he was himself concerned, but was never selfishly indulged so as to be a cause of uneasiness to others.

His attention to all little things was ever on the alert, and his life-long habit of gathering up miscellaneous information never forsook him. And this, together with his conviction that the best way to impress any thing on one's own memory is to impart it to others, added very much to his powers of entertainment and of varied usefulness. My brother did but express what we all felt and acted upon habitually, when he said that there was scarcely any subject on which he would not rather have my uncle's opinion than that of any one else.

Once when I had excused myself for not having attended to something that was read aloud because I had not heard the beginning, "Oh, always pick up crumbs," he said: "you may not always be able to get a mouthful."

He did not like the excuse for the omission of any little attention that "it was not worth while;" once when I was hesitating about some trifling act of courtesy on this plea, he said, "Kindness is always worth while, whether it is necessary or not."

Another little characteristic may be gathered from an expression in one of Archdeacon Cambridge's letters, referring to some matter of domestic economy, which was almost repeated by another friend. "But you never tell your difficulties, and hardly allow your friends to suppose you have any."

He indulged much and frequently in making presents, but there was no careless profusion in his gifts; rather was there a wise economy in them as well as the most thoughtful kindness.

Nothing pleased him better than when the receiver could honestly assure him that the gift had been happily chosen and well-timed. Sometimes when he had been allowing himself more than usual freedom in such liberality, I have known him take particular care that there should be a balance against it of some less agreeable, more self-denying charity.

"Love me, love my dog," was often playfully on his lips, but seldom without an earnest dwelling on his meaning that he could not be fully happy unless those he liked and loved best liked and loved each other also. Often would his quick and loving eye glance upon us, seeking to be assured of such harmony of feeling. He always seemed to want our entire sympathy in everything, great or small, that interested him, and he had almost the child-like instinctive desire to share everything with those he loved; so that it was really painful to him whenever it was necessary to have any secrets from us.

Most gentle and courteous was he in argument; and where he felt it necessary, in speaking of the opinions or practices of others, to blame most freely, he was ever ready and glad to have some good to say of those he censured, and to give ungrudging praise to all that was praiseworthy. It was probably this, together with his clear discernment of character, which gave him much of the happy power which he had of healing jealousies, of drawing good men together, and of eliciting the good of which each was capable.

One reason why, during his later years, he was always seeking to withdraw from the exercise of the influence which he had so long possessed, was his fear of falling into what he considered a weakness of old age, the being more positive in judgment while the power of judging rightly was decreasing. It was not that his conviction of the soundness of any principle on which he had been wont to act was ever shaken; no difference was to be discerned in principle or practice from youth to age, but such progress as time and the change of outward circumstances would produce in one who was ever a humble learner in the school of Providence; but he used to say that although sure, perhaps more sure than ever, through the accumulating experience of years, of his conclusions, he could no longer work out an argument even to his own satisfaction, and he feared to weaken the cause of truth by insufficient or incomplete reasoning.

His constant desire to keep himself out of sight, and to put others forward in all the good and great works in which he was engaged, was so unfeigned, and so habitually vigilant, that its success was often complete, so far as the public was concerned, though his example in this respect could not be hidden from his fellow-labourers, many of whom bore witness after his death to this part of his character.

> "He was one whom the Church of England can never forget," wrote Mr. Acland, "though his wonderful modesty took almost every precaution to keep his own name out of sight in all he did."
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> "I was always struck," wrote Mr. Markland, "by his humility. What an example was Mr. Watson to men of many words!"

Perhaps the most valuable testimony was that of the good old Archbishop Manners-Sutton, who used to say of him, "that so long as good was done, he never cared who was the doer of it;" and another, who knew him well, said to the same purpose, "that his invisible working for good was almost like a human providence, watching for the benefit of others without their knowing it."

But it was not only public applause that he thus sought to shun, he feared also the more subtle danger of the praise of partial love; and though this could not be wholly avoided, he constantly strove to subdue the pleasure it could not but yield, by earnest self-abasement and humiliation before God. Many traces of his habitual, self-suspecting watchfulness remain in his most private books of devotion, which are full of marks and frequent additions in his own hand. His humility towards God was indeed very great. It was shewn not only in the more direct instances of patient submission to chastisement, and the utter absence of any confidence in his own merits, but in the spirit of thankfulness which breathed through his whole being, welling out in fervent thanksgivings to the Giver of all good, especially in that holiest service which he used to say should be all eucharist, and overflowing in acts and words and looks of loving gratitude towards those whom he regarded as "the channels of the undeserved mercies, the suppletory comforts," as he would call them, of his later years. It was the happy privilege of those who knew him best, to learn something of the hidden sources whence the pleasant fruits of his beautiful old age were nourished, and whereby all that was lovely in his life retained its freshness undimmed and unwithered to the end; reminding us forcibly of the promised blessing to the good man, "His leaf also shall not wither."

My father's death in the year 1839, and my uncle's loss of his most dear and only child in the following summer, seemed providentially to draw yet closer the bonds of love and intimate relationship which had always united the two branches of our family. In the autumn of 1840 my uncle, as has been said before, gave up his house in Westminster, and became the inmate alternately of his two sisters-in-law, his brother's widow and his wife's sister, and received his nieces into an almost filial relation to himself. During the first months of his bereavement my sister Anne was his chief companion, and the nearest witness of the desolation with which it pleased God to try him, and in the midst of which it was granted him to be so bright an example, "light," indeed, "arising unto him in the darkness." As husband, brother, and father, the whole strength of his tenderest human affections had found the fullest exercise, and with those whom he had lost he had been wont to share every thought and every counsel. How deeply he felt the loneliness in which he was now left may be more truly imagined than told; but from time to time a few touching words would reveal the strength of his sorrow, and enable us to estimate aright the thankful cheerfulness of his general demeanour, and his ability to welcome and enjoy the comforts that remained to him.

On Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1840, we received a note from him, written at an inn, the first night after finally quitting his home. "The poor pilgrim," he wrote, "has begun his wanderings, and will, D.V., come and refresh himself with you." That afternoon and the next morning he spent with us at Daventry, and then proceeded onwards to Crayke, where he sought and found solace in quiet converse with my eldest sister, who had been from childhood bound to his own daughter in almost more than sisterly affection and confidence. I was his companion on this visit; and then for the first time, but not the last, enjoyed the uninterrupted intercourse for which his quiet posting journeys afforded leisure and opportunity. We used to read the Psalms and Lessons, and Hele's portion of Scriptural extracts for the day, and often some lighter book; and hence would arise pleasant talks. One day he spoke of the manner in which the purposes of Providence towards us are sometimes revealed, sometimes hidden, so as both to encourage and try our faith. The impotent man waited thirty-eight years for his cure; and when at last it came, it was not according to, but far beyond, his hopes. He noticed how all the most encouraging declarations of Scripture are coupled with exhortations to holiness; and remarked that the beauty of our Church service consists in its perfection of proportion, so that "the whole truth" of revelation is delivered to us; if one doctrine, even one article of the faith is made predominant over all others, the result is as false to truth as caricature is false to nature.

He spoke feelingly of his own bereavements, and of such dispensations being designed to lead us to repentance. It is the sense of our demerits, and of having provoked the punishment, that alone does, as indeed it must, make God's chastening "grievous for the present." If it were not for self-accusing conscience, faith in His loving-kindness and merciful providence would make all to be "joyous." He alluded to his having been permitted to close the eyes of all those dearest to him; of having seen his little son, parents, wife, brother, and daughter die almost in his arms. He felt this as a rare blessing.

There certainly never was a mourner more free from gloom. The little ones at Crayke all learnt to love him dearly; and his departure occasioned a burst of childish sorrow, which, considering how very much worn in health and spirits he was at the time, seems a remarkable instance of the gift of winning love everywhere which was always his so abundantly.

We returned to Daventry at the end of the month, and he remained with us until after Christmas.

Once during this time, I remember that a question was raised about a private administration of the Holy Communion to one who had been long confined to the house, but who was not dangerously ill: and we found that he thought that, although the indulgence of a strong desire on the part of the patient might be allowed for her comfort, yet that the most rightly-informed conscience would submit longingly but patiently to the imposed privation, without seeking to avail itself of a means which the Church seems to intend only for extreme cases.

He said he supposed no conscientious person ever satisfied himself with an excuse for any fault.

He liked to tell of his old acquaintance, the blind Judge Burton, of his wise and cheerful provisions to make himself less troublesome to others in his infirmity. One day when my uncle wanted to guide him down-stairs to the neglect of other guests, he refused the preference, saying, "Be assured of this, Mr. Watson,—blind people never want friends, they find them everywhere."

He said that he once took Dr. Chalmers to dine at Lambeth, and had felt afraid that the stateliness of the entertainment might offend his presbyterian notions; but on the way home he found him quite ready to agree that the Archbishop was himself untouched in the midst of the fire; "Yes," Chalmers added, "it is as if the smell had not passed on him."

In November, Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity, came to us. The two old friends had much conversation, some of it very animated, about men and things, and it was delightful to see how our dear uncle's vigour and playfulness were revived by this short visit.

In the beginning of January, 1841, he was looking at Dr. Mill's "Analysis of Pearson on the Creed," which is dedicated to him. He observed that it was the fullest and plainest statement that he knew of the grounds of our faith. He then spoke of the period since Pearson, and the decline of theology; but he thought this was now sometimes overstated. He spoke of Waterland, and said the age which produced him ought not to be decried; then mentioned Seed, Waterland's curate, and repeated to us, almost word for word, some beautiful and poetical passages from Seed's sermons, which upon enquiry we found he had read last in Mincing-lane thirty years before. He thinks the most valuable part of our English literature is in sermons. The chronology of books, he said, should be noted, in order to measure the authority they derive from the names of their authors. Beveridge's "Private Thoughts" were composed at the age of twenty-three, and were not published until after his death. On the other hand, the peculiar value of Bishop Bull's life-long testimony to the truth arises from his confirmation of it on his death-bed.

On the 5th he left us, and removed to the house at Clapton which had been his abode before he lived in Westminster, and which was now the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Snaith, with her brother and daughter.

He was very sad, and very full of tenderness in bidding us good-bye; for though he felt irresistibly impelled to seek his old home, and it was his abiding wish "there to die, and there to be buried," yet the return to it under his altered circumstances was at first a painful effort; nor did he yet know how to expect such a welcome as that which awaited him there. Speaking of this some years later, he thus wrote to his beloved niece at Clapton:—

"Here," meaning among those of his own name and kindred, "I might have expected it as I found it, for I had been used to it all a long while; but what right had I to look for more in your dear family than the ordinary sympathies of near connection, and the Christian charity which kindly entertained a poor old kinsman half thrown upon you in much infirmity and necessity? It was this, Elizabeth, which astonished me at first, and which still surprises me after five years' experience. But the theme is endless; and it had not now been touched upon, were it not to stop your mouth, good niece of mine, who have taught me to feel that I am as much uncle on one side as on the other."

A letter to Mrs. H. J. Rose, written very soon after his removal to Clapton, thus touchingly expresses the mingled feelings with which he returned to his old haunts:—

"Of myself," he writes, "I can most thankfully say that I am strangely supported, and marvel at myself all the day long, though the evenings and the mornings take their full revenge in their recollections of the past and the sense of present desolation. At this instant I am writing in the little room in which for the last time, exactly twenty years ago, my good father received all then most near and dear to him and to me, my brother, wife, and child; and now I am alone, *all one*. And what a feeling is this, who can feel better than yourself, dear Mrs. Rose? To you, therefore, I do not fear to give it vent, who, I daresay, are not more willing to lose its sad and salutary impressions than

"Yours ever affectionately,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

The last words of this note hint at a feeling which he often expressed to us, and which we know to have been a very strong and abiding one. My eldest sister, who had been as another daughter to him in 1831, during the last illness of his wife, had made some allusion to that time of sorrow, which led to the following message:—

"To her, the first-born and longest in my love, I could have wished to say a few words in particular to a feeling she has most touchingly expressed with reference to 1831; I must, however, only say in general, that it is a sad persuasion of the impossibility of keeping such exquisite feelings in continual activity in our work-day world that makes me encourage a somewhat strict observance of certain periods in each of our lives, from its tendency to bring back those feelings in their first force and freshness, in order, as our guide[a] tells us, that those impresses of pious resolution and religious purposes, of fear and love, of hope and desire which, by God's grace, present circumstances then wrought in us, may in some sort abide in us; and in the days of ease and safety (or of business) may be as operative and productive of holiness as they then were of hearty prayers and passionate desires for comfort and support. May such be the blessed effects of these occasional revivals to every one of us. Amen."

In March he went to Brighton to see his motherless grandchildren and their father. In writing to the Master of Trinity during his visit he thus speaks of himself:—

"I am thankful to be able to confirm your inference as to my general health. Not but that I greatly feel a general failure in all my powers of mind and body. Walk and work I cannot; and I find, with Lyall, that to think is the hardest work in the world. Still, however, it is a mercy for which I cannot be too thankful that, whilst others more ripe and ready to be gathered into the Master's garner are removed, I am permitted yet to cumber the ground, and to be tried for another while, whether I will bear fruit or no. The very post which brought your letter, brought also the tidings of the removal of a great and good man, and one of my earliest and most valued friends. Richardson is no longer amongst us, but on Friday went, as we humbly trust, to join many, many most dear to us, gone before. That we may be as well prepared, most earnestly prays your affectionate friend,

"J. W."

In this spring he was much interested in the Pearsonian researches in which my brother-in-law was engaged, and thus wrote to the Master of Trinity:—

"*June* 14, 1841.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"I cannot enclose this report of the Brasenose treasure without congratulating you on having put our friend on the pursuit, which has led to the discovery of this little mine. Of Pearson's ownership I expect you will have little doubt. The evidence *ab extra* and *ab intra* are perhaps more than enough to satisfy the most sceptical; but I confess that I am most fastidious in such cases, and desire always the fullest (almost irrefragable) testimony to imputed authorships before I can consent to fasten them upon writers of established reputation. Even in this case, therefore, I would strengthen, if possible, the external evidence, and trace the property a little more home still, however well satisfied with the internal evidence; which certainly, if the little gem on the English Reformation is anything of a fair specimen, speaks the hand of a master in Israel. . .

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[a] Jeremy Taylor's Works, vol. viii. p. 640, Eden's edition.

"Always yours very affectionately,
"J. W."

To this the Master responded on the 17th:—

"I do indeed rejoice most heartily with you and Mr. Churton, and congratulate everybody very cordially on this his most happy discovery of the precious remains of Bishop Pearson. I say of Bishop Pearson without hesitation. That single circumstance of the four colleges in the Bidding Prayer, is a host in itself. I will venture to say those four colleges were never so combined upon one person since the days of Adam except himself. The collection, therefore, is his, or it is a base forgery; and who, I ask, would or could execute *such* a forgery but he who was the genuine author?"

Soon after this my uncle wrote to tell us of "another flit to the dear boy and babe at Brighton;" dwelling on the signs of early promise he saw in the children with fond delight. Their welfare was always most near his heart, and he seemed to feel almost as if their mother's share in them had been bequeathed to him.

In about a week after his return to Clapton he had a slight attack of paralysis, so slight, indeed, that he was not prevented from going down to Dr. Wordsworth's house at Buxted, seeking its quiet seclusion and the support of his beloved friend's society for the anniversary of his daughter's death. The alarming symptoms, however, returned, and he posted back to Clapton, where, as he afterwards told us, he found the very best of nursing; and though for a long time there was a tendency to relapse, he gradually recovered. During this convalescence he generally occupied "the little room" before mentioned; and here he was often visited by his friend Mr. Norris, who thus writes on July 28:—

"I did not forget your commendation of the sermon of Newman's you were reading when I dropped in upon you," [apparently that on the Individuality of the Soul]. "It is a very soul-absorbing view of the subject. There is nothing in it to which any one but a Materialist would not immediately assent when put before him. But still, being out of sight, it is out of mind; and is not, as the preacher says, realized as it ought to be in our contemplations either of ourselves or of the world around us, or of those generations which are passed and are passing away. And so the most awe-inspiring part of a most concerning subject is wholly lost sight of."

Throughout the following autumn and winter, most of which he spent with us at Daventry, he was full of vigour and animation, taking the most lively and affectionate interest in my sister Anne's engagement, and the preparations for her marriage, though the memory of his own sorrow was still so fresh that he could not trust himself to be present at the wedding.

Once during this autumn I remember that a friend having pointed out the faults in some late public transaction in a tone which shewed him to be over-much troubled by them, my uncle was grieved and sorry; sorry that amidst all his own cares he should make more for himself. Mr. Sikes used, he told us, to quote Luther's saying to Melancthon, "Philip is to be admonished not to fancy himself the ruler of the world." Those possessed of authority and wide influence may indeed be called upon to look on national sins with a sense of personal responsibility, but let private men vent all their rage upon their own faults. This was the counsel of his old guide Jackson: "The best advice that I can give unto you is, that every one of us, so oft as we shall but in heart or secret thought repine or murmur at the negligence, oversight, or wilfulness of higher powers, would presently and peremptorily inflict this penance upon himself, to multiply his sorrow for his own sins past[o]."

He was reading the "Forest of Arden," and observed that he did not like to hear Cranmer spoken of otherwise than as a truly great and good man. "We are as sure as we can be," he said, "that his repentance was sincere. It is not enough to express gratitude for the good which has resulted from his labours, we ought also to shew our value for the labourer." He considered that it was not personal cowardice which prevented him from breaking with Henry VIII., but his sense of the immense importance of the interests at stake. His mind, too, was gradually opened, and he shook off his errors one by one. It would be better to honour than to despise the reverential caution of his character, which made him slow to cast away old guides and old principles. The line of conduct marked out for us in the words "wise as serpents," seems to shew that Christian prudence must not always go blindly straightforward to the mark, but will sometimes use winding ways, compassing the obstacles like a serpent, provided always that the means are "harmless." Thus did St. Paul, whose natural character was most uncompromising. It is comparatively easy to entrench ourselves in a principle, or to go boldly forward, looking neither to right nor left, and everybody can admire that; but it may be a harder trial to brave the doubtful suffrages, which a course less seemingly noble, but more charitable, will gain for us. In the case of Cranmer, we probably owe the preservation of our Church principles very much to his keeping peace with Henry.

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[o] Jackson's Works, bk. xii. ch. v. § 13.

He thought that great injustice was often done to the Reformers by regarding as their fixed and final opinions, assertions made in the heat of controversy, or the sayings of some wilder men among them. A broad distinction must also be made between what was done by the civil, and what by the ecclesiastical, powers. The faults and sacrilege of the one should never be charged on the other.

One thing is much to be observed in the spirit of our best Reformers, that while they stedfastly adhered to every *doctrine* which they believed to be established by Scripture and the ancient Church, even though abuses might have grown upon them, they did not hesitate sometimes to set aside primitive *custom*, if it had been made an occasion of evil, according to the example of Hezekiah with regard to the brazen serpent. But it is a great mistake to draw a line of demarcation between doctrine and discipline, as though they did not both rest on the same authority, and come to us from the same source.

Soon after my uncle had taken up his quarters again with us in the summer of 1842, the Rev. W. J. Copeland paid us a short visit. There was much conversation, chiefly in connection with the very critical state of things in Oxford. "Keep to your post," was my uncle's key-note. "Things are not so bad as they appear. The good cause must work its own way, if its friends do not ruin it. Their motto must be, In patience possess ye your souls."

Mr. Copeland has kindly furnished a few recollections of his intercourse at this and other times with my uncle, which may be best introduced here:—

"I remember a long and lively conversation about the poor, and certain provisions in the Poor Law manifestly at variance with Christian principles. He said, 'From the moment a Government calling itself Christian could deliberately pass such an act, I confess I am a radical, and have ceased to hope for any good as long as it remains.' On some remarks being made on words in the New Testament minutely expressive of our duties and the nature of the services we are to render to the poor, he observed how far the common way of speaking on the matter, such as the terms, 'forbearance,' 'making allowance,' or even 'kindness,' falls short of the true measure, which implies entire sympathy, and simply putting ourselves in their place.

"A conversation on education, and on the way in which a false etymology of the word had led to great errors about the thing itself, brought out his careful weighing of the meaning of terms, the word education being immediately derived from the word *edŭco-ăre,* 'to train up,' not from *edūco-ĕre*, 'to draw out.'

"He spoke of the newspapers and their multifarious anonymous correspondence as continually reminding him of 'the fiery darts of the wicked' flying in darkness, of which no one can tell whence they come, nor whither they go, nor whom they will strike, and which no one can parry in their course.

"One of D'Israeli's anecdotes of Charles I. was mentioned,—that Mytens, the Dutch painter at court, growing jealous of the increasing popularity of Vandyke, the King, in order to reconcile them, said, playfully, that he should command them each to paint his own picture, and then hang his royal self between them, to prevent their quarrelling. Mr. Watson remarked that the story brought out a feature in the character of Charles which he had often looked for, but of which he found but little trace, namely, fun and playfulness. This led to observations on the fact that there is generally found in the deepest and most serious minds so great a fund of playfulness and humour, and often so lively a sense of the ridiculous; and to speculations full of interest on the possible reason and philosophy of this. I much wish I could remember more of this conversation, because it reminded one throughout of his own delightful way of conveying the deepest truths with a striking kind of pleasantry and cheerfulness, and sweetness of expression, which it is as impossible to describe to those who never knew it, as it is for those who had known it to forget it. One remark was that some thoughts and some feelings lie so very deep, and so far beyond the power of any adequate expression, that there is no relief or safety-valve but in playful half expression, or a sort of irony, as is so wonderfully exemplified in the character of Hamlet. Our often uncontrollable tendency to laugh amidst our most serious and sorrowful circumstances, the common remark on the numberless occasions when the wisest scarcely know whether to laugh or cry, the one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, all came into the conversation; but I most distinctly remember our agreeing that one great source of the humorous in the wise and grave would seem to lie in the vividness of imagination with which deep minds often bring together remote analogies or resemblances, such as are brought out in amusing metaphors, and in deep and quaint proverbs or proverbial sayings.

"He expressed great misgivings about the speculations so often indulged in on the literal interpretation of the prophecies about the restoration of the Jews, distinguished, however, if I remember right, from those, such as Mede's, which speak of their possibly miraculous conversion. 'If this were to be looked for,' he said, 'it was difficult to see how the Jews in our Lord's time were so much to blame in their literal interpretations; and though it might seem that some few passages looked that way, he believed them to be capable of being reconciled with the other view.'

"He doubted the wisdom of putting forth too much of the mystical interpretation of the Scripture. 'One fears,' he said, 'to think how much may be lost or wasted, especially when one considers how much there is to pour in, and into what narrow-necked vessels it has to be poured.'

"On an observation being made how sadly tender consciences have been tried in the late trying times, he insisted on the necessity of distinguishing between a tender conscience and a morbid one. 'What better,' he said, 'than a tender conscience? and what worse than a morbid one? and yet how difficult often to distinguish the one from the other[p]!'

"A remark being made that after all that good, and active, and zealous men may be doing to advance and recommend the cause of the Church by public meetings and speeches, &c., the cause is more truly and substantially served by quieter ways of reflection and intercession, as in fact the way of faith, he said quickly, 'Quite true: it is all Martha and no Mary.'

"I spoke to him of canonization. He said it seemed to be at variance with the words, 'Judge nothing before the time.'

"He doubted how far it was desirable to translate into English, works designedly written in Latin; and instanced the works of Bishop Bull, who wrote commonly in English, but purposely chose a learned language when he wrote for the consideration of the learned.

"He said he was never satisfied with Douglas' Criterion of Miracles; he had always felt the want of a safer and better criterion.

"The very last time I saw him, I detailed to him the particulars of the latter days of one of my poor agricultural labourers, a most remarkable old man; and I cannot forget the interest with which he listened to the whole tale, and expressed a wish that it should be all told, adding, 'This is village-preaching with a witness.'"

In the course of this autumn he took much pains to find a suitable pattern for a vessel in which the water might be carried to the font; and also had a waste-pipe made in several churches to convey the water away after the service; his object being that there should not be less outward reverence paid to one Sacrament than to the other.

He was a most thoughtful student of his Prayer-book, and was wont to observe that the language had been evidently so carefully chosen that it claimed great attention and study from those who read and used it.

He pointed out in the opening of the service how the priest calls on the people to accompany him with confession to the mercy-seat, and thence, as it were, proclaims in whose Name he speaks, and whose message he bears. He would understand by the words "There is no health in us," there is no healing power, no salvation in us; and thus instead of countenancing the Calvinistic doctrine of extreme human depravity, which he thinks the framers of the Confession have especially guarded against, the phrase does but lead us on with full desire to seek health and salvation where it may be found. "But Thou, O Lord," &c., "Spare Thou," "Restore Thou," &c.: he thought the earnest iteration here ought to be much observed.

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[p] "Scrupulousness is not piety," he said to another friend. "It is not wise in matters where we have Christian liberty, to shackle ourselves with reducing everything to exact rules. St. Paul's rule is the safest: 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth,'—condemneth not, that is, on trial of himself."

He regretted the common neglect of the study of elocution, so much so that he told us he had once offered to found a professorship to promote it. He quoted a saying of Walker's which he thought good, that expression is better given by inflexion than by emphasis.

Those who have been by my uncle's side at church have been struck by his impressive recitation of the *Te Deum*, confession of faith and hymn of praise all in one; also in the Nicene Creed he would mark emphatically the sense, "The Lord—and Giver of Life;" and in the Athanasian Creed he would carefully correct the misapprehension to which the pointing leads, and repeat, "Perfect God; and perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting." He thought there was a reverent grandeur in the simplicity of the two first words, standing alone and unexplained.

One quiet Sunday evening he spoke to us on the subject of Prayer, expressing his feeling that almost the greatest of all mercies, save only the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, is the command to "pray without ceasing." He has embodied this thought, which was often present with him, in the words "in wondrous mercy" which he has inserted into Taylor's "Prayer against Wandering Thoughts," adopted by him into "Hele's Offices;" also in the words "not only permitted but commanded me," &c., which he has inserted in the Sunday evening prayer in the same manual. We are not only permitted to draw nigh to God, but we are left without excuse if, either from backwardness or fear, we neglect communion with God, and distance ourselves from Him. It is as though He had said, "Though you feel unfit to come, yet come that you may be made fit." He said one of the best tests of a devotional spirit is the power of using an old and familiar form of prayer with the freshness of a new one. He noticed that most forms of private morning devotion begin with praise, as the natural expression of the heart waking with the day.

On the 30th of August, 1842, he received a note from Mrs. Kingsmill with what seemed a hopeless account of her father, Archbishop Howley. He was at first much overcome, so that his looks almost alarmed us, but he soon began to talk of the Archbishop more calmly, of his placid temper, of his studious habits, of his kind and attentive reading of books sent to him, and his discerning criticisms upon them. The accounts from Addington soon improved, and a saying of good Queen Adelaide was reported to us, "That the Archbishop's restoration must be in answer to the prayers of thousands and thousands." After one of the favourable bulletins, my uncle wrote to Mrs. H. J. Rose,—

> "I trust there is every ground for comfort, and of hope for as much service to the Church as can be expected from seventy-seven; and that we may be blest with a few years more of his heart-winning example in private life, in which, whatever some may think of his public government, all must admit he reigns almost without an equal."

He told us that the Archbishop had observed to him how greatly beloved Mr. Rose was throughout his household: "Each one, from Mrs. Howley to the lowest servant, would do anything for Rose."

At the beginning of September my uncle received a letter of thanks from a clergyman who, by the private aid of a few friends, had been relieved from great difficulties and restored to his duties. He was personally quite unknown to my uncle, and in a very pleasing simple note "called down upon him the blessing promised to him who should give a cup of cold water because of the belonging to Christ." The note was put into my hands with the tearful words, "One does feel a blessing here." Often did he win that blessing: many instances necessarily became known to us, and many more will I believe always remain unknown, in which he sought out ways of assisting poor and deserving clergymen, accompanying each act of kindness with that peculiar grace of delicate courtesy which adorned everything he did, making the manner of the gift often more grateful to the receiver even than the gift itself.

One clergyman about this time wrote in a strain of warmest gratitude to Mr. Rodber, through whose mediation a nameless friend, evidently my uncle, had placed a sum of money at his disposal, enabling him to seek, at a crisis in his health, needful rest and refreshment. The success of the experiment was complete, and the clergyman was able to return to his duties. Another thus writes:—

> "Let me once more assure you how much I feel your kindness. The mere exhibition of interest in my welfare is, perhaps from its unwontedness, most grateful and encouraging, and therefore, if we proceed no further, you will have been a benefactor by refreshing one who was wayworn and weary."

Another, a very young clergyman, wrote about this time, acknowledging—

"The receipt of your most kind note, enclosing what will be so very valuable, though I dare not trust myself to speak beyond the simple prayer, May God requite you! I am sure the best return I can make for your kind cautions is the assurance that I will always labour, under my vicar and the bishop, to obey in thought, word, and deed. I can only thank you from my heart for all your endearing kindnesses."

I was one day remarking on some less interesting objects of his habitual bounty, and the absence of any pleasure or satisfaction in relieving them: Keble's lines naturally suggested themselves,—

"And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmix'd in charity?"

He called for the book, and read the poem through, saying as he laid it down, "that is one property of the 'Christian Year,' one cannot glance at it and say, I know it; one must read to the end."

During the autumn of 1842 he read some of the newly-published translation of the *Catena Aurea*. He observed that one valuable inference from it, but not probably what the editors directly intended, is that different opinions and the exercise of private judgment should be tolerated in the Church, since each of the Fathers is shewn to have had some opinions not shared by all. He thought the rule of Vincentius, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, must not be taken in a negative sense, as if nothing should be believed that has not been universally received, but positively, that all that has been universally received must be believed as Catholic truth.

We accompanied my uncle in October to Buxted, where he enjoyed much and animated conversation with his old friend. Dr. Wordsworth was full of cheerful hope and courage as to our national prospects: "If there are but two or three public men who hold high and true principles, we shall do. There is a readiness in Englishmen, nay in human nature, to follow after such principles when fairly set before them." My uncle once observed to me, as a proof of something great in the English character, that worthless men have never been long or generally popular in this land.

They talked about the "British Critic," and of the unfilial tone of some of its later articles, to which reference has been made in the preceding chapter, depreciating our own Church, and making unfair comparisons with foreign Churches, setting the theory of Rome against the actual state of England, and drawing most unjust conclusions. Dr. Wordsworth observed how little heed these writers paid to our own best divines, Hooker, Saravia, and Jewel. One of them had condemned Jewel through mere ignorance of the true sense of his words. He has been accused of holding low views of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, because he uses the term "signs exhibitive." Now in Jewel's phraseology, and the sense of the period, "such signs are what they signify, and convey what they exhibit." Witness the term 'exhibition' as used in foundations of that date.

They spoke of young H. Goulburn, who was at this time sinking into an early grave, as a young man of high and holy promise; an eminent lawyer had said of him that he had only to walk up to the wool-sack; he had been senior classic and second wrangler at Cambridge; while there was that in his looks which made my uncle feel unable to withdraw his eyes from him as he stood waiting before the altar in Trinity College chapel in 1837.

From Buxted we proceeded to Brighton, and spent three weeks there; but the excitement and pleasure of being with his dear grandchildren proved too much for him, and there was a slight return of paralysis one night which took away in some measure the use of some of his fingers, and for the next few months he was compelled to abstain as much as possible from writing and thinking.

He spent part of December at Daventry parsonage. One evening he and my brother-in-law talked of Dr. Johnson, my uncle quite roused up by his favourite subject, telling anecdotes, and full of enjoyment and interest. I remember his repeating some lines of the "Bristol Milk-woman," which he owned he had not seen for fifty years.

On the whole, we could not perceive the least failure in his powers of mind or memory, and his cheerful kindliness and most endearing playfulness were as great as ever. Still, he would not suffer the warning conveyed by this return of paralysis to be forgotten by himself or others, and sought more and more to withdraw from the struggles and controversies of the day, and to leave the field for younger and stronger labourers. It has been mentioned that it was his wish in his old age to retire from all public connection with the charitable societies which had been the objects of his diligent and watchful care for so many years of his life; it was in 1842 that he withdrew from his official connection with the excellent institution, of which he was almost the founder, the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church. His last act before he resigned the Treasurership was to protest against accepting a grant from the Committee of Council on Education, which he thought would involve the Society in a practical forsaking of her fundamental principles. He regarded the National Society's schools as the training institution of the Church of England, subject only to her bishops; and he preferred to retire rather than join in an act which would virtually subject them to the House of Commons.

He had before this been seriously apprehensive that the great expenses in which the Society had embarked, in the new establishments at Stanley-grove and at Battersea, would drive it into dependence on the Committee of Council, possessing, as that Committee did, and most skilfully wielding, the power of the purse.

> "The mind of the State on this great subject," he wrote, "is neither more nor less than the transference of the people's training from the Church to themselves. And for this purpose they must degrade the National Society and reform the Universities. . . . . I confess I cannot rid myself of my fears at the steadiness of purpose with which this object is pursued."

At a later period he laboured earnestly to disentangle the Society from being involved with the Committee of Council in forcing upon the schools receiving grants certain management clauses which invaded the authority both of the parochial clergyman and the diocesan, transferring the government of the schools to committees, the members of which might be of any or even of no creed.

> "The National Society," he said, "in no one instance that I can recollect interfered with the management or constitution of a school trust. In mere trusts it may have given counsel when consulted. But if the terms of union were accepted, the mode of conduct and management was, on principle and policy, left to the discretion of the applicant, the applicant being nine times out of ten the minister of the parish."

When once all responsibility with regard to those clauses was eschewed, he seems to have been comparatively content to fall back upon the simple objects for which the Society was founded, in the distribution of the moneys placed at its disposal, leaving the Church at large to deal with the Committee of Council, its practices and designs. A declaration of adhesion to the Charter and the Catechism, put forth in 1852, was perhaps the last measure in regard to which he took an active part in the Society's counsels.

In all that regarded this Society, as in manifold other kindred interests, he was in close and constant intercourse with H. H. Norris, with Archdeacon Harrison, and Canon Wordsworth. But there were three others closely connected with him in the work, of whom he was wont to say that he had rendered the National Society its best service when he introduced them to its counsels. These were Sam. Wood, Gilbert Mathieson, and

T. D. Acland, Esqs. It is true that his judgment could not always keep pace with their zeal; but in points in which he was not able to go entirely with them, it was his desire (to use his own words) "to remove out of their way every obstacle to the free course and fair trial of their experimental measures."

> "Oh, how I wish," wrote one of this trio, "that I could recall some of my visits to you in Park-street, when you first introduced me into the secret workings of the Church system. Your prayers are with those to whom you have handed down some of your objects of interest; but your constant counsel and watchful care are daily desiderated."

Mr. Wood, while telling him that one of the inducements that had led him to remain in London was the hope that he might be of a little service in attending to the interests which Mr. Watson had bequeathed to his younger friends, adds,—

> "It has been owing to the great kindness and confidence you have shewn to two or three of us; and there is such a want of labourers now in this department, that I should be sorry indeed to have to give it up."

Joshua Watson mourned most sincerely over the early death of this good man, which took place in 1843, speaking of him as one "in whom a very high tone of principle pervaded every thought and action;" and again, more familiarly, as a man "with whom one feels to fit in at once;" who, though a lawyer, "would rather have translated St. Chrysostom for the 'Library of the Fathers,' than taken a brief for Sir W. Follett;" than whom "no one ever looked death more steadily in the face. Such a man," he said, "ought not to be suffered to leave the world without a record."

To Mr. Acland, the only survivor of those of whom we have been now speaking, these pages are indebted for the following contribution, which, short as it is, is of no little value on account of the truth and affectionateness, as well as the independence, of the witness it bears. After speaking of Mr. Mathieson as desiring to "build a great expansion of the educational system of the Church for the poor and the middle classes on the foundation of the charter of the National Society," and as "attaching a great importance to this centre as a fixed point on which to turn round a machinery, involving wheel within wheel over a large circumference," Mr. Acland goes on to say,—

> "The most remarkable part, as it has always seemed to me, in the transactions of that time, was the intuitive and liberal judgment with which Mr. Watson, who had been looked upon as the holder of the fastnesses of exclusive Church societies, seized the occasion, went to Archbishop Howley, and, as I believe, told his Grace plainly that he ought to take

up Mathieson and his friends. But for Mr. Watson's influence, joined with the Archbishop's, this never would have been done. And it led to very intimate relations between him and the persons above named, as from that day forward he never failed us, but listened to every proposal, discussed it on its merits, and, even though it reversed the policy of his life on a point of tactical importance, he was ready to fall back on the ground of principle, and change the details. A remarkable instance of this was his readiness to agree to a modification of the terms of union of the National Society; to abandon the exclusive rule which limited National schools to the use of S.P.C.K. books, and to fall back on principles really far more ecclesiastical as now embodied in the terms of union; on the Catechism, namely, and the position of each clergyman in his own parish. On this basis the old High Church and Evangelical parties met for the first time as on common ground. It was so new a thing coming from the quarter from whence it came that it took people by surprise. But there was wisdom and policy also here.

"One of Mr. Watson's wise sayings, with a touch of humour in it, has been to me a guide through life. He used to meet the attempts to give a *locus standi* to dissent in schools founded by Churchmen by the saying, 'Do not set up iniquity by law, but give all the latitude you can by practical arrangements to suit the circumstances.' He was always for dealing practically with the facts of the case before him, avoiding the discussion of abstract principles whenever possible."

CHAPTER XXV.

Correspondence with Archdeacon Harrison.—Revived Rubrical observances.—Newman's Preface to Fleury.—The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.—Letters and conversation on Church matters.—New edition of Hele's Select Offices.—Memorial tablet in Hackney Church.—Lord Sidmouth.—Homerton Church.—Free medical attendance for the clergy widows at Bromley College.—Recollections of conversation.

FROM the year 1841 until his death my uncle maintained a frequent communication and correspondence with Archdeacon Harrison, who was, during the first part of this time, domesticated with Archbishop Howley as chaplain. This highly valued friend has kindly allowed use to be made of some of the letters addressed to him, which have the more interest, as there was perhaps no one to whom in his old age he wrote more freely, or with whom there was more entire agreement of judgment and opinion. In November, 1842, the revived attention to the rubric in points which had been allowed to fall out of common observance, occupied his thoughts. He would remark that custom, in matters of ceremonial, &c., should not be altogether slighted, and that it behoved men at least to consider why a usage had been discontinued before they re-established it. He was very anxious that the Archbishop's mind should be made known on this subject, and thus wrote to Mr. Harrison:—

"*Nov.* 24, 1842.

"Have you heard anything of a new movement towards Lambeth, praying the Archbishop to take into his serious consideration the expediency of putting forth a set of Lambeth injunctions or instructions, with the concurrence of his suffragans, for the general guidance of the clergy in their ministrations, under the new impulse given by my Lord of London towards somewhat strict rubrical observances?

"If there is to be strict uniformity, there must be a rule rigid and unbending. This, in the present state of things, the rubric is not, perhaps cannot be. It may, however, be the Church's cynosure; and in the lack of Convocation or royal commission, could anything avail so much towards an agreement in practice, and the abolition of various uses, as the issue of a body of pastoral directions from an authority so loved and respected, based upon the rubrics, with such reference to canons as might be deemed necessary? . . . It would seem that, in the manner of the Commination Service, the officiating clergy might be reminded that there was a time of godly discipline and practice in the Church, to which certain directions were well suited, and that it is greatly to be desired that such times might return; and that till then it seems expedient, that for the guidance and relief of tender consciences, some advice should be afforded as a temporary help in the observance of the rubrics, pointing out the rules which may at all times and in all places be followed, and from which, therefore, no deviation can be sanctioned; those which are very generally, though not universally, practicable, and are not therefore lightly to be departed from; and those which long disuse and the present settled habits of society make it highly inexpedient to insist upon. It really strikes me that the officiating clergy have a right to expect, at a time when the rubric is set up as their rule of duty, and as it is an admitted impossibility that they should follow it out, that they should be told what is required of them, and what, with due reference to authority, they are permitted to put aside for the present.

"But I do not mean to trouble you with more upon this subject, seeing that I do not wish to travel out of my sphere, and (considering to whom, if the question should arise, it must necessarily be referred,) read a lecture on the art of war to Hannibal."

In another letter, dated Dec. 5, 1842, he thus sought Mr. Harrison's opinion on Newman's Preface to Fleury:—

"It is your own view of the discussion of the ecclesiastical as distinguished from the Gospel miracles that I want. True it is that the writer does draw his distinction between them with great ability. But does he not seek to establish, that belief in the one is *as* necessary to belief in the Catholic Church, as belief in the other is to the acceptance of the Gospel? and does he not seem himself to believe, and almost to teach, that we can only receive the Gospel at the hands and on the authority of the Church? And thus, I grieve to ask, does he not realize the fears we previously expressed as to the probable effects of the dissertation upon the superstitious and the unbeliever? Alas, alas! that lessons so precious as to have almost filled the University with their odour should be marred like the apothecary's ointment with these flies in the pot!"

"I think," Mr. Harrison wrote in answer, "that to impress upon men the duty of not blaspheming or speaking lightly, *primâ facie*, of works which may be exercises of divine power, but of being ready to examine evidence, is highly salutary; but it does seem to me most dangerous and mischievous to give a *quasi* sanction to the falsehoods and profaneness of unbelievers, in speaking of miracles which we know and believe to have been divine on the authority of the Word of God, if we endeavour to establish others, the evidence of which may be conclusive that they were also divine, but for which we have not the like sanction of inspiration. Does not the writer somewhat lose sight of this point? Does he not speak of inspiration rather as securing a certain manner of relating the events, than as securing that the events are all true, and the working of the Divine Power? But surely the character of facts, or rather the question whether they are facts, and how far they are facts, is affected by incorrectness of report, by their being mixed up in a confused mass of truth and fiction. 'And such,' he allows, 'is the state in which ecclesiastical miracles actually do come to us, because inspiration was not continued; they are dimly seen in twilight and among shadows; let us not quarrel with a circumstance which is but the consequence of the acknowledged absence of the necessary cause.' But then, surely, we may add, let us not allow infidels and sceptics to throw the like obscurity and doubtfulness over those which inspiration has put under the blaze of full and clear light. 'It is objected,' the writer tells us, p. 58, 'that the ecclesiastical miracles are not distinct and unsuspicious enough to be true ones, but admit of being plausibly attributed to fraud, collusion, or misstatement in narrators; yet in like manner St. Matthew tells us that the Jews persisted in maintaining that the disciples had stolen away our Lord's body, and He did not shew Himself, when risen, to the Jews; and various other objections, to which it is painful to do more than allude, have been made to other parts of the sacred narrative.' Was there then, are we to understand, 'plausibility' in the idea that the story of the Resurrection was a fraud? If, however, it be meant only that there will always be unbelievers, be the evidence what it may, it is doubtless a valid argument against that which is drawn from the disbelief in the ecclesiastical miracles; but surely we should at the same time allow the different shades of evidence to appear. Is it true 'that, though attention was called to Christianity from the first, yet it did not succeed at the spot where it arose, but principally at a distance from it?' (p. 109.) Where was it that it was said, 'Thou seest, brother, *how many ten thousands* there are of the Jews which believe?' Acts xxi. 10. . . . . With regard to the idea of belief in the miracles being necessary to belief in the Catholic Church, the passage from St. Augustin [*De Unit. Eccles.*, 49, 50] quoted pp. 43—45, expressly reverses it, calling on men to believe, rather, in the miracles because wrought in the Church." . . .

To this letter my uncle answered,—

"Thank you for your remarks on the Fleury. I put them by amongst my *jugemens des savans*, on account of their perfect agreement with my own."

In January, 1843, great anxiety was felt about the affairs of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, which at a season of pressing need and difficulty was assailed by unhappy misrepresentations at home, threatening very serious hindrance to its efficiency.

"In truth I would say," wrote my uncle, "that the S. P. G. will never be safe till it accepts the proposition, (and stands thereon, for the proposition *was* accepted,) by which it was sought a few years ago to take the choice of the missionaries out of the hands of the Society or Committee, and place it formally in the hands of episcopal commissaries, especially appointed by the prelates nominated under the Act for colonial ordination, and the colonial bishops, for whose dioceses the candidates were respectively offered. Such an authorised commission would be a committee of triers to sift the character of the applicants, (whether for Orders or for service,) and their referees or recommenders, and to ascertain their peculiar fitness for missionary work; and then, with a report on their qualifications, submit them to the examination of the ordaining bishop, if for Orders, or the diocesan, if for an appointment."

In another note he enquired, with a carefulness for the honour of the Church in the persons of her chief ministers which habitually ruled his conduct even in little things, whether it was true that the Archbishop was thinking of putting forth an appeal for "our poor damaged S. P. G. I ask, because it will be better, if it is to be made by authority, that it should seem to be the effect of an impulse from, rather than of a pressure upon, those in high places. I hold back, and keep others back, till I know."

This was at a time when he felt that the paramount duty of all, in preference even to the best new schemes, was to make first the long pull, and the strong pull, and the pull all together for the extrication of the great mother of missions from her critical circumstances[q].

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[q] "The large addition recently made to the number of the missionaries (150 in five years) has imposed upon the Society an annual charge considerably beyond the amount of its present income. Hitherto the excess of ex-

"I own," he said on March 3, 1843, "my feelings are so strong as to the necessity and overbearing obligation of throwing all our strength at this moment into the S. P. G. concern, with its 400 missionaries, with their wives and their little ones, resting for their very being on the Society, at whose invitation, and at their Master's call, they have, as it were, exiled themselves from home and all its relations, that I do earnestly hope the President will, as primate, make his call upon his suffragans and clergy, and people of his province, to come to its help,—or, as I would say with Deborah, come to the help of the Lord. If this be done, the Colonial Church may be saved."

Archdeacon Harrison seems to have thought that the bounty of the bishops had been so largely taxed that they should not be asked to head this subscription.

"I know full well," my uncle replied, "the calls that are made upon the bench, and how liberally, or rather how munificently, they have responded to the calls. I have often because of this knowledge saved them from such calls, and oftener still, in the case of the three prelates now appealed to, have had occasion respectfully to restrain the overflowings of their bounty. Yet notwithstanding all this, I must candidly express my conviction that the case calls for a great sacrifice, that nothing less will meet the emergency, or satisfy the expectation of the Church. Every appeal without this (take the ghost's[r] word for it) will fall infinitely short of its object, which is really great enough and good enough to be worth some self-denyings."

"The appeal," he wrote again, "should be made to rest on the claims of justice and love of the brethren, and should be framed so as to make the cause appear to be, as it is in truth, the cause, not of the Society, but of the Church. This done, simply, singly, shortly, and strongly, and apart from self-approving testimonials, cannot but make its way even against all present discouragement and difficulties: for what signify the faults and offences of the Society, were they really as numberless as the charges of her enemies, until another agency is found for meeting these claims of charity and justice?"

The appeal was made, and the result, as shewn by the Society's Reports for 1843 and 1844, fully justified this counsel. The bountiful liberality of the bishops[s], and the effect of their example on the Church at large, may be truly said to have saved the newly founded missions from being left to perish in their

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penditure has been provided for by sales of stock, but the capital of the Society, already much reduced, will be inadequate much longer to meet these increased demands."—*Report of S. P. G. for* 1843.

[r] A phrase he used not unfrequently in half-playful earnest, to shew that he looked on himself as one of the bygone age.

[s] The donations of the archbishops and bishops in 1843 amounted to nearly £1,200, besides former donations and annual subscriptions.

infancy. The amount of voluntary contributions in 1843 was the largest the Society had ever received; and though the expenditure of the year still exceeded the annual income, the immediate danger was safely passed.

My uncle's own donation in this emergency was £200.

This was a year of considerable alarm and excitement in Church matters, and he could not but watch with anxiety the increasing feverishness and partizanship which seemed to infect many good and zealous men. He was in constant communication with his aged friend Mr. Norris all through this period, sharing with him, as had been his wont, every counsel for the welfare of the Church.

"Nothing has yet fallen out," he wrote, "contrary to my expectations, but I do not, therefore, feel confidence in my fears. Rather when I see how good and great men are blinded on one side, I remember how we all deceive ourselves, and am willing to believe myself an alarmist. . . . Indeed, I fear my own misgivings on the subject, and have not dared for a long time to realize my apprehensions as to the natural results of party leaderships, which will ordinarily be little different in a Newman or a Simeon."

"Much of the evil we now deprecate," he observed, "arises from those who are now agitators not having seen the Church in her beauty in their own early days."

It was no rare thing at that season to hear a feeling expressed with regard to some whose stedfastness was doubted, that "such good men could not be suffered to err." He thought this most dangerous and delusive. It is presumptuous to expect for ourselves, or for any teacher of our choice, or indeed for any man, special guidance where ordinary means are within reach. God has given us reason, and He will not overrule it. And herein lies our responsibility, from which we may not seek to escape. He shewed us that remarkable passage in Vincentius, in which the father points out this deception as prevailing with the followers of Nestorius and Apollinaris, (Commonit. c. xi.)

"Do you read the 'Ecclesiologist?'" he wrote to Mr. Harrison: "the impertinence of these Camdenians is perfectly unendurable; . . . they would almost seem to take to themselves the language of the prophetess, and say that the highways were unoccupied, and the people wandered in byeways, until the Camdenians arose, masters in Israel."

He was much grieved at what he called "a cruel prejudice," which seemed at this time to be preventing Dr. Mill from taking the position at Cambridge which his character and learning deserved; especially as he feared that the suspicion with which he was regarded had been partly provoked by the indiscreet zeal of some of his friends.

"What a school of divines," he wrote to Mr. Harrison, "might not Cambridge have turned out under the teaching of Mill and Blunt! enough to have excited the jealousy of her elder sister, even in the breast of a charitable fellow like yourself?"

Again:—"Has Mill told you, or does he himself know, why he has been called a Puseyite? For neither more nor less than his being flagrantly convicted of going to St. Mary's on Saints' days! Surely now we must give him up!"

Dr. Wordsworth was keenly alive to the great value of Dr. Mill's writings, and wrote about this time to my uncle:—

"Have you read Mill on the Mythical Interpretation of St. Luke? Pray get it. It is very valuable, and much of it exceedingly wise, learned, and beautiful."

My uncle often observed that good schemes were not seldom rendered fruitless by the mere want of patience of their promoters, repeating frequently this caution, "Let us *instil*, not *pour*, when we have narrow-necked vessels to fill." In one instance, where he thought there had been an unwisely-timed attempt to revive long-disused Church practices in an institution in which he was earnestly seeking to raise the tone and spirit of Christian principle, he entreated a friend to use his influence to satisfy the ardent reformers, "that while to enforce one particular practice might be to lose much of the general good now in progress, so to encourage the good generally will assuredly lead to and bring in the particular."

I well remember a conversation between him and my Uncle Norris, in which they agreed that the true plan of Christian education, especially in public schools, should be not to enforce a high standard of practice in religious observances, but to implant and strengthen the principles which must produce the practice in due process of ripening. "Sow seeds; don't transplant shrubs in flower into your garden."

When he was told of some measure of wise self-restraint or withdrawal of unsafe counsels, adopted by those who had been hurrying on too fast, and the narrator implied that the effort came too late: "Not so," he replied; "I will not have the past brought forward to undervalue the present."

But although he often felt compelled to check the eagerness and over-zeal of some of his younger friends with these counsels of prudent caution, he used to regret the necessity very much, and in half-sad playfulness call himself "the wet blanket."

"It is very hard," he would say, "to be obliged to argue on this side, for I know all the while that you are on the higher ground."

And again, speaking of some whose conduct in these days of suspicion he could not but blame as wanting in wisdom and forbearance, he added warmly, "But one cannot but feel how good these men are, and wish oneself as good as they." He was sometimes very sad in speaking of these subjects, when he regarded the too probable effects of the excitement upon many of the younger generation; dreading most of all the reaction, which he feared would follow, and the revulsion which the extravagance of partizans would cause against those very principles which they desire to recommend. Still, he expressed a confident hope that the good results of the movement would long out-last the evil. "Of course," he wrote to Mrs. H. J. Rose, after calling himself an alarmist, "I mean only the first end, so to speak; of the ultimate result no good Christian can have a doubt."

Speaking of alarmism, and of the avoidance of a wrong temper with regard to it, he said, "It is only a sense of great and present danger which can justify a quick sight of error; but in that case it becomes a matter of charity. If we saw a great fire burning, we should urge people not to go near it, especially if they were clad in muslins—imaginative, that is, and easily caught. If our alarmism is the fruit of a carping temper, it is of course our duty to check it; but there is sometimes an equally strong temptation to try to appear candid and liberal."

One night, after an evening spent in a good-humoured yet determined combating with the extreme statements of a young friend, he said to me as he retired to his room, "He is a nice fellow; his errors are all on the right side. I only want to throw out some things for him to think of himself. I do not expect to convince him now. If he will but be honest to himself and honest to others, not taking a one-sided view of things, all will be well." And in the same tone he wrote to my Uncle Norris, urging him to use his influence to persuade others to a right mind. "I cannot help thinking that you may often do much good by a temperate exposition of your opinion, where you fail absolutely to change theirs; and may give a check where you cannot give a turn. On this ground I have acted, and perhaps not altogether without effect."

He once told me how he had been trying to persuade a friend not to look upon the Church on earth as a little separate flock of perfect Christians, but rather as leaven to leaven the whole lump.

In answer to a remark about the evils attending on worldly wealth, and the purifying power of affliction and persecution, almost leading to the thought that such a sifting might even be desired to free the Church from her temporal estate and her false friends together, he replied that this would be a dangerous and uncharitable wish. It would be an attempt to anticipate the future state, separating at once the sincere from the insincere, and making it very difficult for the latter to reform; it would be wishing to gather all "the salt of the earth" into one heap, leaving the mass which it was meant to season and preserve to turn to corruption.

He always very strongly blamed the temper which would court persecution, and thought that they who so make their brethren to offend, are in truth themselves guilty of a very great offence against the law of charity; while, on the other hand, he considered it an admirable and rare quality to be "hurt"—hurt in spirit—"by no persecutions."

He would say that though no principle must be abandoned for any cause, it may sometimes be the part of Christian charity and prudence to abstain from needless declaration of a principle. He observed that the phrase, "to carry out a principle," was often used dangerously. Some keen and subtle minds, who see at once the full and furthest bearings of a proposition, will not suffer a man to embrace one statement without saying, 'Then you grant such a thing further, and such.' This is both unfair and unwise dealing. No one can know all that is involved in the plainest statement of doctrine: it is safest to keep to our Articles of Faith and the very words of Holy Scripture, without building even what seem necessary consequences upon them.

He was very earnest in saying that he who has an important truth to teach has no right to indispose people for its reception by his mode of putting it before them, or by frightening them with minor points. And in matters of practice, what is not good in its effect on the mass is not likely to be good on the individual; no one ought to follow out blindly just what seems right to himself, if it gives offence to his brethren who might have been won by forbearance. If he were in charge of a parish, it would be his rule, he said, never to persist in any practice which alienated any one of the flock, without scrupulously asking himself whether it were a point of necessary duty. And in a letter of remonstrance against the spirit of agitation then abroad, he wrote, "I know that wind and storm fulfil His word; but it is not in storms of our own raising that we may have that happy confidence, though even they may be overruled to good."

During this winter he was engaged in a careful revision of Hele's "Select Offices of Devotion." Since his first republication of the work in 1825, it appeared that 16,000 copies of the entire Offices, and nearly 100,000 of the various parts which were printed separately, had been issued; and a new edition was now called for under the auspices of the S.P.C.K. He had a limited number of copies printed on larger paper, and bestowed great care upon the binding, intending them as memorial gifts for those friends who would value them for the sake of the two most dear to him, with whom the book was closely associated, on account of their great value for it, and their willing assistance in preparing his first edition of it for the press.

"It is in this character," he wrote to my brother, "that I wish you to receive the volume, praying always that we may be enabled to use it with devout thankfulness, as a remembrance of the most comfortable doctrine of our Catholic Church, and with it feel the blessing of a holy communion begun here on earth, over which, as Bishop Pearson says [t], death has no power."

He of course received many letters of thanks for this gift.

The aged Archbishop of York [u] took the opportunity, when acknowledging the offering, to bear this testimony to my uncle's long services:—

"During a period of full thirty years, and whilst it was the pleasure of the Almighty to enable me in my particular station to fulfil the duties of a public life, there was hardly any occasion on which I had those duties to discharge in London that did not afford me the gratification of sharing them with yourself, and of witnessing your zeal and efficiency in promoting the accomplishment of every good and laudable object submitted to the consideration of the several committees we were in the habit of attending together."

Almost the last of Archdeacon Bayley's letters to my uncle was prompted by this present:—

"*West Meon, May* 12, 1843.

"MY DEAR MR. WATSON,

"I have received from our friend Jennings the treasure of a book made still more valuable by the inscription. You duly estimate my filial love and respect for yourself, and the cordial regard with which I cultivate the memory of those who were once so happily employed in the preparation of the little work before me. You may judge, too, of my feelings by your own, towards two late ladies of my own family, whose names I associate almost daily with theirs. Pray for me that your gift may be to me inestimable, may every day be in my hand and heart, and help me so to follow the good examples then and still before me, that with them I may be a partaker of the heavenly kingdom.

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[t] See Pearson on the Creed, on the IXth Article, 2nd part.

[u] Archbishop Vernon-Harcourt.

"Most gratefully and devotedly thine,
"H. V. Bayley."

During the season of anxiety which preceded the bereavement alluded to in this letter, Archdeacon Bayley had sought and found much comfort from his friend's sympathy.

"I feel a consolation," he then wrote, "in saying all to you. You have witnessed it all. Would that I could sanctify to myself this visitation as you have done! . . . How is it that I never can think of you without a mixture of veneration and boyish playfulness? Happy the day that gave me the benefit of your acquaintance!"

About a year afterwards my uncle heard of the peaceful death of this beloved friend; "he passed away," we heard, "like an infant going to sleep; his end was peace."

The new edition of Hele's "Offices" had a no less rapid and extensive circulation than the former; and it was a constant source of thankful gratification to my uncle during the remaining years of his life to observe the steady progress which these Scriptural Offices, after more than a century's comparative neglect, were making throughout the country[1]; and still more to receive, as he did from time to time, the heartfelt testimony of those who had learnt to know and value them as they deserved. "Hele's 'Offices of Devotion,'" wrote the venerable Dr. Warneford, "afford me continual solacement and peace." And again, some years later: "I have been obliged to take to my crutches as necessary aids to get to my study, where Hele is my constant companion and comforter." And once more, as late as 1853: "As to myself," he wrote, "I am, thanks to an Almighty Providence, mercifully spared to enter on my ninety-first year. Hele is my daily comforter."

The kind feeling of the inhabitants of Hackney was engaged during the spring of 1843 in the preparation of a monumental tablet in memory of their late rector. My uncle had a share in framing the inscription which they put upon it, but he was very solicitous that it should not be 'sacred' in God's house, (however classically the word might be intended to express 'set apart' merely,) to anything but the glory of God.

"In a Christian temple," he wrote to Mr. Norris, "surely no inscription should be admitted which records only the virtues and good deeds of the creature. It is to me perfectly unendurable. Praise him, if you will, for benefits conferred and good qualities displayed; but let the thanks be given to the Author of all good for the instrument."

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[1] Between the years 1843 and 1857 more than 140,000 copies of the whole or portions of the book were issued by the S.P.C.K.

He then alludes to some suggestion which is not preserved:—

"With regard to the 'preaching,' &c., the expression grew out of the remark of a Dissenter in an omnibus, in consequence of a dialogue between two of his fellow-passengers respecting the late Rector of Hackney. The one asking, 'Was he a good preacher?' was answered by the other, 'I never heard him preach since I have been in the parish.' (His voice and strength had long been unequal to the exertion of preaching in the great church, although he continued to officiate to the end of his life.) He was rebuked by the Dissenter interposing with, 'Why, he has been preaching to you thirty or forty years by the most powerful of all preaching, the preaching of his good example. I am sure I never had reference to him or intercourse with him in all this time without feeling that I came away bettered.'"

I think it was in this year that my Uncle Norris received the following report of a conversation with Lord Sidmouth in a letter from the Rev. Charles Forster:—

"I had a delightful day with good old Lord Sidmouth. When I gave him Mr. Joshua Watson's message of kind remembrance he quite kindled up, asking, 'When shall you see Mr. Watson? Whenever you do see him, assure him from me that there is not the man living in England for whom I have a higher respect or more cordial regard.' I give you as nearly as I can the *ipsissima verba*. Lord Sidmouth said more, but this is what I am surest of."

Several years before, my eldest sister and her husband had met Lord Sidmouth at Hadleigh, and he had congratulated C. on being "the niece of the best man that ever lived." He afterwards told stories of Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, Sheridan, and Canning; "but Mr. Joshua Watson," he said, "is what I call a true patriot."

My uncle was now occupied in the preliminary arrangements for the building and endowment of a church at Homerton, in fulfilment of the wish and projected plan of my father. This undertaking, from its beginning to its happy completion four years later, was always near his heart, and engaged his most assiduous care in every step of its progress.

He was also busy in promoting a kind scheme for the comfort of the clergy-widows in Bromley College, to secure for them free medical attendance. This object was accomplished; and it was an additional pleasure to him, when the grant was obtained for the purpose, that the first person appointed to the office was one who had been himself a clergy-orphan boy, and was at this time practising in Bromley, and already much liked by the inmates of the College. The old chaplain, Mr. Scott, wrote to express the grateful thanks of the widows and daughters, and also mentions another important addition to their health and comfort, the opening of windows in the daughters' bedrooms, which he implies to have been at least partly owing to my uncle's assistance.

In July he came to us at Daventry; we were warned that there was still liability to a return of paralysis, and often trembled at the amount of mental exertion which it seemed impossible for him to refuse; but happily this danger was averted, and though often reminded of the tendency, there was no serious relapse. One morning in August he surprised us by going to the early service, for which he was generally too feeble; he had had, he said, so good a night, he could not otherwise make due return for it.

In August the younger Dr. Wordsworth visited us; one beautiful day we walked into a pleasant field, and our dear uncle sat on a gate, in great enjoyment of the quiet summer beauty. He spoke of his friend's uncle as "the poet of heaven and home." (See "Lines to a Skylark.")

One day when walking in the garden with me he said, "Well, this earth of ours is a wonderful thing; it never palls upon the senses." And then he spoke of the lavish bounty with which beauty is scattered around, even where the eye of man never sees it. "There is enjoyment in the very thought of the profusion." He used to say he did not like to hear it insisted on that every created thing must have its definite *use;* much may have been made "for glory and for beauty."

We had a merry little discussion about forms of courtesy and their alleged insincerity and emptiness; and he led us to conclude that conventionalisms do not deceive, and are not meant to deceive, but are wholesome checks to the roughnesses of human nature; while the omission of them has often more real untruth in it, giving offence where none is intended.

At the end of this month our Uncle and Aunt Norris came to us for a week,—a time of great enjoyment to both the old friends, who were sometimes so full of mirthful fun together that we were almost tired with laughing. It was indeed a picture of what the poet Wordsworth desired for himself:—

"And I would have my careless season
Spite of melancholy Reason;
Would walk through life in such a way,
That when time brings on decay,

Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness:
Spite of care and spite of grief
To gambol with life's falling leaf[y]."

There was, however, much grave and anxious counsel between the aged friends on matters of Church interest, and sadly did both watch the growing animosity of party spirit. Both were labouring for peace, and seeking earnestly to turn the zeal of those who came to them for counsel into channels wherein all their strength and energy could find full exercise, without turning their arms against their brethren.

My uncle once quoted the story of Nelson on the eve of battle, finding two of his captains were "not on terms." "Terms! Shake hands, gentlemen! yonder is the enemy!" "And yet we find this hateful term applied by brethren to brethren, for perhaps one point of difference, with unbelief and godlessness swelling throughout the land, and calling loudly on the Church to put forth all her strength to stem the torrent."

On Michaelmas Day we read Newman's Lecture for the festival. My uncle regretted the poetical fancies which fill the first part of the sermon, thinking they rather weakened the impression which a thoughtful consideration of what *has* been revealed concerning the blessed angels should make. He said he thought the subject an important one; and that they who forgot the presence and ministry of the angels lost a very powerful deterrent from sin, and a strong incentive to reverence and willing duty. He thought perhaps the most sure practical use of our belief in their ministry would be to exercise our faith in what is unseen, and to inspire us with reverence, such as Elisha's servant must have felt when his eyes were opened to see what flesh conceals.

Soon after this we read with him Newman's Sermon on Reliance on Religious Ordinances. While fully valuing the searching character of the sermon, he observed in it the germ of a principle which he said "has since been carried too far," that of making the pain we find in doing our duty to be good in itself.

> "It can be so only as a means of strengthening our habit of obedience; and even thus the conscious thought of it is dangerous, and borders closely upon presumption, if we *desire* the difficulty. Secret self-applause for doing that which is but simple duty is too likely to insinuate itself, and to be like the fly in the apothecary's ointment."

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[y] "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves."

He referred us to Jeremy Taylor on this point, and quoted his reasoning, from which he thought there was no escape:—

> "He that must judge himself, must condemn himself if he be guilty; and if he be condemned he must be punished. . . . True repentance is a punishing duty, and acts its sorrow, and judges and condemns the sin by voluntary submitting to such sadnesses as God sends on us; or, to prevent the judgment of God, by judging ourselves, and punishing our bodies and our spirits by such instruments of piety as are troublesome to the body[a]."
>
> "It is safest and best, when possible, to receive rather than to choose our cross."

I was reading the Psalms and Lessons to him on the evening of Oct. 28; he observed on the connection of the 12th and 13th verses of Phil. ii., and said that the "fear and trembling" must be because our failing would be so utterly without excuse: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

A kind note of birthday greeting, containing the wish that the recipient might have "a conscience lighter and lighter every year," led him into quiet talk. He said that it was a true wish, and that though the load of sin be in itself continually accumulating, yet there is a most real and comfortable distinction to be drawn between suffering our consciousness of sin to be deadened, and feeling our burden to be lightened by a growing hope of God's mercy. For though our sins of whatever magnitude, if returned to, will return upon us, yet the certainty of the increasing peace felt by all true penitents is one of the comfortable encouragements held out to us.

He told me that he thought most of the good purposes of his life had begun on Sunday evenings.

One day soon after this we read a triplet of Dante to him:—

> "E sì come secondo raggio suole
> Uscir del primo, e risalire insuso
> Pur come peregrin che tornar vuole," (*Parad.* c. i.)

It was evident that he knew it of old: "O yes," he exclaimed, "it was there I first learnt to fancy that about the light." Light, and the singing of birds, might, he thought, be regarded as unsullied relics of Paradise.

We read a very able paper of Mr. Gladstone's on the present aspect of the Church. My uncle said his description of what bishops ought to be for the present time was so good that he would trust him to choose them.

One evening at dinner there was some animated conversation on various matters, in which my uncle bore a full part. Instances were given of mental power, of rapid grasping of subjects, of the faculty of abstraction; he spoke of Bishop Blomfield, whom he remembers coming in to a Board, having just despatched forty-two letters, and attended two committees, while two more were in prospect, and yet he was ready to concentrate all his attention on the work immediately before him. Another day thirty letters were given him in the carriage; he took his pencil and noted his answer on the fly-leaf of each as he read it; and all were done by the time he reached Fulham.

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[a] Holy Living, chap. iv. sect. 9.

The plan of encouraging National schoolmasters to seek Holy Orders was mentioned as questionable; my uncle agreed in thinking it not a well-advised scheme. He observed that in most cases it would unsettle the master, and take the interest out of his present duties: let a man rise in his profession, not out of it, is the best general rule.

He was about this time interested in the rescue of a building at Hackney from a bad use, and was bearing a liberal part in the arrangement, although the way did not seem open to making any good appropriation of it. "Depend upon it," he said, "if we do what ought to be done, some good will follow."

Another little rule which he commended, and on which I have noticed that he acted, was that it is not well to take the duties of other people out of their hands. "Life," he would sometimes say, "is chequered like a chess-board; and I take it that very often we may walk on the black or the white as we choose."

"Much scandal is ill-naturedly believed because of the maxim that there must be some fire where there is much smoke." And it was a saying of his with a more public bearing, that "it is miserable legislation which regards individual character."

He had been speaking one evening of rapidity of motion as a natural sign of joy. So Dante has it; and he made us observe how Milton has described the rapid pauseless moving of the eye and mind from one object to another, like a butterfly's flight:—

> "Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures," &c.

He repeated most of *L'Allegro* himself, his eyes sparkling with the delight the lines themselves gave him, and the pleasant associations belonging to them.

In a Sunday reading of Bishop Taylor together I asked him about forms of confession, and the very strong expressions used by good men, which sometimes almost perplex weaker Christians. "You will not find them too much as time goes on," he said; "I have restored many expressions which I had cut out in former days." He referred especially to the fuller meaning one learns to see in the Decalogue. He felt the evil of unreality in confession; but thought that words expressing what we wish and try to feel may be used, and may help to beget the feeling.

At another time, when I was myself suffering from illness, he said that it was among his causes of daily thanksgiving that he had had pains and bodily chastenings: else the comforts and blessings with which he had always been surrounded would have been quite too much for this life.

He spoke of one who, finding in illness that she could no longer recall some well-known prayers, said, "Well, I have this comfort, I can still address my Heavenly Father in the words His Son taught me by His Holy Spirit; and they will stay by me while memory retains any power[a]." I believe it was his wife of whom he told this. He once pointed out the deep significance of the latter portion of the Lord's Prayer, as the words of Him who had Himself struggled with the Evil One, and overthrown his false assumption of the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.

It was in 1843 that *Theophilus Anglicanus* was published, and approved itself greatly to his judgment. "It bears," he wrote to the author's father,—"it bears, so far as I may presume to opinionize, the promise of high usefulness."

At the close of this year he gave up his coachman and horses, which he had hitherto retained, thinking the luxury too expensive to be kept only for himself. About the same time I chanced to discover that a frequent pensioner of his, to whom he was sending a Christmas gift, had no other claim upon him than that of having been a former rival in business.

I was telling him of a good little school-girl, who was so quiet that I feared she would always stay at the bottom of her class. "Some of the best things," he replied, "always do stay at the bottom."

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[a] Cf. "Sickness, its Trials and Blessings," pp. 255, 256.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Adaptation of books published by the Christian Knowledge Society.—Death of Baden Powell of Speldhurst.—The poet Wordsworth.—"The Birthday."—Dr. Arnold.—Memorial Churches.—Correspondence with J. H. Markland.—Retrospect.—Council for framing the Constitutions for St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.—Dr. Wordsworth's last visit and his death.—Letters and recollections of conversation.—Colonial Church matters.—Church of England Bible.—Threatening symptoms of illness.—Danger averted.

IN the spring of 1844 the affairs of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge caused some anxiety to its best friends, and there was much correspondence between my uncle and Mr. Harrison on the subject. Attacks had been made, apparently from opposite quarters at once, on the Society, charging it with unfaithfulness, in making alterations in the books published under its auspices. The letters shew that it was the deliberate opinion of both the friends, that the Society had all along held itself bound to publish its books with such needful adaptation as should fit them for the wants of the poor, "for whose use and for whose sake," wrote my uncle, "their dispersion was originally undertaken. This point," he added, "should be always kept before members as the only warranted application of their funds for charitable distribution." There was no doubt that some unwarrantable abuses of this trust in unfair and uncalled-for alterations had been occasionally committed, and my uncle was willing and anxious that every precaution should be taken to prevent the like in future, as well as that these blemishes should be removed; but he could not allow that the liberty of correction and adaptation ought to be given up by the Society. It was certain that Robert Nelson had felt the necessity of using this freedom, and in his preface to his "Kempis' Christian Exercise" had "admirably stated the principle of alteration in devotional works as distinguished from others, such as critical, scientific, &c.; while at the same time he put in a very pithy passage about 'careful' republishing of old authors, which is the epithet in our Society's resolutions in 1841. It shews that Nelson held both principles, and saw how, practically, the two might be reconciled. . . . . If therefore," wrote Mr. Harrison, "they attack the Nelsonian practice, we must say, let them take down his picture from the board-room. . . . The question is pretty well reduced to this: whether we are to stand by him, or to give him up and throw him overboard, as after all but a wretched eighteenth-century Churchman." It was agreed by both, that wherever any alterations were made, the fact should be indicated by some form of words in the title-page.

Mr. Harrison's diligent researches in the service of the S.P.C.K. at this time seem to have quite satisfied him and my uncle that the Society's edition of Bishop Wilson's "Companion to the Altar" by no means deserved to be called "a garbled edition." It was proved to have been so published in the Bishop's lifetime, and may be regarded as embodying his own latest corrections. Of the "Family Prayers" also there appeared to be two clear and distinct lines of tradition.

A visit to Tunbridge Wells, which my uncle made in July, together with his two nieces and his little grandsons, was saddened by the death of my mother's brother, Baden Powell, of Speldhurst, in hopes of renewed intercourse with whom this visit had been planned. This good man was associated with some of the happiest recollections of youthful days, when the families of Sikes, Norris, Powell, and Watson, were neighbours at Hackney; and his open heart and kindly temper gave him no inconsiderable part in weaving the chain of brotherly friendships which proved so enduring and so full of life-long blessing. My uncle had been with him in the spring of this year, and was now able to attend his funeral, and to visit his widow in her affliction. She, too, had been for many years the cherished friend of his wife.

In August he received an interesting letter from the Master of Trinity, written at Rydal Mount, giving the following sketch of the venerable poet's way of life during the Lake season:—

> "Here," wrote Dr. Wordsworth, "besides a large party in the house, the callers have been almost innumerable; and to me it is quite amazing how my brother is able, from early morning often till late at night, to talk to, and apparently greatly to interest, them all. I have thought often of you during all this time, and have wished you could have been here, if it were only to see several of the churches and chapels which have been springing up, none of them without some counsel or other aid from you."

On September 1st he came as usual to us in Northamptonshire; occasional headache was still almost the only symptom of the tendency to paralysis which we could perceive in him. He always greatly enjoyed a good story, particularly children's tales; indeed, this was one of the points in which he was always young. We were reading "The Birthday" to him about this time, and his lively interest and pleasure in it really sometimes seemed to threaten him with the headache; but in commenting on it afterwards, he said he thought some of it was fitter for himself, to make him think how he could deny himself, "spite of the indulgences you force upon me," than for children. He thought it harmful to wind up motives too high in childhood; e.g. he would hesitate to make a child realize very strongly that giving to the poor is giving to Christ; there should be some reserve in the use of the deepest and strongest principles of action; at least the conscious application of them to trifling actions should not be forced upon a child.

He had been reading the Life of Dr. Arnold, and often spoke of it. He feared much that the winning charm and the many points of real excellence in the character, would blind young minds to the very grave faults of the man, which made him so dangerous a guide. "Arnold was," he said, "a very Ishmael in his opinions, his hand against every man, and utterly without reverence for what was time-honoured." But he fully appreciated the wise uprightness of his government, especially his inspiring truth and honour among his boys by shewing that he trusted them, and the reality of his own character, which made the moral strength of his authority so powerful. In this point he said Archdeacon Lyall resembled him. He also pointed out one letter which he much liked, in which Dr. Arnold urges one troubled with doubts on some mystery of the faith, to treat them as moral trials, to be withstood by prayer and obedience, not by arguments; advising him not to discuss them, lest he should realize them more to himself.

The feeling embodied in the following letters to Mr. Markland, which he has kindly allowed to be copied, was strong and habitual with my uncle:—

"*The Lodge, Daventry, Nov.* 21, 1844.

"Many thanks, my dear Mr. Markland, for the Ken paper. It is a pleasant assurance that old recollections have not yet passed away. I seem not, however, to want the little bond to tell me the hand from which it comes, unless, indeed, the simple piety and unaffected good taste of the address, together with its sympathy with certain 'Remarks on English Churches,' have misled me in my ascription of the plan to your pen. In spite, therefore, of the unsafety of determining authorships by internal evidence, I will venture to make my acknowledgments to you both for the project and the paper, and shall be glad to answer your call for the memorial and for the church in the way you have put it, and because you have put it so. Nevertheless, I must frankly own to you that it would be much more agreeable to my own judgment, or more properly to my feeling, to give my five guineas to the memorial and ten pounds to the church, separately and distinctly, than to blend the two objects in the first sum. Will you forgive me if I say that not even you, and all the good and wise who have agreed with you, have quite satisfied me as to the fitness of this mixture of motives? It is hard, I know, in this imperfect state to hinder the intrusion of lower feelings into our very best actions, and perhaps in some the alloy may be excused. But from all direct offerings to God's honour, to His house, and to His service, I own I feel as if they should be rigorously excluded. *Soli Deo gloria* ought, I verily conceive, to be in all such instances the only professed object of the offerer's mind. This principle has indeed hitherto been so strong with me, that I have turned aside from not only the Martyrs' but the Hooker Memorial also; and might possibly have turned away from your kind application likewise, but that it seemed to admit an anonymous subscription to the honour of one of the seven golden candlesticks,—one of that portion, I mean, who did not turn out in the long run to be no better, as our friend 'Nobody' used to say, than Prince's metal.

Excuse this rambling note, and believe me, with kindest regards to Mrs. Markland, and with unfeigned esteem for yourself,

"Ever faithfully yours,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

"*Daventry-lodge, Nov.* 26, 1844.

"MY DEAR MR. MARKLAND,

"Will you think me pertinacious if I hold fast my opinion, spite of what you have so fairly urged on the other side of the question? In saying this, however, I have no thought of opening a discussion on the point; only I should be sorry to be misunderstood by my good friend on such a question. The simple truth is, that in the matter of oblations and direct offerings to the honour and glory of God, I have a stronger feeling of jealousy for the principle of exclusiveness, than can be overcome by any sense of the subordination you so well insist upon. We both of us know that, through manifold infirmity, other considerations will creep in upon us, even where the object has been designed in all singleness of purpose. And therefore what sad cavilling it would be to except against a good thing merely on account of the probable or even actual admixture of inferior motives!

"Of this, then, I would not have you think me capable. My objection was, and still is, to the inversion of the order of things, to the making the inferior motive to be the moving principle. I can easily propose to myself to seek the honour of God in the honouring of His faithful servant; but I cannot, without violence to the feeling I have adverted to, set about 'the restoration of God's house in memory of Bishop Ken.' Out of this difficulty I trusted to you to find or make a way for me; and still I shall be glad to leave myself in your friendly hands.

"My wish, abstractedly, would be to offer five pounds to the memorial, and ten pounds to the restoring of the church. But I fear in doing this I should seem to be implicitly condemning a proceeding in which many much wiser and better than myself have unhesitatingly acquiesced. In this dilemma what can I do so well as beg of you to dispose as you please of

"Yours with unfeigned esteem,
"And ever faithfully,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

The Rev. Fitzherbert Marriott, then Archdeacon of Hobarttown, was at this time on the eve of his return to Tasmania, after a visit to England, during which he had been engaged in behalf of the convicts recently sent into Van Diemen's Land. The Government had undertaken to supply them with religious instructors, and had now, on the Archdeacon's recommendation, appointed several clergymen and candidates for Holy Orders for this duty, who were to embark with him in November. Shortly before sailing, he spent an evening with us, and there was much interesting talk between him and my uncle about the objects of his mission to the Government at home, and the affairs of the colonial Church. My uncle said that the first and chief care of the Church must be to feed and keep her own; he thought that even the winning of ten aliens would not compensate for the loss of one soul committed to her charge.

"Nothing," he said, "is so comfortable as to be disabused of a prejudice against anybody. I have been undeceived that way much oftener than the other." He thought it was but right and Christianlike habitually to expect to like people better the more we know of them. "I am persuaded," he said, "that there are more people in the world *better* than we think them than *worse*."

In our dear uncle's retrospective thoughts there was ever a very deep sense of the undeserved and 'never-ceasing shower of blessing' which had been his portion through life; and now that so much was taken away, he was always full of humble and wondering gratitude for what remained. When alone with one of us this feeling often seemed irrepressible; and he would speak of past and present mercies, and most touchingly express his gratitude for our love, and his fears lest he might through increasing infirmities become more burdensome to us. He dwelt on his brother's partial love for him, and his ever-ready sympathy and help in every need, great or small. "He spoilt me," he said; "the truth is, I have been spoilt. I have all my life long had counsel, and sought it, and acted on it; and now it is very hard to me to decide without it." One evening when my sister and I were in his room, and had been reading some old letters of family interest, he again spoke most feelingly of the kindness and affection which had ever encircled him, and at last, in an undertone of much emotion, murmured, "I have been *so* loved." Presently afterwards, more playfully, when one of us complained of having been a spoilt child, he took it to himself with his loving gratefulness, "I am the worst off, then, for I am a spoilt child again, in my second childhood." "I certainly do love to be obliged," he said at another time.

In the spring of 1845 he was very full of business; the affairs of the Societies, his church at Homerton, and the new Missionary College at Canterbury, all made large calls upon him; for though always thinking his own powers dimmed and weakened, and most heartily seeking to avoid being in any degree made an oracle, his help and counsel were hardly less sought for than in the days of his full vigour.

At a meeting of the Additional Curates' Society, it so happened that he had felt obliged to oppose the Bishop of London in some small matter. The Bishop seemed annoyed at first, but presently said, "I am never easy, Mr. Watson, when you differ from me," and the discussion ended in entire agreement.

We were at this time staying at Mr. Norris's house in Grove-street, Hackney, and often had the pleasure of seeing our two dear uncles together; one day Archdeacon and Mrs. Lyall were there, whom it was a great pleasure to my uncle to meet again. There was much talk about the plans for Canterbury College, my uncle, though sorely against his will, having been made one of the council for framing its constitutions. "It must be," was the only answer he could obtain to his remonstrances. "Now, Archdeacon," he pleaded, "you have no fudge about you; you see how unfit I am for it; you can bear testimony for me." "It must be," was the reply; "you shall not have the trouble of attending the meetings, we will only have your opinion." "Yes, but think what the responsibility is of forming an opinion on so weighty a matter; and if others differ from me, I shall have to defend it." "No, it shall be *law*." "What, by way of lessening the responsibility?" The Archdeacon ended by saying, "Well, I will not assert whether your opinion be worth anything or not, but people have a notion that it is, and so we cannot do without it."

The urgent desire of the Archbishop and the Bishop of London alone prevailed with him to take any share in the business of the Council; but when once engaged in it, he spared himself no pains or trouble, but gave his best service to the cause. In the beginning of May he had an interview with Bishop Coleridge, whose views about the College were very satisfactory to him. He was very anxious that no party-name or party-spirit should intrude into the arrangements; he thought it should have no narrower basis than the Church of England itself. As to observances, he would have nothing prescribed but the ritual of our Church and stated hours, leaving to individual consciences what the Church has so left. He said, some years later, that one of the best uses of this College would be for youths who had been educated in Colonial Colleges to spend a year or two there in preparation for Holy Orders.

During our visit at Grove-street, he often called for us on his way into London, and one day he shewed us the house that had once been his in Mincing-lane, now part of the Commercial Sale-rooms; the very counting-house and desk which he used to occupy alone remained unaltered, and there we accompanied him to receive a dividend. Another day we accompanied him to King's College, to see the distribution of prizes to the medical students by the Archbishop. The Bishops of London and Lichfield, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Mr. Gladstone were also there. My uncle sat by Mr. Gladstone, and had much talk with him.

Just before we left Hackney, we called to wish him good-bye. We knew that he had just heard of Newman's defection, and we had received a few lines from him, bearing traces of the saddened heart with which he wrote them. On going in, we thought him looking better than we had expected, and told him so. His ready answer was most characteristic in its affectionate courtesy and grace: "You always forget what a difference you make directly you come."

Soon after this he visited Brighton Vicarage, and came to us early in September.

On the 18th, Dr. Wordsworth came, and Mr. and Mrs. Norris the day after. The three aged friends were once more all under one roof, and very happy they were in each other, as full of vigorous conversation and playfulness as ever, and most kind to the younger members of the party. The old Master amused us greatly by long stories of his adventures in the North and at Leamington, sometimes reminding us of his brother's poems, by finding "a tale in everything." One day he came in late for breakfast, and apologized for it, giving a detailed account of his early walk, and how he had stopped to help some children who were picking haws in a hedge. They thanked him so many times, he said, that he should have had no milk of human kindness in him if he had refused to help them all he could.

In a sadder vein he spoke of public events and anxieties, especially lamenting the want of sound and deep learning in those who come forward in modern Church controversies, compared with our great divines of the seventeenth century, with whom such slight acquaintance is now cultivated. Still, hope and faith were always strong enough in him to conquer all passing anxieties; and the warmth with which he and his two friends in their advanced old age could welcome and rejoice in the zeal of the young can never be forgotten. "Ah," said Dr. Wordsworth, one day, of a family of hopeful children, "there is the strength of the Church of England!" And at another time, "I never can despair of a good cause. Our rescue may be indeed through chastisement, which we deserve for our thankless enjoyment of the blessings we have. But it is not good to dwell overmuch even on that view. Let us each do our part well and firmly, and leave events simply to God's Providence."

On Sunday, our two venerable guests preached in Daventry Church; Dr. Wordsworth in the morning, upon our Lord's benediction on Mary anointing His Body for His burial; shewing how acceptable unto Him was her loving, reverent sympathy in the great end for which He came. Mr. Norris followed him in the afternoon, taking St. Paul's defence before Agrippa for his subject: both his old friends declared they had never heard him excel his preaching to-day.

On Monday morning the old Master left us, and no more intercourse was granted on earth to these friends, whose mutual affection and esteem had been maintained for nearly forty years. The last greeting which Dr. Wordsworth sent to my uncle was dated the Epiphany, 1846:—

> "I have never been at all well," he wrote, "since my pleasant and interesting visit at Daventry. Old age, I find, has made rapid and great strides upon me. Still I am thankful to be so well off even as I am, in body; and these things at my time of life are what are to be expected. And what of them, if only meanwhile, as the outward man is perishing, the inward, through God's grace, be in any little degree renewing day by day?"

Within a month from the date of this letter he died, Feb. 2, 1846. My uncle wrote thus to me, accompanying the letter which brought the intelligence:—

> "Dearest Mary-niece,
>
> "I expect Elizabeth has told you the sad all that was to be told..... To have been so much in the thoughts of such a friend at such a season, you can tell how it is felt by yours,
>
> "J. W."

The autumn and early winter of 1845 were spent by my uncle quietly at Daventry; often during this time allowing me to share his private readings, and helping me with his thoughtful observations and reflections.

On the words "Forbid him not" in St. Luke ix. 50, which occurred in the Morning Lesson on the 23rd of October, he observed that the words which are added in St. Mark's account sufficiently guard the permission from being made a plea for unauthorized teachers; the test of the man's being "for us" being that he was endued with the power of working miracles in the Name of Christ.

He rather shrank from the use of the argument sometimes urged in sermons, that heaven will be no heaven to those whose whole joy is not in adoration now. Either there is merciful provision made for the happiness of minds cast in different moulds, or the vessels will be made fit for the happiness prepared for them. Perhaps for this very reason the precise nature of the joy is left in gracious obscurity, lest it should dazzle our unprepared sight. His brother-in-law, Mr. T. Sikes, used to reproach him for not having so ardent a love for music as he himself had, urging that it would be the employment of heaven; but he would reply, that if once admitted there, the one would play as sweetly on the harp as the other.

He spoke very earnestly of the dangers attending labours in the cause of religion and charity; the proneness to self-deceiving, and to subtle excusing of ourselves from uninteresting duties for the sake of doing good, as we think, in ways that we like.

His old friend Baden Powell used to say to him mournfully, "My talk is of sheep and bullocks, while yours is all of schools and churches." But he assured him that it is as easy to have a secular spirit in one pursuit as the other. The only safeguards are in Bishop Taylor's signs of a pure intention, shunning human praise, and content in failure[b]. He said he thought the only principle which nothing could shake must be found in obedient duty; the desire, not to accomplish any object, however laudable, but to obtain the blessing of having done what we could; philanthropy alone must fail from disappointment. Another day he spoke strongly of the harmfulness of being so bent upon some object out of reach, however good it may appear, as to overlook and leave undone the best that is attainable. He used to quote a rule of Burke's, that what is not attainable cannot be desirable. Possibly his thoughts took this shape from his interest in a plan just then in preparation by Canon Wordsworth for bringing the waste places of Westminster under spiritual cultivation. He thus wrote to his friend to express his warm sympathy in the plan:—

"My dear Friend,

"The scheme is worthy of the projector, and I can only say, 'God speed it!' Be not turned aside by any of the lets and hindrances which will be sure to meet you in the way. Digest your plan well, (St. Luke vi. 28), it will call for large means; and you must prepare yourself, as Ben Sirach says, if you seek to serve the Lord, for much trial and temptation. You will find many coldnesses and discouragements where perhaps you little look for them. But having set your heart aright, you will constantly endure, and not make haste in time of difficulty; and being fore-warned, will be in some sort fore-armed against the troubles that may cross your path."

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[b] "Holy Living," Chap. I. Sect. 2.

A friend who had been spending some time in Scotland drew him into conversation about the Presbyterian Kirk. His objection to joining in its services rested mainly on the doubtful validity of the Sacraments. He could have better hope of mercy and grace without the use of any outward means than with one which deviated in any way from the command of the Ordainer. To the argument that episcopacy, however good, is not vital, or it would be more clearly insisted on in Scripture, he would reply that men do not legislate about what is in hourly practice[c].

Three appointments which took place this winter gave him very heartfelt pleasure. In the end of November we heard of Archdeacon Lyall's being made Dean of Canterbury, and Mr. Harrison, Canon of the Cathedral and Archdeacon of Maidstone. A few weeks later my brother-in-law was appointed to the archdeaconry of Cleveland.

To Mr. Harrison he thus wrote:—

"To your letter full of business, my dear friend, I believe I have nothing to say just now; and to its deeply interesting P.S. I should perhaps say little more than is emphatically included in what I say from the bottom of my heart—*Deo gratias.* I may not gratulate you, I know, on the occasion of honours and dignities which bring with them any accession of duties and responsibilities; but I may congratulate with others on many of the circumstances of the arrangement. I may rejoice, as I most heartily do, with Mrs. Howley, that she will still have so much of the comfort she has long felt in the affectionate attentions of the chaplain to her lord; and with your excellent father, who has so frequently deprecated, in our occasional talks on the subject, any offer from the Archbishop which might threaten a separation between those who were both bettered by being together; and finally, with the best friends of the Mission College, on the now greatly-improved prospect of its right connection with the chapter. I am now beginning to press with confidence its patronage upon others, and will no longer despair of a happy issue to the noble exertions of Coleridge and Hope, and the labours of the Provisional Committee.

"Yours, with every good wish,
"Faithfully and affectionately,
"J. W."

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[c] "The manner in which the bishop or angel of each Church is referred to in the Revelation, argues that his position was then thoroughly established."—*Blunt's Church in the Three First Centuries*, chap. ii.; see whole chapter.

Of Dean Lyall he often spoke with warm esteem and regard. He once said of him that he had known some as fair in argument, and others possessed of as good judgment, but none who so united both qualities. It was curious to see how he would pause in the midst of an animated discussion, if a reason on the other side struck him as cogent, and frankly yield his point at once.

On hearing of the third appointment, my uncle wrote to the aged Archbishop of York, and received in answer the following letter, which I remember his carefully preserving when he was destroying many of his letters, and which, if only for the sake of the venerable writer, of whose gracious old age it gives a characteristic picture, I must be allowed to insert:—

"*Bishopthorpe, Jan.* 9, 1846.

"DEAR SIR,

"That any act of mine has afforded gratification to you is, and ever will be, a subject of sincerest gratification to myself; for my personal regard and unfeigned respect for your truly estimable character will cease only with my own existence. In selecting, however, Mr. Churton for the archdeaconry of Cleveland, I considered only which of my clergy in that archdeaconry was the fittest and best qualified to undertake so responsible an office, and who, by his faithful and conciliatory discharge of the duties of it, would obtain the abiding good opinion and esteem of his clerical brethren. His acceptance, therefore, of the offer I made to him, (which, from love for the person and respect for the memory of my excellent friend the late archdeacon, I delayed till a few days after his funeral), afforded me the most sincere pleasure.

"I thank you much for your very kind wishes to myself. I have abundant reason for gratitude to the Almighty, who has graciously vouchsafed to bless me with the continuance of good health, and with other innumerable benefits at my very advanced age. I am in my eighty-ninth year, with my sight and hearing but little impaired, and my memory only so with reference to names of individuals and places, and to occurrences of very recent date.

"Believe me, dear Sir,
"With the sincerest esteem,
"Faithfully yours,
"E. EBOR."

In some of the quiet talks which were allowed me with my dear uncle during this winter, he would break through the reserve which was usual with him, and speak freely of those he had loved best on earth; he would sometimes blame his own reserve as selfish, saying that we had a right to be made better by his recollections of the departed. He again dwelt on the use of observing private anniversaries as a means of keeping up communion, and of the great blessing of the ordinance of day and night. Wrong as it would be to disturb others with the expression of our private sorrows, how forlorn would the mourner be did not night come to restore the fellowship, and suffer him to water his couch with his tears! And in times of business and prosperity, what should we do if night did not return to draw, like sickness, its merciful curtain between us and the vanities of life!

On the 12th and 13th of January I travelled with him to Clapton, and many were the subjects of which he spoke on the way. One was the doctrine of a particular providence. He thought we must not look for, or even dare to ask for, special direction in particular cases, where ordinary rules and guidance are given; above all, where the right path might be ascertained by a straightforward honest appeal to Scripture; but that we may and ought so entirely to commit our whole being into God's hands, as to feel assured that all accidents, great and small, will be made to work together for our good.

He spoke of the unhappiness of being acute in seeing faults, especially in comparative strangers; as for those who are dear to us, love will sharpen the sight. Looking inwards is the only cure. And in a lighter vein he repeated a fable, how Apollo supplied a critic with a sieve, desiring him to sift the wheat carefully from the chaff; then gave him the chaff for his pains. Again he spoke of the self-denial requisite for telling friends of their faults. He had been perplexed, he said, about this duty, and also about that of religious conversation.

On our arrival at Clapton, Mr. Norris came to greet us; he was in excellent spirits, and said he quite marvelled at himself, he was so busy and so well. The following day was his seventy-fifth birthday, and we kept it by surveying with him his new church at South Hackney, the walls of which were rising fast. We mounted with him to the top of the unfinished west wall, and thence looked down on the whole.

In the spring of 1846, my uncle's thoughts were again much occupied about the interests of the Colonial Church. He had been very anxiously watching the difficulties and hindrances which beset the labours of the excellent Bishop Broughton of Sydney, and rejoiced greatly at the more hopeful prospects which now seemed to dawn upon the Australian Church. The hope of the formation of new dioceses, and the encouragement of some of Bishop Broughton's best schemes for Sydney, gave him great joy, which he thus expressed to his friend Archdeacon Harrison:—

"I have never expressed half the delight I have felt at the Archbishop's prosperous negotiations for Australia. He will in all human probability have added years to the life of an invaluable servant of the Church."

And a few days later, his anxiety on this point being so much relieved, he turned to the other colonial diocese, in which he felt the strongest personal interest, Nova Scotia; it being this year deemed right that the Society for Propagating the Gospel should withdraw some of the support which had been hitherto granted to King's College, Windsor, as the time seemed to be come when the colony ought to maintain its own institutions.

"Can you tell me," wrote my uncle, "whether any step, or move towards a step, has been attempted in the matter of the Windsor College Memorial? I took the infection strongly from the late Archbishop, (Manners-Sutton), who was ever most strenuous in his advocacy of that institution. Latterly he used to say it was his old master's college, and he felt the support of it a legacy of duty, as it were, bequeathed unto him by George the Third. You will not wonder, therefore, at my continued anxiety on the subject, and at my saying, now that the Archbishop has accomplished so much for Australia, it is almost the only remaining colonial matter, Calcutta excepted, which is much an object of solicitude to

"Yours faithfully and affectionately,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

He was not unmindful either of the American Church; the interest awakened long before by the visit of Bishop Hobart had never been slackened.

"Thank you," he wrote to Archdeacon Harrison, in May, "for good Bishop Doane's letter herewith returned. When you write to New Jersey, I pray you do not forget to tell your obliging correspondent how greatly I am gratified by his kind recollection, and how highly I value the expression, or rather the possession, of his esteem; and how assured he may be of the prayers of his Cis-Atlantic brethren for a blessing on his faithful labours. And when you write to me, pray tell me what progress is making in the selection of new bishops, including of course the two of Miss Burdett Coutts' foundation, which I assume to be the addition you allude to. . . . . Is there any hope of re-establishing under the Gladstone *régime* the colonial Chaplaincy-General, extinguished by the Whig government? The multiplication of sees must surely make it equally to be desired by Church and State."

In the summer of 1846 my uncle spent a fortnight at St. Leonard's, and after a short interval at Clapton, during which Homerton Church occupied much of his attention, went to pay his usual visit to Brighton. He lost no opportunity of having his grandchildren with him, and his solicitude for their happiness and improvement was unfailing. A friend then resident in Brighton, for whom he felt a warm regard, sought his advice whether she should continue to cultivate the friendship of one whose judgment she could not trust; he replied, "Go on, by all means. It is not meant that we should be able to depend on any human being in all things. We must not expect any to be altogether right, nor shrink from the responsibility which belongs to our condition as moral agents."

In October, when he had been already for some time with us at Daventry, Mr. and Mrs. Norris came, and though we had no longer the animating presence of the third beloved friend, the "old Master" having now gone to his rest, our dear uncles had much enjoyment of each other's society, and the visit was most delightful to us. One day they both expressed a decided opinion that our Church does not recommend confession as an universal practice, but for those who cannot quiet their own consciences by the means she has specified—self-examination, private prayer, and amendment. And in this way, Mr. Norris added, he was familiar with its use, and so he doubted not were many of the parochial clergy.

Soon afterwards we had a visit from Canon Wordsworth, who has kindly furnished the following letter written to him by my uncle a day or two after they parted, on a subject which had occupied much of their conversation, and which was always one of great interest with my uncle:—

"*Daventry-lodge, Oct.* 20, 1846.

"My dear Friend,

"After most heartily thanking you for your kind and welcome visit, I return to the subject which we so fully discussed, with our usual concurrence in opinion, that but for your desire to see a little more in detail the scheme we talked over, I should certainly have said no more about it, but have left the matter in your own and Mr. Spottiswoode's hands.

"The thing to be supplied is a characteristically Church of England edition of the Bible, without note or comment beyond what the translators of 1611 have supplied, and without the omission of any helps they have actually furnished. The first point would perhaps be best attained by marking in the margin the use which the Church of England has made of each portion of Holy Scripture by assigning it in her calendar of proper lessons to any holy day specifically, and to any Sunday service, or in her Common Prayer to an Epistle or Gospel, or in her daily lessons to such or such a day of the month in her annual progress through the sacred volume. This might possibly supersede the simple prefix of the Liturgical Calendar, but I should be sorry if it did; although perhaps if but one can be afforded, many may be inclined to prefer the ordinary calendar, yet it is to be considered *that* will be no guide to the Epistles and Gospels of her Communion Service; and to the straightforward reader of the Bible no present indication of the more particular stress she may be supposed to lay upon particular chapters by her selection of them for Sunday lessons.

"For the second point, it is important that the various renderings should be distinctly brought out to the reader's eye, and the headings or contents of the several chapters be retained, and properly placed against the several verses to which they severally refer. This would remove them from the position which could not be found for them in our great desideratum, a Paragraph Bible, but would fix them in the margin as aids to the reader, who, it is to be feared, seldom gives them the consideration they are entitled to as authorized note and comment. . . . . With respect to the benefit of what is called above a Paragraph Bible, nothing need be said. It is so obvious, that one cannot but wonder, when it was shewn that all readiness of reference could be preserved with it, that so little use has been made of it. I am not aware that since the editions of my old friend, John Reeves, now little short of half-a-century ago, any edition, except one on the Religious Tract Society's List, has been offered to the public. Reeves' Bibles are not often to be met with, and moreover, when met with, they exhibit nearly the worst specimens of typography I know; paper bad, ink bad, letter bad, and blunders many. It had long been in my mind to bring the subject under the consideration of Mr. Spottiswoode, and therefore rejoice that you will take the matter in hand.

"One other point only it occurs to me to add on this subject. I hold (and I hope you will agree with me) that an English Churchman's copy of S.S. is incomplete without the Translators' Preface. After Bishop Marsh's insinuation, that our authorized version is little more than an English rendering of Luther's Bible, I think you will deem it due to its English translation to let its authors speak for themselves. The dedication I leave to your tender mercies, and veneration for James I., in much of which you know me to accord with you, and yet I own I have often wished it had not been the common prefix to our Bibles. The chronology must of course be preserved, but the running titles of each page should perhaps be, on each, only the book and the chapter.

"And now having wearied both you and myself from a strong feeling of the importance of our subject, I take my leave, with the kind regards of all here to their late visitant, and the affectionate remembrance to him and his of their friend "J. W."

His correspondence with his niece at Clapton was at this time very full of the arrangements for the completion of Homerton church, to all the details of which he gave the most constant and careful attention. He was very solicitous about the appearance and real convenience of the benches; the first, he thought, was "out and out more important in the general effect than the pulpit or reading-desk." And with regard to convenience, he was anxious to satisfy gentle as well as simple. "I confess," he wrote, "that I am inclined to like inclosures, but I am not quite so sure that I like them to one set of benches and not to others. Are you altogether satisfied with any differences?"

I wish it were more possible to preserve his fun; but it was so full of allusion, and so much enhanced by the playful grace with which it was uttered, that it seems a vain attempt.

A delicate vein of humour, and an unusual readiness of repartee, were perhaps its chief characteristics, often playing with words, so as to give a double edge of kindly meaning to his frequent expressions of affectionate tenderness or gentle courtesy.

One day he was watching us wind worsted, and I was asked some question about it; he turned to my sister Anne, who had been his 'niece filial' before me,—"She has learnt of you how to *wind round* well enough," he said.

I asked him one day if he wanted anything before I went out. "No," he answered; "I shall want nothing *till you* go."

On a cold morning in December, he was standing over the fire, and I urged him to hold a screen for his head, which required to be kept cool. "It is too much trouble," he said; "you don't know what a little thing is trouble to . . " and then he paused, and changing his tone, added, "to one that has none."

A trifling fact was disputed between him and a young lady sitting by his side at dinner: I was opposite, and hearing him say, "That's a triumph," I asked, "Which way is it?" "Oh, it would have been no triumph to have triumphed over *me*."

We were discussing the reasons for and against something: "What shall we weigh them by?" I asked. "By *scruples*," was the ready reply.

In Christmas-week my mother was summoned to the sick-bed of her eldest brother, Mr. J. Clark Powell, and I was left alone with my uncle. He seemed bent on making our *tête-à-tête* happy for me, and was most kind and communicative.

He said that the second chapter of Romans always reminded him of a very eager discussion which he and his friends Sikes and Norris had fifty-five years before with another friend about the meaning of it; he remembered how, in order to defend their strong jealousy of so-called natural religion, they were ready to make the text bend to their purpose in a way which his calmer judgment utterly disallowed. He said the remembrance of their hot-headedness and prejudice, and of their readiness to suspect heresy or moral fault in those who differed from them, which was, he thought, the worst feature in their state of mind, made him very lenient now to the excesses of young men of either high or low opinions, and very hopeful, too, of their righting in due time, if they do not, by keeping exclusively among themselves and fanning the flame, precipitate themselves into some wrong action. At another time he told me how, when he and his friend Norris first became members of the S.P.C.K., they were such reformers that they were told their schemes would be the ruin of the Society: "When I see young men going on now, as I think, too fast," he added, "I am reminded of those days, and remember that now *I* am the old man."

He spoke of meditation. He said the best rule for it was to strive to disengage our minds from the crowd of worldly things, so as to be able to embrace thoughts of heavenly things as they are offered to us. He sometimes felt a difficulty suggested in his daily reading of the Psalms and Lessons, whether he ought to take each verse separately, to draw forth the teaching which each contains, or whether to content himself with the general lesson conveyed by the whole, or by some more striking passage. I know that as he grew more old and his deafness increased, he habitually went over again, after service, through the chapters that had been read at church, and this with unsparing diligence and deliberate care, "that nothing might be lost." One day, when he had been lingering thus over the Lessons, he noticed to me the wonderfully quiet and comfortable opening of the Sermon on the Mount, and our Lord's calm and unobtrusive, yet unmistakable, assumption of authority. He said that the beauties of the book of Job opened upon him more and more in his advancing years. He spoke feelingly of the very great difficulty of carrying forth with us into the world, the view we take in our closet, of the relative value of things. As an instance of what he meant, he said, "In our morning and night thoughts, of how little importance does it seem to us, what others think of us; but when we come down, why, even a child's opinion has weight."

He mentioned the opinion which a friend had strongly expressed to him, that money should descend in its natural course, so as to let successors have the means of doing the duties which would become theirs. Some years ago, he said, he had devoted legacies to every charity he was connected with, and could he take his money away with him, he might still think it right to do so, but he had, during the past week, destroyed even the memoranda of his former intentions.

And now came a short time of excitement and anxiety. Our medical man pronounced that a swelling, which had been for a little while troublesome to my uncle, was a carbuncle, and knowing such to have been the death-warrant of more than one dear friend, the announcement was received in a spirit, indeed, of most entire and ready submission, but with apprehension of the probable danger which made the short interval before he could accomplish the journey to Clapton a time of avowed preparation for a final parting from Daventry. Thankfulness, humility, and love were more than ever prevailing; and when on the 14th of January we had posted to Clapton, and everything was found to be going on most favourably, he was ready to greet Mr. Norris, who came in to welcome him, with his usual affectionate playfulness. We had not much conversation on the journey, but a reading of Jeremy Taylor led him to observe upon the irreverence and bad taste of aids to meditation on the solemn scenes described in Scripture which seek to bring them more vividly before us by inventing circumstances not revealed. This, he said, was such a frequent fault in the pictures most familiar to us from childhood, that it was exceedingly difficult to find any entirely free from really misleading errors. He had been made aware of this difficulty when the selection of pictures for the Family Bible was made, in which he had taken so considerable a part. At another time he had observed that there seemed to him to be error in appealing strongly to mere human feelings of pity and sympathy, in dwelling, as some devout writers, especially of foreign lands, have done, on the bodily sufferings of our blessed Lord. It is not to these that the apostles seek chiefly to direct our thoughts, but to His humiliation and His agony of spirit, which we must believe to have far outweighed the *bodily* pains of His Passion.

The danger which my dear uncle had apprehended was mercifully averted, and he was able to devote himself with full vigour to the business of Homerton church, and to his usual interests and occupations, during the spring of 1847.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

The famine in Ireland and Scotland.—Measures of relief, and communications with Bishop Low and with an Irish clergyman.—Consecration of St. Barnabas' Church, Homerton.—Recollections of conversation.—Illness and death of Archbishop Howley.—Consecration of South Hackney Church.—Newly discovered letters and writings of Jeremy Taylor.—Joshua Watson's long and severe illness.—Opinion on the right of authority to claim submission.—The Gorham Judgment.

EARLY in 1847 the sufferings of the poor in Ireland and in part of Scotland from famine and disease were calling loudly on England for sympathy and help. It may be well supposed that my uncle's willing liberality was ready to meet the call; but he was characteristically anxious not only that the utmost should be done, but that it should be done in the best way. As in his exertions for the German sufferers in 1814 and 1815, he was very desirous that, according to apostolic practice, the Church should be the treasury of the poor, and wished that the funds now collected for the relief of the sufferers should be placed in the hands of the clergy of the famine-stricken districts.

The following letter, which has already appeared in the Memoir of Bishop Low, bears witness to this principle, which indeed he acted on through life:—

"*Feb.* 23, 1847.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"I venture to trouble you with the enclosed, to add to any offerings which other friends may have put into your hands to help towards the relief of the distressed poor in your Lordship's diocese. I should be ashamed of tendering so little help in so great a necessity, but that one knows how little ofttimes helps, and that at the present time so large a share of one's attention is drawn off to the still more awful destitution of the Irish sufferers. You have this trouble, my dear Bishop, from a conviction that you will kindly excuse it, under a feeling that although a Churchman's alms should not be restrained to the relief of Churchmen's needs, they ought, wherever it is practicable, to be passed through a Churchman's hands. I have the honour to be, with unfeigned esteem and respect, my dear Bishop,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,
"JOSHUA WATSON."

To this letter Bishop Low replied:—

"MY DEAR EXCELLENT SIR,

"Thank God, the Robert Nelsons are not extinct, I am favoured with your very gratifying letter, as all your letters are, and have also received your handsome donation of £25 towards the relief of the destitute members of the Church in my very extensive and interesting diocese. In their name and my own I present our united thanks, and as you will have their blessing, so you have mine."

Of the strong interest felt by my uncle in the trials of the Irish clergy at this time, and of the manner in which his counsel was sought and his active sympathy relied upon by those most concerned, the following letter gives evidence, while it also bears witness to some points in the Irish Primate's character, which he loved to hold up to admiration. It was written by a clergyman of Irish family, then resident in England; he had called at Clapton and found my uncle absent.

"My object was," he wrote, "to talk with you on a matter regarding which I had a conversation on Friday with the Archbishop of Armagh, and promised his Grace to see you and confer with you. The question is now beginning to assume a truly serious aspect, What is to become of the clergy in Ireland. Those who have private property may weather out the storm; but what is to become of the rest one cannot imagine. They have been spending everything they could lay hands on to save their poor people. And now the storm is falling on themselves, the landlords getting no rent, and unable, those who are willing, to pay the tithe-rent charge. And then the new poor-rate is so heavy, that in some parishes it will sweep away one-half of the tithe, and in several, I fear from what I have learned, the whole. The Archbishop of Armagh is really perplexed; every day brings him many letters from clergymen in the greatest distress; curates who had tried to get on by borrowing money, on whom executions are now laid to recover what they have no means to repay. The difficulty is that it is a very delicate matter to bring before the public. I told the Archbishop I would see you and consult with you whether you thought you could advise anything in the way of a private subscription. He said he would be obliged to me to do so, and that his name may be used; that he would give his sanction to the plan, and a subscription. I said I thought it hardly fair to expect him to do that, but that his name and countenance would be desirable. If you think anything can be done, will you write him a line? you know what a heart and hand he has; but there must be some limit, and now, I know, he is not receiving any of his rents. My notion would be that if anything could quietly be raised, it should be placed at his disposal, though I said nothing of that sort to him. However, all this I merely suggest for your consideration, as on any such question I should feel implicit reliance on your judgment."

Full well did the writer of this letter know the truth of the labours and sufferings of the uncomplaining Irish clergy. His own brother was at this very time making exertions and sacrifices in his famine-stricken parish with a "devoted earnestness" to which his diocesan bore strong testimony when, after the lapse of a few years, his own health and that of his wife proved to have been irrecoverably undermined by anxiety and privation, and his children became candidates for our orphan asylums. These children had a share in my dear uncle's thoughts during his last illness, and one of his very latest gifts was towards a fund for their benefit. Perhaps therefore a few particulars respecting the labours of this zealous man may not be out of place here. "Tell all the good you can," was always a maxim of my uncle's. In March his brother gave the following report:—

"The plan he pursues with regard to sowing the poor people's ground with corn, is to hire them to dig, drain, and sow their own little plots for themselves. He pays them not in money, but food; and he supplies them with seed-corn, taking in every case their note of hand for the price of seed, to be paid at the end of harvest, if he shall choose to demand payment. They are most grateful for this, as, instead of consuming on their own food almost all the wages given by Government, which are so very small, they have the Indian meal which he gives them dressed in their own cabins, and eat it hot and comfortable along with their families at home; he says that the contrast between their looks and those of the road-labourers is remarkable."

A short time after this my uncle received an interesting letter from the devoted clergyman himself, thanking him for a donation of £10 towards the establishment of the fifth school in his parish, and detailing some of the difficulties and opposition which had beset, but had not been able to hinder, his gallant labours. Some of the animating thoughts which such an example must inspire seem to be well expressed in the following rough draft of a letter which my uncle wrote in answer to a friend who, after many years of unremitting toil in his sacred calling, had confessed some sense of weariness and longing for retirement.

"None can deny your title to repose: A., B., and C." (naming the spheres of his correspondent's labours) "have amply earned for you all that you could wish for of ease and relief. *But*—a sad *but* indeed—if Atlas wants rest under his burden, where is now the Hercules to relieve him? I remember a Nonconformist, commenting on David's wish, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove,' asks, whether it would not have better become him to pray for the neck and shoulders of the ox to bear the yoke and burden of the Lord? Now certainly I have no thought of applying this rough teaching of the Puritan to you, who have shewn both the strength and patience of the labouring animal; but for your present support and encouragement I cannot help adding what the good Archbishop [Howley] said to a friend[d] who sought leave to retire from action, having run out his threescore years and ten, alleging that it could scarce be right to die in harness. 'True, not in the world's harness,' was the answer: 'but can a man fall better than in his Master's service? And who, being harnessed, would be like the children of Ephraim, and turn back in the day of battle?'"

My uncle's own time and thoughts were very fully and actively employed this spring with business connected with several important interests of the Church at home and abroad. The charter for the new Missionary College at Canterbury, the patent for Bishop Broughton's metropolitancy, and his usual care for the Church Societies, were all subjects of anxious attention, and of much correspondence with Archdeacon Harrison.

"I was grieved," he wrote, "to learn the dependence of the S.P.G. upon its Committee of Finance. Be assured that if we make any other use of such committees than to excite our friends to action, they will be our ruin. The economists have never done good in any generation, at least never where, in any work for the honour of God and His Church, they have opposed themselves to the children of faith."

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[d] Joshua Watson himself.

He was in correspondence with the Bishop-elect of Newcastle, and had the happiness of knowing that he had been instrumental in bringing about the close union of counsels which afterwards subsisted between him and Bishop Broughton.

He had before pointed out the importance of naming new sees from the cities, not from the countries where they are established. "I hope," he wrote in 1845, "that Chapman will be Bishop of Colombo, not of Ceylon; for see, the enemy who keeps up with, or rather outruns us, in the episcopal race, is let in in every case; Archbishop of Sydney, Bishop of Hobart-town," &c.

He had for some years been anxiously watching over the course of an unhappy boy, a runaway from home and friends, who had a distant claim of family connection; he had made repeated efforts to restore him to Christian society, and to give him every chance of amendment under kind and watchful care; a short gleam of better hope had been hailed by my uncle with glad thankfulness, but it was soon overclouded with sorrowful disappointment.

> "What can be said or done," he wrote to me, "in the matter of my sad enclosure? Humanly speaking, one would say the case is hopeless; but I have told his aunt we have no right to *despair* of one another. Whilst a merciful God gives life, He bids us hope. He does not continue our being merely that we may fill up the measure of our iniquities, and He the vials of His wrath. No opportunity of repentance, we may be sure, is afforded in mockery even of the vilest sinner. I have entreated his friends to pursue their inquiries after the wretched lad, and *never* to give him up [e]."

Another chance was given him, in emigration under favourable auspices, but the result was never known to my uncle.

On the 29th of July, 1847, the church of St. Barnabas, Homerton, was consecrated. Throughout all his labours for this object, my uncle loved to consider himself as only the executor of his brother's last wishes; and it was on the anniversary of our father's death that we received his congratulations on the completion of some needlework which he chose to consider as the finishing stroke, knowing the gratification it would be to us to feel it such. "May you all be permitted," he wrote, "long to joy in the success of this labour of love, for indeed it promises well for the fulfilment of all our Christian hopes."

We were all assembled for the day of consecration, and after the service there was a large gathering of friends at Clapton: the kind Bishop of London joined us, and spoke himself and drew from others words which went to the hearts of all who had known and loved the late Rector of Hackney; nor could some expressions of heartfelt love and respect be withheld when the Bishop spoke of the surviving brother. I wish I could preserve my dear uncle's few and touching words to Mrs. Snaith, whose eightieth birthday was kept this day. On the following Sunday we accompanied him to the new church, where the Holy Communion, of which notice had been given on the day of consecration, was administered for the first time, and shared his thankful rejoicing in the accomplishment of his long and patiently-cherished purpose.

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[e] A similar case has been related in the seventh chapter of this Memoir.

About a month later he came to us as usual, apparently in very comfortable health and spirits, and quite ready for conversation. A friend who was with us led him to speak of what are called the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, alleging the common objections that are made against them. He justified them, and pointed out that the condemnation is declared only against apostates, those who do not "*keep* whole and undefiled the faith once delivered;" not ruling the case of untaught unbelievers. But when we were alone, he acknowledged that he had felt it to be unlike the general tone of our service, and could have almost wished that it should be reserved for special occasions, or for the clergy only; but he would not risk the consequences of making any change.

It was a principle with him carefully to avoid the using of any text of Scripture to inculcate anything, however good and true in itself, except the lesson which it is, to the best of our knowledge, *designed* to teach.

I sought his counsel for another friend about the study of unfulfilled prophecy. He said he thought we should read it only to cultivate awe and humility, not to search into its application; he thought that the fact of such research having led so many wise and good men into error and fanaticism, was a strong indication against it. The Jews erred not through neglect of their prophetic books, but through carnal misunderstanding of them. Immediate inspiration was needful to unfold their meaning even to the Apostles in the midst of their actual fulfilment.

As to the attempts to calculate times and seasons, he thought our Lord's own words were conclusive against them[f]. A few days afterwards he found and read to us a good lecture on this subject by Archbishop Whately, an unwonted authority with him.

When Mr. and Mrs. Norris came to us for their usual short visit in the autumn, the two old friends were as full of vigour in conversation and enjoyment of each other's company as ever. They spoke of sinecures: both regretted that the Archbishop had lost his options; my uncle observed that it was as monstrous to assert that there should be no sinecures in the Church, as that there should be no pensions in the State. They talked of the Ecclesiastical Commission: it was shewn that some of the commissioners had been actuated by higher motives than are commonly imputed to them. For instance, the Bishop of London knew that the increasing value of land in London must ere long render the income of the see so great that it could scarcely escape the cupidity of those in power; and by providing that the surplus should go permanently into Church funds, he averted secular spoliation. A similar motive had partly induced Bishop Van Mildert to endow Durham University out of episcopal and capitular funds, but in this case there was no diversion from the purpose of the founder, since a clause in the foundation declared education for the ministry to have been one of the objects originally contemplated.

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[f] St. Matt. xxiv. 36; Acts i. 7.

On the last evening of the visit our two dear uncles spent some little time privately together; when they rejoined us, it was easy to perceive from a few words they uttered, and the overflowing kindness of their manner, that they had been exciting one another to thankfulness for all the mercies bestowed upon their old age.

Shortly after this, we received tidings of the death of an excellent clergyman in Yorkshire, leaving a large young family under nine years of age: my uncle said it was one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, that a person on whom so much depended should be taken away in the prime of life, while he, useless and unneeded, was left to his seventy-seventh year.

He observed one day that the unmarked way in which years pass in old age, might help us to receive and understand that description of the opening of eternity, "that time should be no longer." He quoted a saying which he thought very true, that the term of our own existence is our only apprehension of time, and that it is thus that a month in childhood seems so much longer than it does afterwards.

One Sunday in November we had been reading Bishop Taylor's Sermon "On doing God's Work Deceitfully:" he was resting afterwards in his arm-chair, and hearing a sigh, I went up to him, and asked if he was weary? "No." "Sorry?" "Yes." The intelligence of the death of the Archbishop of York had come in the morning, and I guessed his thoughts were upon that: but he said, "No; for 'doing work deceitfully:' you have been stinging me."

We spoke of the trial of perplexity of duty, as apparently an innocent infirmity, and yet one which our Great Example could not share. He said that it would cease in proportion to our growth in wisdom and goodness; and drew a distinction between perplexity as to duty and in matters of judgment.

A very interesting letter was sent him to read, from the British Consul at Jerusalem, once a national schoolboy in Baldwin's Gardens, addressed to his old master, Mr. Johnson. At the time when my uncle was in the habit of constantly visiting this school, thrice a week and nearly always on Sundays, he had noticed this boy, and introduced him to Lord Clarendon. He then told us of another boy, "whom we sent to Cambridge," and who, after being employed in education in a Scotch diocese, returned to London to seek Holy Orders, and was so well prepared that the Bishop broke through his rule, of admitting none beyond a certain age, in his favour.

My uncle said that he had never witnessed a more interesting scene than that in the schoolroom of Baldwin's Gardens the first few Sundays after Mr. Johnson had obtained the Bishop's leave to have service there. Children raked almost out of the kennel were before him, ranged in order and decency, and joining with apparent devotion in the service. The eagerness with which he told this made us reproach him playfully for not having more sympathy than he had sometimes seemed to shew with the modern Ragged Schools. "I do not know but that I have," was his reply; "I have tried much to get satisfactory information about them, but in vain. They had their origin, perhaps, rather with those whose object was to produce an effect."

The same evening he brought out a packet of our grandfather's letters for us to read to him. The abiding warmth and reverence of his filial love were very remarkable.

A little note written to Clapton about this time begins thus characteristically:—

"DEAREST ELIZABETH,

"I would apologize for my cuckoo note of thankye, thankye, thankye, but that one has been assured by the best authorities that the note of the cuckoo is in itself the most perfect of animal sounds; and so, as I know you love the song of the birds, I shall persevere in repeating my single and simple strain, until you shall please to discontinue your calls for it. And when this shall be, perhaps you can tell better than I, for I cannot guess."

Shortly after, he wrote again, in a graver tone of deep thankfulness and gratitude "for all the solace, as undeserved as unexpected, of the last six years of his widowed life," while yet owning his sometimes painful sense of increasing weakness.

"I am truly overwhelmed," he wrote, "by the weight of to-day's and yesterday's posts. Some agreeable, but all, alas! troublesome (at least to your poor broken-down uncle) letters, requiring sadly considerate replies. MSS. and pamphlets all calling for opinions; the tale of bricks not diminished, straw not at hand, and stubble only to be gathered in the land."

"This morning," he wrote to Mr. Norris, who had complained of being almost overwhelmed with correspondence and applications of the same sort, "left twenty letters and three papers at the Lodge; and how many of them for your poor broken-down friend I leave you to guess."

It was indeed a time of much labour and anxiety to both the old friends, and both were, as Mr. Norris expressed it, "pining for a little sweet counsel together," on the subjects which filled their minds with grave fears. Disappointment in some of whose power and will to uphold the Church's interests they had entertained good hopes, grief at the course of public events affecting those interests, and apprehensions for the cause of religious education, for which both had laboured and striven so much, all weighed heavily on their minds; but though at times oppressed and almost overborne, thankfulness and cheerful trust seemed ever to prevail. With regard to the National Society, in the course of many conversations on the subject of the changes which he deplored, as secularizing what he held to be a sacred thing, I never remember to have heard one word from my dear uncle that seemed to betray personal regret or wounded feeling for the disappointments which arose in a scheme which had been so much his own.

Before he left us this winter, he had been busying himself, with his usual minute thoughtfulness, in various little acts of kindness and affection, interesting himself in every detail as if his mind had been entirely disengaged from other cares. The last few evenings, especially, he was very cheerful and tenderly kind, as thankful for the loss of a loose tooth as many would be for far greater comforts, and repeating again and again his thankful acknowledgments of the blessings he enjoyed. "His was a singular lot," he said, "to have all care taken from him."

During the month of January the health of Archbishop Howley was visibly giving way, and towards the end of it he was very ill, though with fluctuations of improvement which kept up hope. Archdeacon Harrison had kindly written frequent reports, while the illness continued, to my uncle, well knowing the love and respect with which he regarded the Primate, and how truly he would sympathize in all the alternations of affectionate hope and fear which those nearest the sick bed were feeling, and which were finally set at rest on Feb. 11, 1848, by the Archbishop's peaceful death. The following letter brought the intelligence to my uncle a few hours after the event:—

"My dear Mr. Watson,

"Your affectionate reverence for the Archbishop makes you to be of the number of those to whom a special messenger must be sent, to tell you that which you will hardly be otherwise than prepared to hear, that he who has so filled all our thoughts and cares is now beyond the reach of all earthly thoughts and cares, entered, as we assuredly and blessedly hope, into his long and earnestly-desired rest. He breathed his last breath this morning at about ten minutes after two. He had been sleeping quietly for some hours, and awoke only about half an hour before the time when he ceased to breathe. He is sleeping now, indeed, as Holy Writ teaches us to speak of death, with the same calm expression on his countenance which marked it so strikingly in life. Ever, my dear Mr. Watson, (and now not least,)

"Your faithful and affectionate,
"Benj. Harrison."

This event could not but be deeply felt by my uncle, who, warmly as he had for many years personally loved and honoured the Archbishop, now mourned his removal from the helm no less on public than on private grounds. He delighted to dwell on the many instances which were known to him, which illustrated the beauty of his revered friend's character, especially in points wherein he thought that justice was seldom done him even by those who were willing to acknowledge his private excellence. I remember his relating how on one occasion, when there was reason to fear a most calamitous nomination for a vacant bishopric, the Archbishop had told him that he had fully made up his mind, if such nomination were made, to refuse to consecrate. He would sooner sacrifice fortune, office, and even life.

The delightful portrait of the Primate's character, which was so faithfully and affectionately drawn by Archdeacon Harrison in his next Charge, was studied by my uncle with very great interest and satisfaction; he was also much gratified by the very general expression of public feeling, which, he said, "was as satisfying as could, perhaps, in this worldly world be looked for."

"I return," he wrote in July, "the Earl of Aberdeen's letter, which I have read more than once with increasing pleasure. To us, indeed, the testimony was not wanting; but we might be partial, and glad, therefore, one would have been if it could have been made a pendant to the Charge. For to the world the witness of one who, having seen so much of it, came under no such suspicion, and yet could only say that after forty years of intimate acquaintance he had found less of human infirmity in the Archbishop than in any man, without exception, he had ever known, would perhaps have told more even than the congregated evidence of varied excellence, which, I think with Lord Aberdeen, the Charge has brought out with nice discrimination."

Two or three years later, when the possibility of producing in due time a worthy Memoir of Archbishop Howley was discussed, he enquired what means remained of bringing forward the testimony of the Archbishop's own correspondence, official and non-official.

> "Upon this, after all," he said, "one must depend for a due appreciation of the character; for it is not what can be said of him, but what has been said by him, that can enable the reader to understand the exquisitely beautiful traits which lay so open to those who lived with him."

My uncle had heard him deliver at St. Paul's a sermon which he thought the most beautiful to which he had ever listened. Sir John Richardson, who was by his side, turned to him and said, "Joshua, I had no idea that man could be half so eloquent; he not only believes what he says himself, but it seems as if he would be unhappy if every one of his hearers does not believe it also."

In April, 1848,—a time of some public apprehension owing to the mutterings of sedition at home, which threatened London with a monster Chartist demonstration, in too much sympathy with the revolutionary outbreaks on the Continent,—my uncle was at Clapton, and wrote to report to us the happy results of the great Duke's wise measures of prevention.

> "I have just been favoured with a visit from the energetic old man of Grove-street," he told us; "in the kindness of his heart, having just received from an eye-witness some slight information of the present tranquillity of the town, he posted up through the dirt and darkness to impart the welcome intelligence to the recesses of Clapton-corner."

In the July following, the new church of South Hackney was consecrated, and we were all assembled to witness it. This was indeed an occasion of deep interest to all who loved "the energetic old man," as his friend aptly called him; seeming at once the crown and completion, and almost the monument, of his long pastoral labours. On the following Sunday he preached most impressively on 2 Cor. xi. 2, the very text which he had taken when beginning his ministrations at South Hackney thirty-eight years before. He also administered the Holy Communion.

In August a plan was made and carried out for a visit to Malvern on account of my mother's health; my uncle entered heartily into it, delighting in the opportunity it afforded him of being our host, and providing everything for our comfort and pleasure. He seemed greatly to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, especially in a long drive we took one day round by Mathon and the west side of the hills. One day we made a memorable ascent of the Sugar-loaf hill, four septuagenarians, my dear mother and her two sisters, as well as my uncle, being of the party.

During this visit to Malvern he exerted himself to enliven us with his cheerful and varied conversation, as well as by the spirit of enjoyment which he threw into everything that was done or planned, as if he had been the youngest of us all. He told a curious story of Thurlow and Horsley, tracing Horsley's preferment to an apparently trivial accident. Thurlow, starting from a friend's house for a solitary journey, when in the carriage asked for a book to amuse him; his host, hastily seeking what might serve the turn, laid his hand on Horsley's Letters to Priestley, which chanced to be on the table, and threw them to the Chancellor. The minds of Thurlow and Horsley were of a kindred stamp, and Horsley's fortunes were made.

We were reading "Southey's Life of Wesley;" it appeared that Southey's communication to the Archbishop of the overtures made through him by the Yorkshire Methodists, was sent to my uncle; but he did not think it afforded real hope of permanent union.

He laughed at the recollection of what he called Bishop Blomfield's inability to keep back a sharp and witty word, though he would utter it in no unkindness. As an instance of what he meant, he told how he had once pointed out to the Bishop a certain person present possessed of more beauty than brains, as "he with the head of Antinous." "You should say *Anti-nous*," was the quick whispered answer.

He was at this time in treaty for the purchase of the old house at Homerton, opposite the church, in which his parents had lived. It was not in itself a good bargain, but he felt strongly tempted to buy it, that he might dedicate it to Church uses as a thank-offering for all the blessings which had sprung out of his father's residence in it, his own and his brother's connection with Hackney parish, and with the families of Sikes, Powell, and Norris.

"My dearest Elizabeth," he wrote, when the treaty was completed, "you must not in your great kindness for me scold about this encumbering myself with an old house at more than seventy-seven. You must call to mind that from this old house, humanly speaking, all I have ever known, or now know, of worldly happiness proceeds; and when circumstances brought it within my reach, it seemed impossible not to try to make it help to express my gratitude by its return of good to its own neighbourhood. Without it, what should I have known of Tryon's Place, Hackney Rectory, Grove-street, &c.?"

He told us that in "the Master's" copy of "Hele's Offices" there was this memorandum: "Four best books of devotion; this, Bishop Cosin's, Bishop Andrewes', and Archbishop Laud's."

We asked him whether a passage in the Oxford Tracts' translation of Andrewes, "making mention of the *all-holy*, undefiled, and more than blessed Mary," &c., was a true representation of the Bishop's meaning? He said that Bishop Andrewes had only retained the very words of the ancient Greek Liturgies, which his reverent and devotional spirit would shrink from rejecting; but that the translator had exaggerated the expression in his rendering[g].

When Mr. and Mrs. Norris were with us for a few days in October, I remember the old friends on one happy evening sitting together at a little table, at first full of mirthfulness and fun, but afterwards falling into grave and earnest talk. They spoke together of priestly absolution, and the meaning of the Church's three forms. Mr. Norris said he thought the priest's part was, as on the day of atonement, bringing his own sins and the sins of the people in a posture of humiliation: he said he could only venture to use the form of Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick by remembering our Lord's provision for human inability: "If the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; but if not, it shall turn to you again."

Mr. Norris read to us during this visit Wordsworth's Hulsean Lectures on the Canon of Scripture. They were much to his satisfaction, especially the seventh, which he said was "q. e. d."

My uncle was talking of composition, and quoted Bishop Copleston, who welcomed as valuable praise the remark that "his words were in their right places," as a point of even more importance than the best choice of the words themselves. He told us of another maxim which he greatly approved: "If a word is in itself the best word for your purpose, do not take another merely to avoid repetition."

He and H. T. Powell had agreed before this that there should be three rules for written controversy, which would tend greatly to clear away apparent differences. The parties should agree upon a glossary of terms. They should not write anonymously. And remembering that they write for opponents, they should seek so to write that not even single sentences should be justly liable to misconstruction.

Queen Charlotte was mentioned, and my uncle was always glad of an opportunity to speak good of her. He said it was utterly false to accuse her of stinginess; that she had four almoners, all bound to the strictest secresy, and that she was in the habit of giving away so largely through them that she sometimes left herself unable to pay a due regard to the outward discharge of duties becoming her position. He told another anecdote of her: one of her ladies had been importunate in requesting her to receive back a person of blemished fame who had been banished from the court, and pressed for a reply which she might communicate to her friend. "Tell her," was the Queen's dignified answer, "tell her that you durst not ask me."

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[g] See Angl. Cath. edition, p. 140.

A little hesitation of my mother's in taking her place at table one day, drew from him a graceful story of the Empress Catherine of Russia. She was, I think, entertaining a party of savans, and an eminent philosopher who was blind, coming in, was at a loss where to seat himself. The Empress, observing his embarrassment, said with happy tact, "Asseyez-vous où vous voulez, Monsieur; ce sera toujours la première place."

In a quiet Sunday talk shortly before he left us this winter, he spoke of his growing disinclination to enter into discussion on subjects of deepest importance in our faith, especially on any points connected with the mystery of the Divine nature. He would rather not assert even the plainest inference or deduction from the words of Holy Scripture, but would cling simply to the words themselves. At another time I found him with St. John vi. before him, and he pointed out our Lord's plain declarations of His eternal Sonship, and yet how unbroken the mystery remains. "That is the reason," he said, "I do not like to read books 'On the Incarnation;' I feel now that I *cannot* doubt the doctrine, and I think that is full faith."

He thought there was always danger in trying to prove too much, and said that he dared not risk the simplicity and firmness of his faith by studying human reasons, and proofs, and explanations with which he might be dissatisfied. He had closely studied the Athanasian Creed with the help of Waterland, but it was at an age when one likes to enquire, rather than to rest in results, and even then he had done so rather in order to be able to meet the doubts of others than to establish his own faith, which had been long before implanted in him by his Catechism; and advancing years only led him more and more to trust that earliest guide, though he might sometimes wish that it contained a plainer declaration of the office and orders of the Church. It was a frequent observation of his that it is to be expected that the trials of our *faith* should be as many and as searching as those to which our *wills* are subjected. And after dwelling on our inability to comprehend even faintly that word 'eternity,' which is on all our tongues, he said, "I confess I could scarcely rest my faith on any system which was level to our understanding; for I should suspect that if man could comprehend, man might also have invented, it."

He had been much interested by the discovery which enabled my brother-in-law to prove that the suspicions which he and my uncle had both entertained for many years concerning the authorship of a treatise called "Contemplations on the State of Man," included by Heber among Taylor's Works, were fully justified. An old translation by Molyneux of a Spanish treatise of Nieremberg was now brought to light, from which it was evident that the "Contemplations" had been manufactured, as was shewn in my brother-in-law's pamphlet[h].

Very soon after this, a most valuable Letter by Jeremy Taylor, containing a catalogue of theological books for the use of a student in divinity, which had been preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, was published in the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal[i].

"Taylor's exhumation," wrote my uncle to Canon Wordsworth, Jan. 5, 1849, "is most seasonable. Churton is quite grateful for such a turn-up, confirming him in his wrath against Heber's unwise depreciation of Andrewes, Laud, and others. By the way, is not the catalogue in itself curious? Well might our good old King say, 'There were giants in those days!' for nothing less than a giant's maw and a giant's digestion could master such a meal for breakfast. What would Jeremy's full fare have been? Must we not wish that Todd's industry may disinter some more of such remains? And may we not set Bishop Taylor's unqualified eulogium of Episcopius against the suspected eulogia of Limborch and Le Clerc?

"I rejoice," the letter continued, "in the accession of Lord John Thynne to S. P. G. counsels. He will, I apprehend, be ever on the right side, and so bring considerable weight to their views. I hope you did not fail to gladden him with Bishop Gray's account of Archdeacon Merriman's exertions. He has nobly redeemed all Lord John's promises and predictions concerning him."

On Easter Monday he wrote with happy thankfulness to tell us of a visit from the clergyman of Homerton, who had been able to report, he said,—

"with much ministerial joy, of eighty-five communicants yesterday. He rightly considers this a proof of an established congregation. I hope, my very dear Mary, you will like this as well as I do. Indeed I am sure you will, for I have just been saying to Elizabeth how much more blest than I can tell, in the identity of feeling and principle, is her and your loving uncle, "J. W."

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[h] "A Letter to Joshua Watson, Esq., D.C.L., containing an account of a singular literary fraud practised on the memory of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. By Edw. Churton, M.A." 1848.

[i] It may be found in a note at p. lxxxviii. of the first volume of Taylor's Works, Eden's edition.

In August he returned to Daventry, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Norris, and a party of younger relations, assembled to aid in giving him a glad welcome; peculiarly genial weather helped also to make this summer gathering a very delightful one. The first three days after his return were marked by a Confirmation, the re-opening of a neighbouring church, and a small parochial meeting for the Society for Propagating the Gospel and the Additional Curates' Fund, in all of which my uncle was able to take his full share of active interest.

When we were again alone, we read with him a review of Eliot Warburton's "Prince Rupert." The reviewer seemed to object to Warburton's view of the kingly power apart from the Church's consecration. My uncle observed that the divine right of kings is sealed and sanctioned by the Church, but not derived from it.

He liked to tell of the devout humility which appeared in the young Queen's behaviour at her coronation, and of the beautiful feeling and piety which Archbishop Howley had seen in her, when she received from him the first intelligence that she was Queen. On the same authority, he spoke of King William's deathbed: "There was faith, and there was repentance, and there was charity," were the Archbishop's words.

He was much engaged this autumn in considering the catalogue of his books, of which he was anxious to make as good a distribution as possible, and to do it himself, in order to spare his executors the labour. It was a work of toil and time, comprising as it did several objects,—Bishop Broughton's intended Theological College at Sydney, St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and the library of the medical students at St. Bartholomew's, besides individual clergymen and many private friends, among whom his own grandsons and godchildren were foremost in his care. When we came to the title of L'Estrange's "Josephus," which is now gone to St. Augustine's, he mentioned that it had been his companion at school, he thought when he was eight years old, and that he used to read it by the light of a wax taper purchased by himself, lights not being provided in the schoolroom for play-hours.

He told us about Dr. Nott's translation of the English Prayer-book into Italian, and his wish to have it adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. My uncle, who was then Treasurer, had hesitated, because in one or two expressions he thought the Church's meaning was not correctly represented, and because, though the book was printed in Italy, the title-page was to be struck off in England and marked "Londra," and he doubted whether this were not a "pious fraud."

He was considering a sermon in which the safety of persons remaining in the Roman Communion was by implication declared to be almost impossible. This, he said, he would not only refuse to affirm, he would entirely deny: there had been too many great and holy men within her pale to make such an assertion tenable. This was very different from believing, as he did, that those who desert to Rome are in great danger. "The faithful watchman must," he continued, "cry aloud and spare not, to stay the flock from straying; but it requires very great discretion so to cry as not to make a harsh and uncharitable sound in their ears."

I once asked him what his opinion was about private members of our Church going to Romish places of worship. He said that if there were no other service within reach, the question would be a difficult one, and he did not rule it; but if it were only as a matter of interest or of curiosity, he should not be himself disposed to go, for the following reasons. He would not go to the House of God in any spirit of curiosity or prying; neither would he by joining in the service, as he could not but do were he present, give his implied sanction, however unimportant, to a ritual in which he knew there was so much that was wrong, but which was yet sincerely performed by those around him. He would not put himself in a situation in which he would have to stop short, as it were, in the midst of an address to God, and sit in judgment on it.

He was speaking of education, disliking the "high-pressure system," and deprecating the use of stimulants; he said the effect of excitement was bad intellectually and morally, preventing the slow and strong growth of principles, and causing the minds of children to run up weak and puny, like forced plants, unfit to bring forth fruit in due season.

He told us that his early boyish reading had been wholly unguided and unchecked; but he would not give any opinion as to whether it had been a safe experiment, such as might be tried on others. He thought it might be true as a matter of fact that persons of the greatest powers and soundest views had generally ranged most widely in their early reading; and as to such a case as one we had in view, where there was certainly genius, and where sound principles had been rooted in, he said, he would keep a rein, but would let it be long and loose.

During the closing months of 1849 he was disabled by severe illness, spasmodic asthma, accompanied with sciatica, originating I believe from an unfortunate exposure to draught in a hot and crowded room when giving his vote for a good officer in the Northampton Infirmary. As the sciatica increased, we could see that his temperament was acutely sensitive to pain, though his patience was unconquerable, and indeed was almost lost to sight in the loving thankfulness which so gratefully welcomed every alleviation, and acknowledged every little service that was rendered to him. He spoke more than once of the positive pleasure of the intervals of ease,—"They are so wonderfully refreshing." We tried to make him forbear his "cuckoo note" of thanks, his cough being so easily excited that even a word cost him much suffering; so then he chose to have a sign instead, holding up his fingers. One night when he had allowed me to be his chaplain, he said, "You *must* let me thank you for such services as that." "Well then," I replied, "you must take thanks from me too." "I will take *anything* from your hands," was his whispered answer. And when his niece at Clapton thanked him in a note for some kind thought for her during his illness, he said, "Would you have me think of nothing? I must think for others if I think at all; I have no need to think for myself in anything." It always seemed to be an enjoyment to him in seasons of weakness and pain to have the Scriptures read aloud to him, he found the voice so great a help in this and devotional exercises. When he began to try to read alone again, the weakness made him unable to fix his attention, and he mourned over the readiness with which the mind was drawn away by a little inconvenience or thought of action. It had been the aim of his life, he said, to acquire a habit of meditation, but his life had been so busy, that he had always had to lament the intrusion of thoughts of action, what was doing, or what ought to be done.

He noticed one day how both warning and encouragement are conveyed in the words, "Enter ye in at the strait gate;" the necessity of striving, and the difficulty; yet the openness to all, till the door be shut at the last.

We came to the words, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" he said this always seemed to him one of the *most* gracious declarations, even transcending in loving-kindness all promises of mercy, and offering the most prevailing motives to repentance.

Of Jeremy Taylor, whom he always made his constant companion, he observed, that besides the substantial food for heart and mind which he supplied, there was also in his writings entertainment of the richest kind for fancy and imagination, so that he could turn to his pages for play as well as for study and devotion. In one of our readings, however, we came to an expression he thought not quite guarded, approaching to regarding suffering as expiatory; he observed that there was comfort for a desponding soul, even in the greatest afflictions, in the consideration that since no suffering of ours here can possibly satisfy divine justice, there must be great reason to hope that it is merciful chastisement.

He said also that in listening to the blessed promises of the Gospel, he felt that he must pause and ask himself, To whom are they made? And the answer must ever temper hope with fear.

When I went to him in the morning, his greetings were generally cheerful, and often playful; but one day he was obliged to own that the pain had made him very restless and wakeful the first part of the night, it seemed so impossible to find an easy posture. "So then," he continued, "I said, 'I will lie still,' and went to sleep."

His pain and languor increased again, and with them, it really seemed, his thankfulness. No little movement for his ease, however trifling, could escape his grateful notice; once, when his suffering drew from me an expression of regret, he said, "Why should a man complain? a sinner for the punishment of his sins?" And another time, "It is far best it should be so," he said, "except for others."

On the 12th of December I accompanied him to Clapton; his carriage was made thoroughly warm, and he was carried down into it; the journey was accomplished without any harm. Again our Scriptural reading led him into quiet talk. It grieved him when, as by some writers is done, the love and mercy of God the Father in the work of redemption are obscured or forgotten, in the vain notion of thereby exalting the love and mercy of God the Son; representing the Father as a Being of stern justice alone, and attributing, as it were, different characters to the divine Persons: the "comfortable words" adopted into our Communion Service are alone sufficient to correct this error.

He used often to express his strong conviction that when in the institution of the Lord's Supper the Apostles heard the words, "THIS *is My Body*," they were to them the solution of a long-pondered mystery, the explanation of their Master's previous teaching in St. John vi.; and he would point out the parallel between our Lord's proceeding in this instance and in His institution of Baptism after the discourse to Nicodemus; first declaring the doctrine, and afterwards ordaining the Sacrament.

He observed that most of the Romish errors might be traced to an origin in natural and innocent feelings. The doctrine of purgatory may be considered as springing from a sense of the unfitness of even the holiest men for God's presence, and might be forgiven, if it were not for the frightful consequences which have proceeded from it, the impious traffic, and the meddling with what man must "let alone for ever."

But yet most of all could he have sympathy with them in their prayers for the dead. It is difficult to refrain from going as far as Dr. Johnson, and saying "so far as may be lawful," when one thinks of one's own failures of duty towards the departed, the omissions or commissions, when one might have helped them onward. But he repeatedly said that the practice of praying for the dead could not be defended, much less enjoined. It could only be the strong wish and yearning that we know not how to express, that we may hope they may be forgiven. There is comfort, he said, in the thought that those who are removed from us may witness the anxious desire to make amends for those offences towards them which we hoped to have had opportunity to retrieve. But he would not venture to teach that the departed pray for us individually, lest it might seem to ascribe to them something of divine omniscience. The Church Triumphant may pray for the victory of the Church Militant, even as the Church Militant prays for the final consummation of the Church Triumphant.

But, after all, the best and surest way in which we may keep up communion with the departed is in sharing with them our daily sacrifice of praise. "Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy." "O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

In reading 1 Pet. iii. 15, he said he thought the sense was, "Be ready with meekness and fear to give an answer," &c.; i.e. exhorting to preparedness rather than to promptness. "What prudent man," he would ask, "does not fear lest his unskilful handling of Divine things should damage them in the eyes of others?"

Before the close of this year I left him at Clapton; his recovery was very gradual, and it was not until the following spring that he became quite free from sciatica. He was, however, able to take his usual interest in the affairs of the Societies; and though he could no longer attend the meetings, yet when difficulties arose, he was still chamber-counsel to all his friends, and both in conversation and correspondence endeavoured to help and advise those who applied to him. In every case that concerned the constitution and government of the Church Societies, he was most anxious to preserve the principle of loyalty to episcopal authority, however much the acts of individual bishops in particular instances might be regretted.

A friend asked for his judgment on an argument which had been drawn out somewhat to this effect,—That a judge forfeits his claim to submission if he ceases to judge according to law; Charles Leslie and other high authorities being quoted in confirmation of the opinion.

"To this argument, ably and clearly as it is put, I should have objected," my uncle said, "that the principle of Bracton and Leslie, how good soever in abstract, would practically, four times out of five, erect the subject of authority into the judge of its lawful or unlawful exercise in the particular instance. And Leslie perhaps saw this, when he made his question to the sheriff to be the turning-point of his decision, 'Sir, have you qualified according to the law?' resting the judgment upon a mere matter of fact: and only refusing to receive his claim to the office by virtue of the sovereign's appointment, answering to that plea, that the sovereign's will could not be certainly known, save when it declared itself by the mouth of the law. Such I believe to have been the real state of the case; and if so, why then I in no wise perhaps exceed the constitutional toryism of Charles Leslie; and with this I am content, eschewing, as I heartily do, extreme cases in argument, as they will always provide for themselves."

In the controversy on baptismal regeneration, which was agitating the Church about this time, my uncle had the happiness of finding all his most immediate connections and friends in entire concord with himself and with one another. Of the judgment in the case of Mr. Gorham he wrote,—

"I cannot bring myself to take part in the *émeute*, or join with the unions in their clamour for an ecclesiastical convention, however constituted. . . . . . There is no new heresy to condemn, and all sound doctrine has been long since established, as we ourselves assert, past controversy, in our publicly-received Liturgy and Articles."

His view of the judgment was that it in no sense involved the Church in any definition of her doctrine, but that it merely testified to the fact that scope is allowed for different opinions and interpretations of her formularies.

"For my own part," he wrote, "I am almost ready to say that I accept the Bishop of London's refusal to concur in the decree as a set-off against the whole sentence. It will do as much good, *à mon avis*, at least, as the judgment can do harm."

In a letter which he dictated to Canon Wordsworth, he expressed a high opinion of a Charge on Baptismal Regeneration by Archdeacon Pott, pointing out his strong testimony to the value of Bishop Bethell's treatise, but referring to the recorded judgment of the two last Archbishops of Canterbury on the same point of doctrine as of still more important value:—

"When an attack was made," he said, "upon the S.P.C.K. about its tracts on baptismal regeneration, and there was a special committee appointed, the late Archbishop, as Bishop of London, was its chairman and mouth-piece, and his report was adopted at a very full meeting, at which Archbishop Manners-Sutton presided, (this not being an usual thing with him, shewed his sense of the importance of the occasion); Bishop Van Mildert also was on the committee. This Report ought to be found in the minutes of the S.P.C.K., but it may be feared that there is no one now in the office who is likely to know of it. It must probably have been more than thirty years ago, soon after the publication of Mant's Bampton Lectures. About that time the blunder which had crept in without authority into the list of collects at the end of Nelson's Festivals and Fasts, calling the Christmas collect 'For Regeneration,' was detected, and the words, 'For Renovation,' were substituted. We have just seen that in the Society's edition of 1848 the old error has been restored, it is to be hoped without any manner of authority."

"To your enquiry about silence," he wrote to Archdeacon Harrison, "I should answer, Speak where a fair and good occasion for speaking offers; but I am not ready to say, Speak for fear only that your silence should be taken for acquiescence."

And soon after, in returning the proof-sheets of his friend's Charge,—

"Verily," he wrote, "I have only to thank you for having afforded me so early an opportunity of perusing them. The use of Ridley and Cranmer is admirable; and many, I think, will be grateful to you for your harmony of the Apostles on the point of regeneration."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Advancing old age.—Thoughts of approaching death.—Conversation.—Church Unions.—Private charity.—Recollections of Mr. Hansard.—Death of Bishop Inglis, and of H. H. Norris.—"Life of Bishop Ken."—Dr. S. W. Warneford's gifts.—New Clergy Orphan School at Canterbury.—North aisle of Homerton Church—Duke of Wellington's death.—Anecdotes of him.—Visit of Bishop Broughton: his death.—Bishop Selwyn.—Resignation of the Treasurership of the Additional Curates' Society.—Recollections of the last autumn of Joshua Watson's life.—His illness and death.

ASCENSION-DAY in 1850 fell on my dear uncle's birth-day, May 9, as in the year when he was born. He was able to keep it by his first attendance at church after more than six months' imprisonment. The Holy Communion was administered on this festival in six churches in Hackney, the revival having been begun in the mother church by my father at the close of his ministry. A few weeks later my uncle was able to spend two days in London, meeting many old friends, and seeking to stir up auxiliaries for Bishop Tyrrell of Newcastle; he then joined us at Tunbridge Wells, where we hoped that a short sojourn might complete his recovery. He was in excellent spirits, and seemed in much-improved health and vigour; but the following little note to Canon Wordsworth shews what was the tenor of his own thoughts about himself:—

"*Rose-hill, Tunbridge Wells,*
Eve of St. Barnabas, 1850.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I sorrow that we part so far asunder without a personal farewell[k]. For I have many warnings of the little probability there is that we shall ever meet again *as* we should have met last week; but *Fiat voluntas Dei*. If, contrary to reasonable expectation, and the feelings for some time past of almost daily lessening powers of body and mind, they (body and mind) should last out till your return, I trust the interval may be blessed to each of us according to our several necessities, which He alone knoweth, who alone is mighty, through His mercy and His Son's merits, for their relief."

Rose-hill was filled with a large gathering of the family, which he seemed thoroughly to enjoy; and while considering it as probably almost a closing scene of his life, he shewed in many characteristic ways that he looked upon it as a time of unusual family blessing, for which he was devoutly thankful. He took the kindest interest in the children of the party, seeming bent on giving them every pleasure and advantage the place could afford, and, as was his wont, endearing himself to their hearts and memories for life. Before the end of June I returned with him to Clapton, where we paused a little while before our journey to Daventry. One evening Mr. Ernest Hawkins, whom he used to call "the best servant the S.P.G. ever had," came to spend an evening with him, and many good stories were told of bountiful almsgiving, such as my uncle always delighted in making known,—of Bishop Bethell, for instance, who habitually gave thirteen per cent. of his income to the great Church Societies; of Bishop Blomfield, who, as they said, "gave to everything," and who, when my uncle thanked him for his continual exertions in behalf of the Clergy Orphan School, replied, "Bless you, no thanks; I do not know how much my children may be indebted to it." Camberwell parish was reported to send up £500 yearly to the S.P.G. My uncle told of a Yorkshire clergyman, Hamond Roberson, who, many years ago, after laboriously toiling in tuition, devoted his hard-won gains to build one of the first free churches, serving it himself, acting also as schoolmaster, and training some pupils to become teachers. He said he ranked him next to good Mr. Lathbury.

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[k] The Wordsworths were bound for Rydal Mount.

The feeling that he was probably doing everything for the last time was very strongly upon him still, and when he left his Clapton home for Daventry, his heart was, in his own words, "very, very full. It has yet had no vent," he wrote to the niece he had just left, "and it cannot find it *now;* but it will have its course ere long."

We began to perceive that his power and inclination to join in general conversation were lessened, though in talking with him alone there was no failure of his ready interest, and the clearness of his mind and memory seemed perfectly undimmed, so that, excepting slightly increased deafness, *we* never felt the signs of advancing decay of which he appeared so feelingly aware in himself. A little visit from Canon Wordsworth gave him great pleasure, and he was fully able to enjoy the society of his friend. The following striking words from a letter of the poet Wordsworth were read to us by his nephew:—

> "The best test of an end being good is in the purity of the means which, by the laws of God and of our nature, must be employed to attain it. Even the interests of eternity are distorted when viewed through the medium of wrong means."

My uncle was often consulted on the subject of Church Unions; several of his friends had been inclined to favour their formation, in hopes of their serving as rallying-points in dangerous times: but from the first he had expressed his fears that they were likely to become mere ecclesiastical clubs or cliques, and that a narrow and factious temper would be fostered by them. "They are a sort of machine," he said, "that cannot stand still. Our friends give their names, and then stand aloof; and while they do so, the engine gains force and impetus, and when they desire to use and control it, they will find it unmanageable." Mr. Norris, who had at one time joined the Unions, now fully confirmed his friend's opinion: "I have long since ceased," he wrote, "to attend Union meetings: but now there is no shadow even of a forlorn hope for their being a rallying-point under any emergency."

One day, when we had been sorrowing over the tidings of some fresh defections to Rome, my uncle pointed out to us the force which the last verses of 1 Cor. x. and the first verse of the following chapter gain by being taken together. "Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God: even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved. Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." He said he thought the lesson thus brought out a very useful one in these days. Going one's own way, reckless of others, has been a snare to many. Speaking of the application sometimes made of late of the maxim, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, he said, "I cannot help thinking that when made a rule of invariable action, it will be often found a real sacrifice of the end to the means; if not sometimes also a greater indulgence of mere temper and disposition than the parties are themselves at all aware of."

It must not be supposed that this is by any means a complete record of the ways in which my dear uncle was still endeavouring to do good. He was at this time engaged in many and various works of kindness and charity, of which it is not now possible to give a full account. For instance, he was trying to save a young man, a far-off cousin, from ruin. He sent him between £200 and £300, having reason to hope that it would be the means of enabling him to pursue an honourable employment. Another petitioner had proved so unworthy that he had felt obliged to desire that he would write no more: but he seemed very uneasy until he could feel at liberty to relieve him through another hand, not that he doubted the justice of his prohibition, but "because," he said to me, "one cannot say one's morning and evening prayer without feeling what it would be if the same measure were dealt to us." Once, a year or two later, I gained another glimpse into the history of his private charities. He was destroying a great number of old letters, having been always in the habit of preserving them with the most careful arrangement and precision: in helping him at this work, one could not refrain from trying to elicit reminiscences of the past, and he was very kind in answering enquiries, though he said it was hard to tell stories of the past, "for one only remembers the matters in which oneself was concerned, and then it is impossible not to talk about oneself." Yet he contrived to make what he told do honour to others, especially to John Reeves, Wyndham, and Alderman Wood, who were all associated with him in the charge of an orphan family committed to them by a dying clergyman. Literally hundreds of these letters referred to cases of charity in which he had been engaged. With regard to one or two of these, in which I knew that he had been led by the claims of hereditary friendship and distant relationship to expend both time and money largely without any apparent good result, I asked whether he would hesitate to do the same again in similar cases. "No," he answered decidedly, "not with the same inducements." "He who will never be content to stumble," he said, when some gift had failed of its purpose, "must stand or sit still. Many mistakes are made from the fear of being wrong."

He said, however, that the result of his experience was to make him rarely hope to see a man refrain from getting into debt again after the penalty had been once incurred. It almost seemed that, the barrier once past, the descent was easier.

We were reading with him Southey's Life and Correspondence, in which he was greatly interested; often was he reminded by the letters of circumstances long past, public events, and incidents in his own life. The accounts of Southey's little son Herbert brought to mind his own little firstborn, Joshua, who died in 1802; it seemed hardly possible to believe that this child's term of life was but three years, so much was crowded into his father's recollections of him: indeed, the love and tenderness with which his memory was cherished were as fresh as if the loss had but just occurred.

Another evening, the book led him to speak of the principle of punishment. He thought that *retributive* justice must be for God alone to exercise. Man must only punish in obedience to the divine law, and in self-preservation, that is, in preservation of the well-being of society. He remembered talking over this view of the subject with Lord Sidmouth, who, "*like Owen*," said the matter had never been made so clear to him before. This "*like Owen*" was a playful allusion to an unlucky speech of mine a few days before, when he had told us a story of Robert Owen's consulting him about one of his schemes of political economy. My uncle had said to him, "You do not want to take people's property from them; you only desire to make it of so little value that it should be worth nobody's while to have it." To which Owen replied, "You are the only man who has understood my plan." Not having learnt to place any great faith in Owen, I chanced to say that I wondered to how many people Owen had said the same thing. This struck my uncle as so provokingly true that it drew upon me a burst of merry wrath, and I was not permitted to hear the last of it for some time.

He gave us a most pleasing sketch of the character of a good man, whom he had known many years before, Mr. Hansard, printer to the House of Commons, a resident in St. Giles' parish, the doer of everything good in it while it was neglected, and afterwards the clergyman's right hand. It was his habit to have all the apprentices in his large and flourishing business living in his house, and on Sunday evenings he used to instruct them himself. He was a man of most unfeigned humility, seeming heartily to believe every one better than himself. He always used a little 'i' in his letters, not at all out of ignorance or conceit, as the Speaker bore witness, but out of a true genuine feeling. In the same temper, having once occasion to visit my uncle during an illness, he exclaimed, wonderingly, "You in bed, and I going about my business!"

It was in the autumn of 1850 that the last two of my dear uncle's band of coeval friends were removed by death. Bishop Inglis died near the end of October, and within a month Mr. Norris was seized with paralysis, from which he never recovered. His last letter to my uncle related to his visit to the dying bed of the excellent Bishop, whom they had both known and loved so well; it closed with these words:—

> "I am really overdone; and there is such a pressure of claims all rushing together upon me, that I fear I shall break down before I have discharged them all; and the times are such that I cannot bear to shrink from any as at present."

The rest which he would not take while any power to work for his Lord remained, was nearer than he thought.

There is something in this last letter very characteristic of what he was—the zealous, unselfish Churchman, the ever-ready, ever-welcome friend in sickness and sorrow. "I know not," my uncle once said of him, "the man I would rather have near me in any time of trouble." On the 28th of November the two old friends met once more; my uncle wrote to tell me of his visit to Grove-street, which was one of much comfort to both, and it seemed by no means certain at the time that further intercourse would not be possible. That very night, however, a second stroke took away all hope of recovery; and he remained insensible, in a tranquil sort of sleep, until the following Wednesday, Dec. 4, when he gently breathed his last. On that same day my uncle wrote to Canon Wordsworth:—

> "MY VERY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,
>
> "I believe you have heard already that this morning all our anticipations with regard to Grove-street fears and hopes have had their full accomplishment. Soon after nine, my old and dear friend, the very oldest and of the dearest of my surviving friends, 'good Mr. Norris,' as our Bishop calls him in his last letter, ceased to breathe, without suffering and without a struggle. . . . In him we have lost one of the soundest, staunchest, of the sons of our Church, and I a friend with whom sweet counsel has been taken for more than half a century. He is the last of the knot of which your dear and honoured father, and the excellent Van Mildert were the most honoured members. *Sit anima mea cum illis.* Pray for this, my dearest friend, on behalf of
>
> "Yours ever most affectionately and faithfully,
>
> "JOSHUA WATSON."

To Archdeacon Harrison he also wrote in the same strain:—

"I can say nothing but what you feel and know," were his words. "Our departed friend was the last link of, to me, an almost golden chain, by which I had been bound for more than half a century. For full that period we have taken sweet counsel together, and I do not know that I can call to mind a single point of difference even in opinion, much less in principle or practice. I bless God that I have been permitted, after the direction of a yet earlier friend, 'to keep my friendships in repair,' and that in a degree for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful; but still, there must be a void which cannot be filled up on this side of the grave. Let me therefore have your prayers, my dear friend, that the long-suspended call may find me, whenever it is made, watching and waiting, and not unprepared for the summons which must very soon meet

"Yours faithfully and affectionately,

"JOSHUA WATSON."

Two days after the funeral, which he was urgently dissuaded from attending, he wrote to me:—

"The tribute of reverent affection in most, and of respectful regard in others, seems to have been offered in all sincerity on Thursday, and the public and private debt to your dear uncle's memory most dutifully paid. That I was not permitted to join will long be a pain and grief to me, notwithstanding all the fresh evidences it has brought forth of love and affection, of which I wish I was half as worthy as I am grateful for them. I can only repeat the evening Good-night;—*God bless you all, and thank you.*"

In March, 1851, he wrote sadly to tell us that Archdeacon Manning and Mr. James Hope had made "the fatal plunge." For Manning he had expressed shortly before a really distressing solicitude:—

"I will wait and pray for him for his own sake, and for the sake of the many whom his fall would be especially likely to draw down after him. He is by general consent in himself one of the most loveable of men; and his sermons have, I know, prepared a host of earnest young hearts, male and female, to follow his lead whithersoever it may carry them; and although he has never seemed to me a *satisfactory* teacher, his hold upon them and their affections is hardly to be shaken."

Over Mr. James Hope he mourned sorrowfully; he had felt, and often expressed, for him a very warm regard.

"He was to me," he said, "one of the most interesting persons it has ever been my lot to fall in with."

In May, 1851, having now completed his eightieth year, he actually visited the Great Exhibition, and came back resolved that we and other friends at a distance should go there too.

I thought him looking well when I saw him next, and he was able to go himself to Whitefriars about a stained-glass window which he was intending to send down for the church at Bromfield, in Cumberland, the place where his father went to school. Soon afterwards he came to Daventry, and certainly shewed no diminished powers of enjoyment, full of thankful pleasure in the beauty of the summer, in gathering his nieces about him, and talking quietly to us of past and present, of sorrow and thanksgiving; happy himself and making all around him happy too.

Having been asked one or two hypothetical questions as to what *would* be right under circumstances which some thought to be near at hand, he said that he had a strong objection to abstract questions in matters of conscience, or to forestalling difficulties which *might* indeed be coming, but which *might* also be averted. And as to impending troubles for the Church, her sons must indeed seek to prepare and fortify their minds so as not to be confounded in the perilous times which they know must be, but not by contemplating this or that particular form of danger which they imagine to be threatening, and fostering despondency and alarm in themselves and others. The "way to escape" is promised "*with* the temptation," we must not expect to be always able to discern either the danger or the escape beforehand.

Another day, when a morning visitor, himself a very peaceful man, chanced to say at the close of a talk about the troubles and schemes of the day, "I suppose something must be done," my uncle, half-laughing, asked him whether he had not noticed how the mischief had, all along, come from that cry: "Men join together, meet and talk, and then '*must do something*,' and the most rash and violent are always the foremost in settling what the 'something' shall be."

About the end of July he received a little visit from the Rev. J. B. Sweet, who came to talk over a plan for an Insurance Fund for superannuated clergymen, an object which, together with some provision for dilapidations, he had especially desired to see effected. He recommended its being attached to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

We were reading the Life of Bishop Ken, by a Layman, which often led my uncle into interesting talk. He had early in life imbibed a strong sympathy with the Non-jurors, and their history was always an interesting subject with him. But he used to point out as a warning to the zealous and uncompromising of the present day, how the so-called "carrying out of a principle" had borne away the later Non-jurors far from their first starting-point, so as to lose their catholicity and become at last a mere schism. They took up what they thought primitive practices, and erecting them into essentials, condemned the Church of England for not adopting them, and ended by renouncing the Book of Common Prayer. He admired the spirit in which Bishop Ken said that "*in multitudine peccantium*" he found a reason for a charitable relaxing of canonical strictness.

A packet of letters and journals from New Zealand came to us this autumn. In everything relating to this missionary diocese my uncle took the warmest interest, and especially in everything that personally concerned the Bishop and his wife, who for her father's sake, the dear and honoured friend of his youth, as well as for her own, was always regarded by him with something of parental affection. "Many thanks," he wrote to me in the spring of this year, in return for one of the letters, "to my very dear niece for her early transmission of this delightful epistle. It is a happy evidence of unchangeable temper, and makes it impossible not to be a sharer in all its present joys and hopeful anticipations for the future. Which may a gracious God in mercy bless!"

And when these fresh despatches came, he listened to all with eager interest. "They make one feel ashamed," he said, "of one's own idle life;" and almost tearfully he spoke of the pleasure it would be to him to embrace his old friend's daughter once again, though with little expectation that the wish could be realized[1].

He was much engaged about this time in correspondence with the munificent Dr. Warneford, who sought his counsel as to the direction of some of his princely acts of bounty and charity. His gifts of £1,000 to Bishop Broughton's collegiate establishments, of £2,000 to the S.P.C.K., of £2,000 to the S.P.G., of £5,000 to the Additional Curates' Fund, of £5,000 to King's College, London, and, lastly, of £10,000 to the Clergy Orphan School, were all made about this time. I never can forget my dear uncle's look of thankful delight when he put into my hands the letter which announced the noble-minded giver's intention to place this last sum at his discretion. He lay awake most of the night planning for the benefit of the Clergy Orphans, and thinking how much he had personally to be thankful for, in the share he was permitted to have in bringing about the good work. He had just been wondering, he said, and asking himself what good he was doing, and now this seemed to give an answer, and "almost made him feel as though his last year were not given in vain." Certainly he spared no pains to secure the utmost possible good from his friend's bounty by diligent consideration, deliberate counsel, and laborious correspondence. To the very close of his life, the undertaking in behalf of the Clergy Orphans, begun in consequence of Dr. Warneford's promised donation, to which the same munificent benefactor afterwards added the beautiful site on which the new Boys' School is built, was the object of my uncle's unremitting care, and occupied some of his very last earthly thoughts. As was his wont, his first aim was to induce the bishops to take the lead, "as in a work especially pressing upon the members and ministers of the Church:" but he felt the duty to be yet more incumbent on the wealthy Christian laity; and among other efforts to incite them to take up the cause of "the children of the prophets," as he called them, he printed and widely dispersed a sermon of Bishop Sherlock's, "On the Measures of Christian Charity," in the hope that it might predispose its readers to meet heartily and liberally the coming appeal. His own donation to the new building fund was £500. A large proportion of Dr. Warneford's £10,000 was appropriated to the foundation of scholarships to enable the Clergy Orphan School to retain its more promising pupils to complete their education.

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[1] It was in one of these letters that Mrs. Selwyn, after telling of her husband's return to her at St. John's College, Auckland, with the unexpected accompaniment of ten Island-children for her to welcome and to provide with board and lodging, merrily observed, "It is better to be making beds than difficulties:" words worthy to become a household proverb.

He allowed himself little or no respite from business; letters crowded in upon him, and though with increasing difficulty and fatigue, he neglected no means that remained to him of using his experience or influence in behalf of the objects for which he had lived and laboured so long.

One letter which he received spoke of the pleasure there must have been in working the Church Societies in his younger days, contrasted with the endless splittings and heart-burnings now. "It certainly was so," he said: "because one could keep all together as one." After he had left us and returned to Clapton, he wrote feelingly of his own increasing infirmities, "thankful indeed," in his own words, "for every remaining portion of strength of body or of mind, but seriously conscious that in each the only abiding *vis* is the *vis inertiæ*."

In March he wrote to make me share his delight in a passage of Jeremy Taylor:—

"Are you," he asked, "in a course of 'Readings for Lent' selected by Miss Sewell from Jeremy Taylor? If not, turn to vol. v. (Heber's edition,) p. 70, and say if you ever met with anything in verse or rhyme more beautifully imaginative than the illustration of the skylark? The added thought of the poor bird's having learnt music and motion from the passing ministry of an angel, added when one might have supposed the figure to have done all its work, make it to my feeling one of the richest flights of fancy I could call to mind; surpassing even your poet's 'music of the eye.'"

This is an allusion to the lines on Airey-Force Valley, which the poet Wordsworth sent in a letter to my uncle after accompanying him and his daughter to the spot which suggested them[m].

He was engaged throughout the spring of 1852 in building a north aisle to Homerton Church. Preparation had been made for this in the original plans, and the congregation had increased so rapidly, that the addition was required much sooner than had been expected. It was a great pleasure to my uncle to be thus enabled to see the work really completed, and to have the opportunity of making several minor improvements which had suggested themselves since the consecration. On the 1st of August it was re-opened, a most happy day to all, though he himself shrank from the excitement, and went as usual to the parish church, where it was the Communion Sunday. The weather was very sultry, and he was much enfeebled by it: in walking home from church with me one day, he said, "he had been musing on the Psalmist's description of old age—'labour and sorrow;' most true it was that everything now was *labour* to him, but as to *sorrow*, why, that was all taken from him." Soon after this, I mentioned to him the opinion of Waterton which my brother-in-law thought probably true, that the "sparrow" in Ps. cii. was the "solitary thrush," a bird whose habit is to sing "alone upon the house-top." This led him to speak of the character of David, and to say that most likely it was his devotional spirit which made him "the man after God's own heart." And then he observed how David's fall had been turned to the good of the Church in all ages: "for what would his penitential psalms, comparatively speaking, be to us, if we did not *know* him to have felt and prayed them for himself?"

After he returned to Daventry it seemed to me, in our morning walks round the garden, as if his great enjoyment of the beauties of earth and air was ever increasing. The clouds especially he was never weary of watching, pointing out their changeful beauty of form and hue. One day he said, "I have been thinking, after all, rose colour is a very beautiful colour, and it must be good to look at things through it." He often observed that the wonders of the microscope were even greater than those of the telescope, and liked to dwell on the remark that is frequently made on the difference between the works of God and man,—in that the perfection of the one and the imperfection of the other are more seen the more they are searched into. He gave a different turn to this thought another day, finding comfort and encouragement in the marvels of the microscope. "But for the little things, the minute insects, &c., which Divine Wisdom has, if we may so speak, thought it worth while to create, how could we dare to think that all our little ways and actions were in His sight and under His care?"

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[m] See Chap. XVII.

On Sept. 16 the intelligence of the Duke of Wellington's death reached us. My uncle and Mr. George Crawley, who was our guest at the time, had much interesting conversation about his life and character. A very good article in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Journal" which appeared soon afterwards drew out more recollections and remarks from my uncle. He especially valued some proofs which were given of the great Duke's increasing piety, shewing that we were not vainly idolizing a mere hero and conqueror. He used to tell of what he had heard from one who visited him in Spain, of his self-denying care for the comfort of his men, of his painful sense of the impatient and unjust complaints made in England against him, although he steadily resisted the temptation to be provoked thereby into premature action. Lord Sidmouth told him that when the Duke was a member of the Cabinet, the other ministers were wont to set aside any knotty point of debate with a "Leave that till Wellington comes."

Another story, illustrating the depth of feeling which always belongs to true grandeur of soul, but which is but little appreciated by those who think of Wellington merely as "the Iron Duke," my uncle told on the authority of Lord Mount Edgecumbe. Sir Charles Brook went to the Duke's tent immediately after the battle of Waterloo, intending to offer his glad congratulations. He found the General leaning on the table, with his face buried in his hands, and tears upon his cheek: and the answer to Sir Charles's greeting was, "Well, I hope I have done some good; I hope some good has been done; but now I can only think of the brave friends I have lost." "And how do you think *I* felt?" [Sir Charles had said to Lord Mount Edgecumbe:] "As if I belonged to an inferior race of beings!"

My uncle used to be rather fond of telling of the answer which a French refugee nobleman, who had been Napoleon Bonaparte's schoolfellow at Brienne, made to his enquiry as to the degree of talent which the future conqueror had shewn. "He was not what *we* call 'profond,' but what *you* call 'deep.'"

One evening about this time he mentioned that George IV.

when Prince Regent had refused to alter any of the Royal Household during his father's illness, in order that if the King should recover, he might find all unchanged, as though he had been only asleep.

We were a large family party when he told this, and one of my cousins was in the act of leaving the room, but he playfully insisted on her staying to hear this, for "he loved," he said, "to tell good of those who had none to speak well of them." One of my mother's sisters, a most kind and charitable old lady, who was present, said, "I shall claim you then as my champion, Mr. Watson." "Ma'am," he replied, "I will never tell good of *you;* some people's acts say enough."

I remember that he was moved to tears in repeating the following little story of delicate kindness in one who has a name for roughness of character. An officer's widow came to consult Abernethy, who only advised her to go and reside by the sea. "Will nothing else do?" she asked anxiously, for so expensive a remedy was utterly out of her reach. "Nothing," he replied. So she went away. Abernethy wrote off to Brighton and engaged a house in his own name; then wrote to her saying that there was a house at Brighton just then empty, and asking whether under the circumstances she would object to take charge of it for a time. It was not till long after that she discovered that he had taken it for her use.

There were several instances this autumn in his correspondence of his happy power of softening refusals and of heightening kindnesses by his manner of writing. One old acquaintance whose request for aid he had been compelled to decline, because of the pressure of other claims, said in answer, that he had contrived to say "No" so as to give more pleasure than "Yes" would have afforded from most people.

It was in December, 1852, that Bishop Broughton's short visit to my uncle, already referred to, took place. He seemed in great vigour, both of body and mind, in most cheerful spirits, full of anecdote and animated talk. Among other things, he told us of his visit to the gold diggings at Bathurst, where he had spent a fortnight, and set up a temporary church, which he hoped would last seven years. He said the view of the diggings, seen from the hill above by the light of the early sun, was really beautiful; the tents which from that distance at least *looked* white, stretching along the banks of the river for fifteen miles. He used to go down to the diggings twice every day, and found much kindness and good feeling there, and but little harm except gambling. There were three rough steep places on his path, where, in spite of his lameness, he preferred trusting to his feet.

One morning he found the first of these nicely levelled: next day he came upon a man busy with spade and pick-axe at the second: not liking to assume, though half suspecting, that it was done for him, he asked what he was about; and was told that they did not like to see him going down those rough ways every morning.

He spoke most warmly of Bishop Tyrrell, saying of him that "he worked as hard as his brother of New Zealand;" adding merrily, "but I think I could get through as much work as either of them, even now!"

The good Bishop's work on earth was, however, all but ended, for in two months from this time he was gone to his rest. My uncle felt very deeply the greatness of this loss, and spoke of the disappointment as well as sorrow which it caused, but dwelt also on the blessedness of such a "dying in harness," and of the Bishop's being called away, like Nelson, in the hour of his highest honour.

On Jan. 4, 1853, I travelled with my uncle to Clapton, after a very happy Christmas in which he had taken his full part both at Church and at home. Our Scripture reading as usual led him into thoughtful observations. He said he thought the word "sin" in Gen. iv. 7 undoubtedly meant "sin-offering:" and that the verse thus understood contained a most beautiful and touching expostulation. If Cain had done well, he would be accepted; but if he were conscious of failing and infirmity, he need not turn away in despair; let him offer Abel's sacrifice with Abel's faith and humility, and he would be heard. Thus was the forgiveness of sins declared in the first history of transgression after the Fall.

Before I left him he spoke again of his consciousness of failing powers, his *strengthlessness*, as he called it, of mind and body, which he seemed anxious to make us aware of; though these talks generally ended with some expression of his loving thankfulness for the mercy which had put it into the hearts of all to be "so kind" to him.

We were with him again in the course of the spring, spending some very happy hours with him on his birthday, and on Whit-Monday driving with him to the Forest; the pleasure he always took in watching scenes of holiday enjoyment was very characteristic. On this occasion he was full of interest and amusement in the groups of Whitsuntide merry-makers, and seeing one solitary rambler, he cried out that "he could not abide to see any one alone on such a day."

He was attending to Clergy Orphan School business with his usual diligent care, and at a meeting at St. John's Wood was so full of vigour and zeal, that it was said "he seemed to have more young blood in him than any other member of the committee."

He also, as in former years, attended the Examination of the Clergy Orphans on the 20th of June.

A few weeks later he was again in Northamptonshire. It so happened that we had several opportunities of seeing him with children and young people, in whose society he always seemed especially happy, and whom I think he never failed to delight in no common degree. One of those whom he used to call "his pets," wrote to me after his death:—

"I only knew dear Mr. Watson a very little, yet it was the greatest treat to me to see him, and more especially when (as he almost always did) he spoke kindly to me. I wish he could ever have known half the pleasure he gave to at least *one* child in that way."

It was in this autumn that Bishop Short of Adelaide came to Daventry for a few days. My uncle was fully able to enjoy his intercourse with Bishop Short, and had a great deal of interesting talk with him.

"The Adelaide party," he wrote to his niece at Clapton, "have been so pleasant, and so pleased with their visit, that it is only just now that the Bishop has called to bid us farewell. He speaks most cheeringly of his own diocesan affairs, in which he seems to think that, as the State will do nothing, literally nothing, for the Church in his province, the Church will do more for herself. He speaks highly, as we know they deserve, of our friends Allwood and Walsh, as well as of his brothers of New Zealand and Newcastle."

At the opening of the new year, 1854, he thus expressed to the same beloved niece his habitual sense of gratitude for all the blessings and comforts of his old age:—

"It is impossible to look back on the year past without a heart full of thankfulness to the great Giver of all good for its undeserved mercies, and of great gratitude to those dear ones who have been the willing instruments in His hand to fill up the measure."

And again, a day or two later, after most affectionate thanks for a note just received:—

"To it I can only answer in the words of the dear 'Fragment at Home[n],' which if you can remember, you cannot fail to apply in all their force to yourself and your kind partner here, for your inexpressibly affectionate care of one who, whatever you may both say, can make *no* return to either but in prayers for each, which in sad Christian sincerity he feels he dares not hope can avail much, though unfailingly offered day and night for every blessing, spiritual and temporal, to you both. But I thank God, that if I can make no return, you have, for that very reason, the promise of a better recompense, St. Luke xiv. 13. And to that I may gratefully leave you and her especially, albeit other kind friends may come in, on this sure principle, in their several proportions, for a share of the reward. You must forgive this. It is, as I have said, a relief to acknowledge obligations when one cannot discharge them; and it has its excuse, I am sure, in the provocation that you have just now given."

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[n] The lines written by his wife when she returned home at the beginning of her last illness. See Chap. XIV.

He was deliberating on the best means of turning to permanently good account a sum of £1,000 which Dr. Warneford had placed at his disposal for the benefit of the Australian Church. He proposed to found with it a Broughton scholarship in the late Bishop's new College at Sydney. A friend suggested that it should be for a professorship, saying, "There is a rage for scholarships just now." But my uncle replied in half-playful earnest, "Don't *you* set yourself against a thing merely because there is a rage for it. You are not old enough for that yet."

We were at this time watching with much apprehension and sorrow the progress of the lingering illness of a near relation, the Rev. H. T. Powell of Stretton, an anxiety which my uncle most heartily shared, feeling the value of his life both to his family and parish.

"Stretton, alas! lingers on," he wrote, "but without hope of restoration. Perhaps I ought not to have said 'alas!' for much is the stay amongst them doing for all about him. Useful as his life has been, his long dying, from all I hear, has better uses still. May a good God bless it fully to the survivors!"

On the death of another excellent man, Mr. Frere, with whom he had had a friendly acquaintance for many years, he wrote to Canon Wordsworth:—

"Though I may not condole with you on the peaceful release, I do most sincerely sympathise with you and dear S—— in all your personal feelings on the removal of one so justly dear to you both. To me it is only a short absence from one of my earliest and most valuable acquaintances, if it please a merciful God that I may for our blessed Saviour's sake be admitted into the same blessed mansions, whither in Christian faith we trust that he is gone before. It is to me another knell of parting day, and forces me to ask why I am still cumbering the ground. Pray for me, dear friends, pray for me."

In May he had a severe attack of bronchitis, which weakened him very much, and it was long before he recovered from its effects. When I was next alone with him, after some happy

Sunday reading and talking, his mind seemed to return to very solemn thoughts of death. He spoke of the overpowering awe of the thought of being "in a moment" in the world of spirits. I think, in my dear uncle, anything like a *longing* for death, either from weariness or confidence, was always kept in check by his unfeigned humbleness of heart, as well as by his devout spirit of gratitude, which made him always thankful for every recovery from sickness, and for each year that was granted him for further advance and improvement.

On the 26th of July, 1854, he began his last sojourn with us. The recollections of it are not perhaps such as to interest others greatly, but are most dear to ourselves. While the summer weather lasted we persuaded him to be out with us as much as possible, as the air seemed to keep up his strength. He always enjoyed the little drives, his eye and heart as open as ever to delight in the beauty of sky and trees, and every little pleasure that came in his way. On Sunday evenings he used often to sit in our west bay window, watching the glories of the early autumn sunset, while we read to him from the old books which he loved,—Taylor, Barrow, Donne, or Stanhope. I remember his especial enjoyment of Barrow's Sermon on the "Unsearchableness of God's Judgments."

One Communion-Sunday, as he was coming down the steep path from church, leaning on my arm, he said in his loving earnest tone, "This is the way you stay my downward steps." On these days it often seemed as if his tenderness and grateful affection overflowed even their ordinary bounteous measures. These were indeed most happy seasons. Often, however, now a look of age and infirmity would come over his countenance, especially when, from increasing indistinctness of hearing, he would give up the attempt to listen to the passing conversation of others. His eye too was becoming dim, and he felt the loss of power at times to see distinctly the faces he loved, nor could he read for any length of time. But often when he seemed to be dozing or resting, he was trying to repeat psalms or hymns, or passages of Jeremy Taylor's practical thoughts, or prayers. And he would mourn over the difficulty he found in fixing his thoughts, and take himself to task for idleness and waste of time. He told me how he found the forcing himself to answer the daily questions of self-examination in Hele's Offices to be a very useful check against the growing indolence of old age. It might often seem useless now, yet the knowledge that he should have to answer them at night served to stir up the dying flame, and to make him still strive to do a little. He would even invite one as it were to help him by the actual suggestion of his own habitual thoughts. Now and then a little feeling of anxiety would appear lest there should come a season of failure and infirmity which might be burdensome to us, but it was always quickly lost in thankful trust and humility.

It was in the last week of October that we had the great happiness of welcoming the long-promised visit of our friends from New Zealand, though it shrank into a few hours of the Bishop's company and only two days of his wife's. We had seen them in the spring, soon after their arrival in England, and there had been one or two happy days at Clapton, when my uncle had the joy of welcoming his old friend's daughter according to his wish, and of holding converse with the Bishop on matters deeply interesting to both. But this little meeting at Daventry, including as it did many who had been wont to assemble in their young days in the old homes at Diggeswell and Park-street, and who were now once more gathered together around our dear uncle, he being still as of old a sort of centre of the happiness of the whole party, must always be a cherished recollection to those who took part in it. A few months later Bishop Selwyn wrote thus of the intercourse which had been permitted him with his aged friend, intercourse of which he said publicly that if he had gained nothing else by his visit to England it would have been an ample recompense for the journey:—

> "It is no small happiness to me to have been just in time to see him, and to have enjoyed two long and precious interviews, when the setting sun, though just touching the horizon, was still unclouded, and differing only from its former self in the mellowness of its evening light."

Not long after the departure of these beloved guests, a clergyman, long known to my brother, but comparatively a stranger to my uncle and to us, came one morning to breakfast with us; once before in the preceding year he had spent an evening and part of another day in my uncle's company, yet this scanty intercourse enabled him to draw so true and beautiful a picture, that I cannot refrain from copying it here, though, like Bishop Selwyn's words quoted above, it was not written till after my dear uncle's death:—

> "I shall ever look upon it as one of the privileges for which I am deeply thankful, the opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mr. Joshua Watson within the last year at Daventry. I remember so well, as a lad, case-hardening myself against the name of Joshua Watson, which I was continually hearing quoted as a final authority in all Church-matters, and I pictured to myself a hard, dry, impenetrable man, who had no sympathies beyond a Committee-room in Pall Mall or at Fulham. I certainly long ago learnt to change this opinion of

youthful conceit, but it was a real delight to me to do my inward penance at his own table, and have my former self condemned, and yet, as I felt, at the same time absolved, by his unaffected wisdom and piety, his pleasant and even playful conversation, and the zeal with which he entered into the newest and most advanced Church schemes, without a shade of the dogmatizing of old age, or the assumption of an authority which would have been so readily admitted. He seemed still the helper and sympathizer, indeed rather the listener and learner, encouraging instead of damping new projects. A less set and prejudiced man for one of strong fixed principles I never saw, and it was delightful to see the vigorous life of faith and love as fresh as ever within its wasted tabernacle. Excuse me for running on with what must be commonplace home-truths to you, but it revives in me for a while a blessed memory in which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of indulging."

The days of this November passed by so uneventfully that there is little to record; and yet even at the time I felt sure that I should regret having no account of them; of my dearest uncle's thoughtful kindnesses of word and deed, his loving watchfulness for every occasion of doing good or giving pleasure in countless little ways, of—

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,"

in which he really seemed to abound more and more even to the end.

We were reading "Heartsease," and he often seemed the youngest of the party in the keenness of his interest in the characters, and his never-failing recollection of every circumstance of the story. He was also much pleased with some specimens of a little series of stories called "Buds and Blossoms." One, called "Busy Bees," had power to bring a tear to his eye, while "Hushaby" made it glisten with laughing. Even in his last illness he felt the simple pathos of the "Fisherman's Children."

About this time he resigned his last office as a public servant of the Church, the Treasurership of the Additional Curates' Society, which he and Mr. Benjamin Harrison had held together from the foundation of the Society. The Bishop of London is believed to have drawn up the Resolutions which were recorded on the Society's Minutes, on the occasion of the resignation of its first two Treasurers:—

"Expressing a grateful sense of their unceasing zeal, activity, and liberality in promoting the success of the Society, with the assurance of its earnest prayers to Him whose glory they have laboured to promote, that He may be pleased to remember the good deeds which they have done for His Church and for the offices thereof, and to bless the evening of their long and useful lives with the abundant consolations of His Holy Spirit."

The war with Russia was sometimes a theme of rather melancholy thought with my uncle, who doubted very much whether the clear necessity which he thought could alone justify war, was in this case made out.

"You ask me," he wrote to his niece at Clapton, Dec. 1, 1854, "whether I have yet any 'sympathy about the war?' None yet, dearest Regina, for its abettors; but much, very much for its sufferers; alas, already too large, and too surely a sadly-extending class. From the first I felt it to be a war lacking the only justifiable defence of warfare; resting for its vindication only on a desperately far-sighted view of policy, distrustful utterly of any overruling Providence, which could as easily break the power of a Nicholas as of a Nebuchadnezzar when the proper time should come, without the hateful union of the Crescent and the Cross. . . . Nevertheless I can rejoice with you and your friends on the gallant feats of the 55th, which seems to have had its double share of duty and of danger, achieving much distinction for your Colonel-Cousin."

Bishop Selwyn's heartfelt tribute in his Cambridge Sermons to the memory of Mr. H. J. Rose at this time was reported to my uncle by Mrs. Selwyn, and by him forwarded to Mrs. Rose, who was then in failing health, and who acknowledged her grateful pleasure in the last words she ever addressed to him.

"How many precious sunbeams," she wrote, "have you, my dearest friend, cast on my path, of a similar nature to the present! and yet I cannot remember one brighter than this; and coming at a time when I felt more than usually reduced in health, it was indeed very precious to me. The place, the time, and above all the man, made the whole complete."

She then consulted him about other matters, and some little business of charity, concluding thus:—

"I am asking a world of questions, but what can a poor body do, who is pinned to her sofa all day long, and no one near who can help, but apply to a source that has never yet failed her?

"With much love around you, ever yours affectionately and gratefully,
"A. C. Rose."

She died about Easter in the following spring.

Christmas and the week following found my uncle fully able to take his wonted share in everything: he was most anxious that no one who could possibly expect to be remembered by him should be passed over in his Christmas and New Years' gifts, which were as usual very numerous indeed, and occupied much time and thought beforehand.

He was also much interested in all that concerned the departure of a highly-esteemed friend, who was just now sailing on her mission as one of the nurses for the naval hospital at Therapia.

On New Year's-day he received the Holy Communion in Daventry Church, and on the Sunday following, as it proved, for the last time.

On the 9th of January he bade farewell to the Lodge, and taking me for his companion, set forth on his last journey to Clapton. The weather was extremely mild for the season, and it was not till we had gone some little way that I perceived that an attack of bronchitis was coming on. It advanced rapidly, and he was feverish, and the weakening effect of it was very soon perceptible. Of course we did not talk much, but I watched him sadly and read to him. We sent for our medical friend as soon as we arrived. My uncle was able to dine with us and to talk cheerfully, and was so much his usual self, that this short evening, interrupted by frequent coughing, was enough to delight in no common degree a lady who then saw him for the first time, and who chanced to be staying in the house, so as to shew her in great measure what he was. He retired early, passed a bad night, and the next day was in a very exhausted, and as I thought critical state, being in a sort of stupor very unusual with him. He awoke from it in the evening, and rested in the armchair, but did not attempt to do more. For several days there was little change; he was able to give directions for a letter to Dr. Warneford about the Clergy Orphan School, and to express his wishes about some books which he desired should be sent to a young kinsman just entering upon business in London, for the purpose of making his evenings pleasant to him in lodgings.

On the 15th we told him of Dr. Warneford's death, which had been expected daily for some time. He had felt anxious to be assured that his old friend's death-bed, unattended as it was by any very near relatives, was not wanting in such comforts, especially spiritual comforts, as he could receive: and the account which we now read to him, he said, was quite a comfort.

As the days passed on he seemed often greatly worn and exhausted by the cough, but at other times more comfortable, and frequently expressed with wonted playfulness the loving thanks which repaid every little service. He made a great effort to sign a draft for some charitable uses; and when he relinquished the pen into my hand, for the last time as it proved to be, it was with the characteristic words, "Thank heaven and bless you."

Elizabeth and I shared the nursing, and read with him alternately. One night he asked me to read as "almost devotional" the two last sentences on Prayer in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living." The weather became more severe, and there was an evident increase of his bronchitis on the 22nd; he was very ill, and hardly seemed able to take any notice all the next day; but he asked me to read prayers, and desired to have penitential prayers, and one against the fear of death.

On the 25th he said, "I can't go to Church, I want the Church to come to me." The Rev. George Powell, of Clapton, accordingly visited him on this and the following days; and my uncle expressed his grateful satisfaction in these visits. On the morning of the 27th he seemed worse; but rallied as the day advanced, and the medical man pronounced every symptom improved. About 3 o'clock he said to me, "It is strange that when I am told I am better I should be feeling so much weaker and unable for anything. I wanted to have some more prayers, and some more talk with dear Mary." We agreed that our comfort was that there was now no need of words; we knew what he would say. About an hour afterwards he received his last Communion, with three of his nieces. As soon as we had risen from our knees, I heard him say my name, and when I went to him, he said, "There should be no Sacrament without an oblation; take out two five-pound notes, and give them to Mr. Powell." He was extremely exhausted after this; I think his only words were, "It is an awful thought that it may be the last time on earth." The next day he asked for the "Prayer when there is little hope," in the New Manual. "What can you say to help me?" he said, when I was with him alone: and then described his distress at the constant interruption which the cough and the accidents of his illness caused to his devotional exercises. A paragraph in the "Holy Dying," Chap. iv. 1, 6, on patience in the desires of religion, seemed exactly to the purpose: and he most heartily agreed that in the word "Father" was the real support under that trial: "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of," &c. "Yes," he added, "and He knoweth that we need the chastisement, as well as the relief when it is over." The sense of weariness was very oppressive to him, and he was distresssd when he shewed it. "Forgive me my little impatiences," he said to Elizabeth. On the 29th he grew worse towards evening, so that we thought the end was approaching, and resolved not to leave him. The cough at last subsided, but the breathing became more rapid. We thought he was asleep, and Elizabeth went to rest for a little while. While she was away I pressed him to take some nourishment: then he said, *most* calmly, so calmly that I felt calm too, "I don't want to frighten you; but the time has come when all this does not matter." I called Elizabeth back: his voice was becoming painfully indistinct; he said, "I have not been able for any devotions," and murmured, "Visitation." We read some of the prayers. He seemed to look on either side to be sure that we were both there, and when we each took a hand, he said, "My two comforts." Soon afterwards we made out a word rather eagerly repeated to be "St. John's," and venturing to guess his meaning, I began to repeat, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" from the "Christian Year," knowing it to be a great favourite. He joined me, and when I was omitting a verse, supplied the first words. I went on to his other favourite in the same book, "O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will."

This was in the early morning: the following hours were spent in painful restlessness of body and in rapid incoherent talking, like dreaming aloud; occasionally came words of prayer which we could distinguish: once, "Lord be merciful to me, a chief of sinners," and, "By Thy precious sacrifice." At noon Mr. Powell came, and when he began to pray, our dear uncle's attention was instantly aroused, and he joined with all his wonted fervour and humility, following with his voice in the Lord's Prayer, and in "Lord, lift Thou up," &c., adding his accustomed "Amen, Amen." When some of the "comfortable words" in Ps. xxiii. and St. John xiv., &c., were repeated, he said every word after the minister, in the most touching childlike way. "That where I am, there ye may be also," were thus almost the last words he uttered. After a while he seemed to be in a tranquil sleep, which lasted till, without opening his eyes, or the slightest struggle, the gentle spirit fled. We watched the almost immediate change of expression to peace, I might say to joy, which came over the countenance, and rested there till the eve of his burial-day. There seemed a glow as of health, and the smile seemed full of that sure and certain hope, in which one felt that his part was all the more secure because his humility had kept him back from confidently claiming it too soon. May we not be forgiven, if sometimes as we gazed upon the face, we seemed to read in it also that look of confiding, reposing affection, strong in death as in life, which had so often blest us?

The funeral, which according to his desire was simple and inexpensive, took place on Feb. 7, attended by his nearest relations and most intimate friends, and the Bishops of London and Lichfield. He had given directions for his burial in his last Will, which was dated December, 1846, and began with these words:—

> "In the Name of the holy, blessed, and undivided Trinity: Amen.
>
> "I do, after humbly commending my soul to Almighty God, direct that my body may be interred in the family vault at Hackney, in which lies all that is mortal of my honoured Parents, and beloved Brother, and of her who by God's blessing was for thirty-four years of my life the overflowing channel of His many and great goodnesses to me. To these, therefore, I greatly desire to be gathered in all humility, that as by the blessing of God we all here lived together in perfect affection and Christian love, so we may all, through the atoning efficacy of our Saviour's sacrifice, together have a part in the blessed Resurrection to eternal life."

On the Sunday after his funeral, memorial sermons were preached at Hackney and at Homerton, both of which were published[o]. The respect and love so generally felt for our dear uncle found expression in the very many kind letters of sympathy which his mourners received, especially after the distribution of these sermons, bearing precious testimony to the value and influence of such a life and example as his had been, even from his "happy boyhood" to his "beautiful old age." We felt the truth of his own words to Mrs. Rose long before, after perusing a letter written by Archbishop Howley on the death of her honoured husband:—

> "For after all, how confident soever in the strength of one's own feelings, we find great delight in having them echoed back to us, now and then, by those whose judgment cannot be suspected, and who seem only to have loved those whom we love, less, in the exact proportion in which they must have known less of them."

This Memoir may not unfitly close with an extract from one of these letters, written by Bishop Blomfield the very day after my uncle's death, containing words valuable for the sake of the kind and honoured hand that penned them, as well as for the worth of the testimony which they bear to those excellences which few had more power and opportunity to know and judge of:—

> "When a good man, full of years, departs in peace, our first thought, no doubt, ought to be one of thankfulness at his having passed without suffering to his reward. And surely this is such a case, if ever there was one. But I cannot hear of the death of one whom I have loved and venerated for thirty-five years, and who, I know, reciprocated my feelings of affection, without a strong emotion of sorrow. I use the word 'venerated' as most truly describing the sentiment with which I regarded Mr. Joshua Watson. He was the most remarkable instance

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[o] "The Gifts of God to the Good," by Edw. Churton, M.A., and "Whoso Faith Follow," by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.

I have ever personally known, of a Christian man, devoting all the faculties with which God had endowed him, and a very large portion of the means which are more valuable in the world's estimate though not in *his*, to the promotion of God's glory in His Church. Of the soundness of his principles and opinions respecting the Church, I ought not perhaps to say more, because they were in entire agreement with my own. The firmness, but perfect charity with which he maintained them, gave an example which, if it had been more widely followed, would have prevented many of the unhappy dissensions which disturb and weaken our Church. The soundness of his judgment was such that I never differed from him in matters of minor importance, (for on questions of moment there was *no* difference between us,) without mistrusting my own conclusions. The young men of this generation are but little aware of what the Church of England owes to my venerable friend. I never omit to assert his claim to their gratitude upon all fitting opportunities.

"If I were called upon to name three persons to whom I more especially looked up with respect and affection when I was a young Clergyman, and whose memory I can never cease to cherish, they would be your excellent father, Joshua Watson, and Mr. Norris."

INDEX.

ABERNETHY, 368.
Absolution, doctrine of, 162, 163, 347.
Ackerman, Rudolf, his services in the Fund for German Sufferers, 85, 90.
Acland, Sir T. D., 87.
Acland, T. D., Esq., 300, 301.
Additional Curates, Society for, 222, 223.
Alderson, Baron, 18.
Allwood, Rev. Robert, 260.
Amat, Felix, 160, *n.*
Andrewes, Bishop, 347.
Apocrypha, 155.
Appleton, Mr., 235.
Arminius, 161.
Arnold, Dr. T., 279, 280, 320.
Athanasian Creed, 295, 340.
Augustine's, St., Canterbury, 105, 266, 323.
Australia. (See Broughton, Bp.)

Barrow, Bishop, 172.
Bayley, Henry Vincent, Archdeacon of Stow, 140, 148, 149, 199, 228, 254, 310, 311.
Bell, Dr. Andrew, 56, 57.
Beresford, Dr. J. G., Archbishop of Armagh, 282.
Bethell, Dr. C., Bp. of Bangor, 357.
Bible, Church of England, 331, 332.
Bishops, appointment of by the Crown vindicated, 278, 279.
Blomfield, Dr. C. J., Bishop of London, 133, 140, 143, 158, 201, 211, 223, 263, 316, 346, 357, 378, 379.
Blucher, Field Marshal, 90
Blunt, Professor J. J., 27, *n.*, 327.
Boston, in America, 241, 242.
Boucher, Rev. Jonathan, 9 — 12, 238.
Bowdler, John, 22, 129, 130.
Bowdler, Rev. Thomas, 18, 220.
Bowles, John, 44—50, 56, 57, 63.
"British Critic," literary history of, 16, 157, 226, 273—275, 297.
Broughton, Dr. W. G., first Bishop of Australia, 93, 94, 224. Memoir of, 253—269. Joshua Watson's estimate of him, 269, 329, 330, 368.
Bull, Bishop, 287.
Bullet, Professor, his "History of Christianity," 38.
Burke, 326.
Burton, Dr. Edw., Regius Professor at Oxford, 158, 160, 165, 166.
Burton, Francis, 62, 287.
Burton, W. W., Judge, 259.
Butler, Bishop, 131.

Cambridge University. (See Wordsworth, Christopher.)
Cambridge, George Owen, Archdeacon of Middlesex, 5, 42, 66, 71, 72, 83, 107.
Campbell, Archibald, Nonjuror, 221.
Canonization, 294.
Cartwright, W., of Shrewsbury, Nonjuror, 220—222.
Catena Aurea, 297.
Chalmers, Dr. T., 250, 287.
Chandler, Dr., of Connecticut, 220, 238.
CHARLES I., 293.
CHARLOTTE, QUEEN, 90, 91, 347, 348.
Children, motives to be suggested to them, 320.
"Christian Remembrancer," 156.
Chrysostom, St., quoted, 27, *n.*
Church Unions, 358.
Churton, Ralph, Archdeacon of St. David's, 35.
Churton, W. R., 165, 179.
Clergy Orphan School, 167, 364, 369.
Cobbett, William, 51.
Coleridge, Bishop, 323.
Communion of the Sick, 286.
Confession, forms of, 316; practice of, 331.

Conscience, difference between a tender and a morbid one, 294.
Convocation, 278.
Copeland, Rev. W. J., 292, sqq.
Copleston, Bishop, 347.
Cornwallis, Archbishop, 13.
Cowper, W., the Poet, 194.
Cranmer, Archbishop, estimate of his character, 291.
Crawford, W., Archdeacon of Caermarthen, 7.
Cumberland and Westmoreland, worthies of, 2, 3.
Cumming, James, Esq., 98, *n.*

Dalhousie, Earl of, 239.
Danish Mission to the East Indies, 95, 96, 100.
Daubeny, Charles, Archdeacon of Sarum, 8, 50.
Davis, William, 57.
Deacon, Thomas, the Nonjuror, 221.
Debrisay, Rev. M. B., 244.
De Maistre, 160, 161.
Doane, Dr. G. W., Bishop of New Jersey, 330.
Douglas, Bishop, his "Criterion," 294.
Downes, Rev. Andrew, 60.
Ductor Dubitantium, Jeremy Taylor's, 195. (See Preface to First Edition.)
Durham, University of, 213.

Ecclesiastical Commission, 190—193, 199, 200, 216, 217.
Education, 307, 351.
Ellis's "Knowledge of Divine Things," 37.
Elmsley, Dr. Peter, 41, 155.
Ely Chapel, Holborn, 120, 121.
Episcopius, 349.
Evans, R. W., Archdeacon of Westmoreland, 176, 194, 195.

"Family Bible," edited by Bishop Mant and Dr. George D'Oyly, 70—72.
Faussett, Dr. Godfrey, 273.
Feathers Tavern Petition, 16.
Forbes, Hon. Duncan, 20.
Forster, Rev. Charles, 312.
Frere, George, Esq., 371.
Froude, Rev. R. H., 226, 270.

Garnett, Thomas, 222.
Gen. iv. 7 explained, 369.
GEORGE III., attempt on his life in 1795, 43; his choice of Dr. Manners-Sutton for Primate, 143.
GEORGE IV., 367, 368.
Germany, Sufferers in, and Fund for their relief, 85, sqq.
Gifford, John, 45, 46.
Gilbert, Davies, Esq., 220.
Gipps, Sir George, 257.
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., 278, 315, 324.
Gleig, Dr. Geo., Bishop of Stirling, 21, 129.
Gorham Case, 355.
Goulburn, Henry, Jun., 298.
Gray, the Poet, remark of, 232.
Greek Church, 126.
Grey, Earl, 191, 209, 210.

Hale, Sir Matthew, 158.
Hales, Dr. W., 53, 54, 55, 84.
Haliburton, Judge, 241, 243, 247.
Hallam, Henry, Esq., 139, 220.
Hansard, Mr., Printer to the House of Commons, 360, 361.
Harcourt, Dr. Edw., Archbishop of York, 310, 328.
Hardinge, Viscount, 209.
Harrison, Archdeacon, 256, 264, 301, sqq, 318, 327, 344.
Harvard University, 243.
Hawkins, Rev. Ernest, 253, 357.
Heavenly happiness, capacity for, 326.
Heber, Dr. Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, 134, 136, 153.
"Hele's Offices of Devotion," 310, sqq.
Hobart, John H., Bishop of New York, 106, 136—138, 243, 279.
Hodson, Dr. Frodsham, Principal of Brasenose College, 119.
"Holy Week," by Dean Stanhope, 171.
Homerton Church, building of, 332, 339, 349, 366.
Horne, Bishop, 13, 21, 24.
Horsley, Bishop, 33, 346.
Howley, Dr. William, Archbishop of Canterbury, 80, 98, 102, 122, 183. Public Addresses to him,

189, 203—207. See also 211, 228, 233, 236, 245, 287, 295, 296, 338, 344, 355.
Hughes, Dr. T., Prebendary of St. Paul's, 125.
Hurd, Bp., Preface to First Edition.
Hutchinsonianism, 20, 21, 333.

India, bishoprics, 146—148. (See Middleton, Heber, &c.)
Inglis, Dr. Charles, first Bishop of Nova Scotia, 238, 239.
Inglis, Dr. John, third Bishop of Nova Scotia, 93, 228, 234, 235; memoir of, 237—253; his death, 361.
Inglis, Sir J. E., 251.
Inglis, Sir Rob. H., 262.
Ireland, suppression of Irish sees, 203: see also 336.
Iremonger, Rev. F., 156.

Jackson, Dr. Thomas, 157, 291.
Jebb, Dr. John, Bishop of Limerick, 237.
Jefferson, Archdeacon, 3.
Jeffkins, Job, 82, 83.
Jewell, Bishop, 297.
Johnson, Rev. W., 63, 76, 342.
Jones of Nayland, 15, 16, 17, 21.
Justification, doctrine of, 155.

Kaye, Dr. John, Bishop of Lincoln, 165, 178.
Keble, Rev. John, 175, 176, 194, 207, 223, 297, 378.
Ken, Bishop, 320, 363.
Kenyon, George Lord, 57, *n.*, 62, 64.
King's College, London, 168, 177, 178.
Kirby, Rev. William, the Entomologist, 16, 55, 64.

Lancaster, Jos., 59, 60, 66.
Lathbury, Rev. Peter, 55, 68—70.
Law, Edmund, Bp. of Carlisle, 221, *n.*
Law, William, 195, 271.
Lawrence, the Surgeon, 132.
Lawrence, Roger, 221.
Le Bas, Rev. C. W., 92, 178.
Leslie, Charles, 222, 355.
Letters Patent, how far they affect spiritual authority, 262.
Liverpool, Robert Banks Jenkinson, second Earl, 7, *n*, 77, 123.
Lloyd, Dr. Charles, Bishop of Oxford, 37, *n.*, 152, sqq.; his public services, 153, 154; his letters to H. H. Norris, 157, sqq.; his death, 165.
Lonsdale, Dr. John, Bishop of Lichfield, 131, 378.
Low, Dr. David, Bishop of Moray, 173, 336.
Lowel, factory at, described, 242.
Lyall, Dr. W. R., Dean of Canterbury, 133, 140, 160, 178, 205, 323, 327, 328.

Manners-Sutton, Dr. Chas., Archbishop of Canterbury, 42, 52, 61, 85, 87, 95, 96, 97, 102, 135; his generous friendship for Joshua Watson, 141—143; his death and character, 143—145, 355, 356.
Manning, Rev. H. E. 362.
Mant, Dr. Rich., Bishop of Down and Connor, 70, 71.
Markland, J. H., Esq., 179, 320.
Marsh, Dr. Herbert, Bishop of Peterborough, 63, 64, 71, 79.
Mathieson, Gilbert, Esq., 299.
Mayence, Council of, 155.
Merriman, Archdeacon, 349.
Metropolitan Jurisdiction, 266, 267.
Middle State, 221.
Middleton, Dr. Thos. F., Bishop of Calcutta, 70, 92, 93, 100, 102, 134, 136, 225.
Mill, Dr. W. H., 148, 170, 224, 225, 287, 306, 307.
Miller, Rev. John, 194.
Milner, Dr. Isaac, Dean of Carlisle, 59.
Miracles, ecclesiastical, 302—304.
Monk, Dr. J. H., Bishop of Gloucester, 158, 161, 173.
Moore, Mr., of Australia, 260, 261.
More, Hannah, 64.
Mourning, thoughts on, 232, 233, 288, 289.
Mystical sense of Holy Scripture, 293.

Napoleon Bonaparte, 367.
National Society, its formation and early history, 56—68, 105, 120, 228, 229, 298, sqq.

Nelson, Lord, 314.
Nelson, Robert, 318.
Newman, Rev. J. H., 207, 226, 271, 272, 275—277, 290, 302—304, 314, 324.
New Zealand, 258, 262, 364.
"Nobody's Friends," 18.
Nonjurors, 220, 363.
Norris, Rev. Henry Handley, 28—33, 79, 80, 92, 103, 104, 106, 127, 136, 145, 150, 157, 164, 171, 185, 200, 203, 204, 212, 220, 222, 223, 232, 240, 290, 306, 313, 325, 329, 331, 343, 345, 347; his death, 361, 362.
Northampton, Marquis of, 210.

Oakeley, Rev. Fred., 274, 297, 298.
Otter, Dr. W., Bishop of Chichester, 160.
Owen, Robert, 360.
Oxford, (see Van Mildert, Lloyd, &c.), 203, sqq., proceedings there, in reference to Tract 90, &c., 277.

Palmer, Rev. W., 205, 206.
Park, James Allan, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, 83, 142.
Parsons, Dr. John, Bishop of Peterborough, 66.
Patteson, Sir John, 18.
Pearson, Bishop, 139, 287, 289, 290.
Peel, Sir Robert, 153, 165.
Pellew, Sir Edward, Viscount Exmouth, 65.
Percy, Bishop, 16.
Phil. ii. 12, 13, remark on, 315.
Plumer, Sir Thomas, Master of the Rolls, 62.
Poor Law, 292.
Porteus, Bishop, 16.
Pott, Dr. J. H., Archdeacon of London, 132, 150.
Powell, Baden, Esq., 123, 319, 326.
Powell, Rev. H. T., 371.
Prayer, Lord's, remarks upon, 317.
Prayer: the command to "pray without ceasing," 295.
——— for the Dead, 354.
Prayer-book, language of, 294.
Presbyterian Kirk, 327.
Prophecies, interpretation of, 21, 22, 293, 340.
Providence, 329.
Pusey, Dr. E. B., Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, 26, 236, 277, 278.

Quagne, Philip, 104, 105.

Raikes, Richard, Esq., 66.
Reeves, John, 44, 45, 332, 359.
Reformers, judgment to be made of the, 292.
Religion of Nature, 36, 37.
Rennell, Dr. Thomas, Dean of Winchester, 131.
Rennell, Thomas, Vicar of Kensington, 131, 132.
Richards, Richard, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 42.
Richardson, Sir John, Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, 5, 23, 24, 25, 195, 289.
Rome, Church of, doctrines in controversy with, 154, 155, 169, 351.
Rose, Sir George, 85.
Rose, Rev. Hugh James, 138, 146, 173, 193—195, 223, 225—228, 273, 296, 375.
Rowland, Rev. W. G., 222.
Royal Letters, 107, 108.
Rubrical observances, 301, 302.
Ryder, Dr. Henry, Bishop of Gloucester and Lichfield, 121, 128.

Sawbridge, Rev. J. S., 29, 78.
Scott, Jas. Hope, 162.
Schonberg, Countess of, 88, 89.
Seed, Jer., his Sermons commended, 288.
Selwyn, George A., Bishop of New Zealand, 25, 146, 263, 264, 265, 364, 373, 375.
Short, Aug., Bishop of Adelaide, 370.
Sidmouth, Henry Addington, Viscount, 154, 312, 360, 367.
Sikes, Rev. Thomas, 25—28, 127, 137, 171, 212, 326.
Skinner, Dr. John, Bishop of Aberdeen, 19.
Skinner, John, of Forfar, 130.
Smedley, Rev. Edward, 160.
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 52, 70, 74, 75, 195, *alibi* 201, 355.
Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 304, 305, 306.

Southey, Robert, Poet Laureate, 120, 137, 166, 189, 190, 207, *n.*, 215, 346, 360.
Stafford, Rich. Ant., 132 *n.*
Stevens, William, 13—23, 130, 321.
St. John xv. 15, remark on, 184.
Strong, Rev. T. L., 133, 217.

Talfourd, Mr. Serjeant, 43, 44.
Taylor, Jer., 25, 27, *n.*, 116, 195, 217, 289, 315, 316, 326, 341, 349, 352, 365, 377.
Thelwall, John, 43, 44.
Thomas, Rev. Vaughan, 223, 224.
Thompson, Thomas, 104, 105.
Thorndike, 27.
Tindal, Sir Nicolas, Chief Justice, 149.
Todd, Archdeacon, 328.
Todd, Dr. J. H., 179, 349.
Tooke, John Horne, 43, 44, 47.
Townson, Dr. T., 221, 222.
"Tracts for the Times," 27, 203, 269.
Tranquebar Mission, 95, 96.
Trimmer, Sarah, 64.
Tyrrell, Bishop, 267, 369.

Van Mildert, Dr. William, Bishop of Durham, 5, 33—41, 76, 77, 116, sqq., 125, 126, 129, 130, 135, 138, 139; his relations with Bishop Lloyd, 152, 153; his theological opinions, 37, 39, 156, 157; *alibi* his speech on the repeal of the Test Act, 168; his resistance to the Roman Catholic claims, 169, 203; his private charities, 211, 216; his latest episcopal acts, 213, 214; his death, 217, 218.
Vincentius Lirinensis, 297, 306.

Walmsley, Rev. T. T., 63.
Walsh, Rev. W. H., 260, 370.
Ward, Dr. W., Bishop of Sodor and Man, 171—173.
Warneford, Dr. S. W., 223, 224, 259, 311, 364, 365; his death, 376.
Watson, John, father of Joshua Watson, 2—7.
Watson, John James, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, 4, 7, 115, 127, 150, 202, 229, sqq., 312.
WATSON, JOSHUA, subject of this Memoir, born in 1771, 4; his early life and education, 7, 8; his marriage, 8; his early friendship with Jonathan Boucher and William Stevens, 10, 12, 13, 19; with John Richardson, Thomas Sikes, H. H. Norris, and William Van Mildert, 23—41; his services to Archbishop Manners-Sutton, 51, 52; to the Church Societies, 56, 57, 222, and *passim;* his efforts for the German sufferers, 84—91; his Memorial on the Indian Missions, 97; his honorary degree at Oxford, 117, sqq.; his residence at Park-street, Westminster, and society there, 130, 134, 178, 179; his rule for private observance of Sundays, 133, 134; reflections in a time of sickness, 150, 151; death of his wife, chap. xv.; his scheme for an Ecclesiastical Commission, 190—193; resists sanctioning a Dissenting Manual of Religious Instruction, 195—197; his part in the addresses to the Primate in 1833, 203—209; draws up the constitution of the Society for Additional Curates, 222, 223; death of his only child, and brother, 231; his labours for the Colonial Church in North America, 244, 245; and in Australia, 259, 260; his opinion of the "Tracts for the Times," and especially No. 90, 271, 272, 275, sqq.; reminiscences of him in the later years of his life, 281, sqq.; his characteristic conversation, 293; private charities, 296, 297, 359; his jealous vigilance for the honour of God in holy places, 311, 312, 320, 321; his study of Holy Scripture, 334; his preference of gifts to legacies, 334; his thankfulness in sickness, 351—353; his enjoyment of natural beauty in his decline of age, 313, 315, 366; other memorials of his last days, *to the end.*
Watson, Dr. Richard, Bishop of Llandaff, 15.
Watts, Dr. Isaac, 196, 197.

Wellington, Duke of, 94, 169, 191, 209, 367.
Whewell, Dr. W., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 176.
Wilberforce, William, 122, 237.
Wilson, Bishop, 319.
Windsor in Nova Scotia, 244, 330.
Womack, Bishop, 162.
Wood, Samuel, Esq., 299, 300.
Words, choice of and arrangement, 347.
Wordsworth, Dr. Christopher, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 42, 51, 52, 53, 72—76, 93, 95, 107, 108, 114, 123, 139, 147, 174, 177, 190, 234, 272, 287, 297; his death, 325.
Wordsworth, Dr. Christopher, Jun., 299; *alibi* 317, 326, 347.
Wordsworth, William, the Poet, 3, 42, 109, 137, 173, 179, 189, 190, 215, 216, 218, 219, 313, 319, 358.
Wyndham, Rt. Hon. W., 359.

Youthful reformers, Joshua Watson's indulgence for, 333, 334.

Zealand. See New Zealand.
Ziegenbalg, Bartholomew, 95.

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